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FLORA SYMBOLICA;

OR, THE

Language and Sentiment of Flowers.

INCLUDING

FLORAL POETRY, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

BY

JOHN INGRAM.

"Then took he up his garland,
And did shew what every flower did signify."
Philaster. BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS, PRINTED IN COLOURS BY TERRY.

LONDON:
FREDERICK WARNE AND CO.
BEDFORD STREET, COVENT GARDEN.
NEW YORK: SCRIBNER, WELFORD, AND CO.

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TO

ELIZA COOK

THIS VOLUME

IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

BY HER FRIEND

THE AUTHOR.

15

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PREFACE.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS has probably called forth as many treatises in explanation of its few and simple rules as has any other mode of communicating ideas; but I flatter myself that this book will be found to be the most complete work on the subject ever published—at least, in this country. I have thoroughly sifted, condensed, and augmented the productions of my many predecessors, and have endeavoured to render the present volume in every respect worthy the attention of the countless votaries which this "science of sweet things" attracts; and, although I dare not boast that I have exhausted the subject, I may certainly affirm that followers will find little left to glean in the paths that I have traversed. As I have made use of the numerous anecdotes, legends, and poetical allusions herein contained, so

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have I acknowledged the sources whence they came. It therefore only remains for me to take leave of my readers, with the hope that they will pardon my having detained them so long over a work of this description; but

"Unheeded flew the hours,
For softly falls the foot of Time
That only treads on flowers."

J. H. INGRAM.

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FLORA SYMBOLICA.

SHAKSPEARE tells as that "fairies use flowers for their charactery," and so, he might have added, do mortals, for the language of flowers is almost as ancient and universal a one as that of speech.

The Chinese, whose chronicles antedate the historic records of all other nations, have, and ever seem to have had, a simple but complete mode of communicating ideas by means of florigraphic signs. The indestructible monuments of the mighty Assyrian and Egyptian races bear upon their venerable surfaces a code of floral telegraphy that Time has been powerless to efface, but whose hieroglyphical meaning is veiled, or, at the best, but dimly guessed at in our day. India, whose civilization had attained its full vigour whilst that of Greece was in its cradle, has ever been poetically ingenious in finding in her magnificent Flora significations applicable to human interest. Biblical lore abounds in comparisons between "the golden stars that in earth's firmament do shine," and the feelings and passions of poor mortality. Persian poetry is replete with blossomy similes; whilst the mythology of the Greeks has been an apparently inexhaustible storehouse to all authors in search of floral fancies. With the Hellenic race the symbolic language of flowers reached its culminating point of grandeur; and with the decline of Grecian glory faded away the brightest epoch in the history

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of florigraphy. In the eyes of the sterner-minded Latins this innocent study found less favour; and although they adapted many of their Hellenic predecessors' legends and customs, in connection with this science of sweet things, to their own mythology, yet so weakened was its hold upon the minds of the people, that when, in the course of events, the decadence of the Roman empire arrived, the attractive art was allowed to fade into comparative oblivion. With the revival of learning in the middle ages, this symbolic mode of correspondence once more rebloomed, and, under the especial protection of chivalry, played a far from unimportant part in contemporary history. No gallant knight or gentle dame could then aspire to good breeding, unless perfectly conversant with florigraphy, as then taught; and the names, at least, of many of Europe's proudest families owe their origin to some circumstance connected with their founders' favourite blossom. In those days, minstrels and minnesingers sang praises of their mistresses' chosen bloom; the noblest knight and gayest squire broke many a lance, and emptied many a flagon, in honour of a sprig of broom, or a bunch of violets, that some fair dame had perchance adopted as her device. Even kings, not contented with their regal crowns, did not deem it derogatory to their dignity to enter the lists, in order to do battle for the floral wreaths that beauty proffered as a guerdon for the victor.

Thus every age and every clime promulgated its own peculiar system of floral signs; and although now-a-days, as regards the larger portion of Europe, the language is in many respects a dead one, yet still, amongst several Oriental races, this emblematic style of communication flourishes with much of its pristine importance.

> "In Eastern lands they talk in flowers,
> And they tell in a garland their loves and cares;
> Each blossom that blooms in their garden bowers
> On its leaves a mystical language wears."

It has been said that the language of flowers is as old as the days of Adam, and that the antiquity of floral emblems dates from the first throbbing of love in the human breast; and, indeed, to gain a glimpse of florigraphic symbolism, as it appeared in its earliest and freshest vigour, we should have to journey backwards far into the shadowy obscurity which en-

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velopes the antediluvian history of mankind. Phillips, and other painstaking investigators, have, it is true, not contented themselves with general allusions to the unfathomable antiquity of the typical uses which were made of

> "Flowers, the sole luxury that Nature knew
> In Eden's pure and guiltless garden,"

but have endeavoured to resuscitate from their long sleep of thousands of years, the irretrievably lost floral systems with which the mighty Indian, Egyptian, Chaldean, and ancient Chinese nations "wiled away the hours."

Of all peoples, however, of whom we appear to possess any reliable records, the Greeks may be accounted the earliest florigraphists, and they do seem not only to have entertained the most passionate love for flowers, but to have adapted them as typical of every interesting occurrence, public or private. Loudon, speaking of the continual symbolic use made by the Hellenic race of flowers, says, "not only were they then, as now, the ornament of beauty, and of the altars of the gods, but the youths crowned themselves with them in the fêtes, the priests in religious ceremonies, and the guests in convivial meetings. Garlands of flowers were suspended from the gates of the city in times of rejoicing . . . . . the philosophers wore crowns of flowers, and the warriors ornamented their foreheads with them in times of triumph." We read in Aristophanes that a market for flowers was held in Athens, where vendors rapidly disposed of the baskets of blooms which they proffered to the admiring bystanders. With the natives of ancient Greece, birth, marriage, burial, and every ceremony of any importance whatever was marked and distinctly comprehended by means of its floral accompaniment. Emblematic of relief to the mother, and of wishes for good fortune to the child, was the Palm; young wooers delicately intimated their passion by decorating the doorways of their beloved ones' residences with garlands of

> "All those token flowers that tell
> What words can ne'er express so well."

The illness of the inmates was indicated by Buckthorn and Laurel hung across the lintels: whilst the conclusion of this

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transitory existence was denoted by Parsley sprinkled over the remains of poor mortality; whose head they crowned with various symbolic blossoms; whose funeral pyre they decked with odoriferous blooms and spices; whose urn they hung with wreaths of significant meaning, and above whose well-tended grave they planted flowers, shrubs, and typical trees. At the public games of Greece the victor was invariably rewarded with some floral emblem: the Olympian winner, as a token of his triumph, received a garland of Wild Olive; he of the Pythian was rewarded with a Laurel crown; the vanquisher at the Nemæan Games was honoured with a crown of Parsley, and at the Elean with one of Pine-leaves. Then were their altars buried beneath their blossomy offerings, whilst all the ceremonies that were performed around them depended chiefly on their floral accompaniments for elucidation. In that time—that clime "where burning Sappho lived and sung" the praises of the Rose—the minstrel, the poet, the wrestler, and the patriot were all alike rewarded with wreathed floralities. Even Rome—ambitious Rome—held a flowery crown as fit guerdon for the weightiest services. "It was with two or three hundred crowns of oak," said Montesquieu, "that Rome conquered the world." These same warlike Latins instituted a festival in honour of Flora as early as 736 years before the birth of Christ—in the reign of Romulus; but the public games or Floralia were not regularly established until 516 years after the foundation of Rome, when, on consulting the celebrated books of the Sibyl, it was ordained that the feast should be annually kept on the 28th day of April, that is, four days before the Calends of May. This festival ultimately degenerated into a scene of unbounded licentiousness, in which all its original pure and symbolic character was obliterated. "The worship of Flora," observes Phillips, "among the heathen nations, may be traced up to very early days. She was the object of religious veneration among the Phœnicians and Sabines long before the foundation of Rome; the early Greeks worshipped her under the name of Chloris." And that those Greeks were perfectly conversant with an established florigraphic language may not only be gathered from the numerous allusions made to it by their writers, but also occasionally by less doubtful evidence, as, for instance, the Dream Book of Artemidorus, wherein can

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be seen palpable proof that every single bloom employed in the manufacture of wreaths and garlands was intended to impart some particular meaning.

"Surely," says Sir Thomas Browne, "the heathen knew better how to join and read these mystical letters, than we Christians, who cast a more careless eye on these common hieroglyphics, and disdain to suck divinity from the flowers of nature."

That these heathen did know how to interpret the meaning of "these mystical letters," evidence has already been adduced; and, although in many dissertations on the language of flowers it has been stated that it was first made popular in Europe by Lady Mary Wortley Montague, there are abundant proofs that it was well understood and used from the earliest ages by many continental nations. After the decay of Latin imperialism, and until the dawn of the *Renaissance*, this delightful and attractive study was doubtless little known; but in the age of chivalry and of the preeminence of the Romish faith it revived, and, for a time, floral significations again held sway. The Catholic was enabled to distinguish between fasting and feasting ceremonies by the variety of the bouquets that adorned the altar before which he offered up his orisons, and ofttimes the knight was enabled to manifest his devotion by wearing his lady's colours in his casque, and the lady frequently showed in what light she regarded his attention by the nature of the blooms she wore.

The love of flowers is felt and acknowledged by everybody, and in every land: it is a theme for every one, a feeling in which all can coincide: the polished European or the untutored Australian; the philosopher or the savage, all are ready to admire and to praise. So universal a feeling—a feeling doubtless coeval with man's existence upon this globe—could not fail to be taken advantage of, and made subservient to, the passions of mortality; and to us it appears the most natural thing in the world that flowers should have been made emblematic and communicative agents of our ideas. In all countries of this globe, and in all ages, flowers are seen employed for symbolic and decorative purposes. In a suggestive passage in his "Account of the Island of Ceylon," Sir James E. Tennant speaks of the people even there offering up heca-

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tombs of flowers, their temple as festooned into large bouquets, and of the surrounding air being ever heavy with the perfumes of champac and jessamine.

Flowers appear always to have played a prominent part in the religious ceremonies of all peoples and in all ages; but it would be useless to multiply examples of so well known and generally accepted a fact, and, indeed, to do so would be a departure from our present design of exhibiting a general history of the language only of flowers, as used at home and abroad.

Florigraphy is a science that requires but little study. Some flowers, indeed, almost bear written upon their upturned faces the thoughts of which they are living representatives. That the "white investments" of the childlike Daisy should, as Shakspeare says, "figure innocence," is self-evident; that all nations should select the glowing Rose as an emblem of love could not be wondered at; whilst the little blue petals of the *Myosotis palustris* require no augur to explain their common name of Forget-me-not. Or again, who can doubt that the rich perfumes of some plants, or the sparkling lustres of others, must be deemed typical of joy and gladness; or that the melancholy hue and sombre looks of others should cause them to be selected to symbolize sadness and despair?

Simple as is the language of those bright earth stars, "the alphabet of the angels," as they have been somewhat inaptly styled, a great deal of skill may be expended in forming them into sentences, and much ingenuity may be exercised in explaining fully and satisfactorily the sentiments intended to be expressed towards the recipient of the floral message. The meanings of single token-flowers may soon be learned, but the knowledge of how to form them into a complete epistle does demand some little method. Many who use this fascinating style of correspondence frequently agree to adopt certain secret and original significations known only to themselves; and, if a little dexterity is shown, they not only give variety to, but also render their charming telegraphy perfectly unintelligible to the uninitiated, although he may be the most skilled florigraphist breathing.

Every professor, ay, every student of this gentle art, may introduce new and varied combinations into its simple laws; but there are a few rudimentary rules that should not be ne-

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glected. An adept in the grammar of this language gives these directions to his pupils: "When a flower is presented in its natural position, the sentiment is to be understood affirmatively; when reversed, negatively. For instance, a rose-bud, with its leaves and thorns, indicate *fear* with *hope;* but if reversed, it must be construed as saying, "you may neither *fear* nor *hope*." Again, divest the same rose-bud of its thorns, and it permits the most sanguine hope; deprive it of its petals and retain the thorns, and the worst fears may be entertained. The expression of every flower may be thus varied by varying its state or position. The Marigold is emblematic of *pain:* place it on the head, and it signifies trouble of mind; on the heart, the pangs of love; on the bosom, the disgusts of *ennui.* The pronoun *I* is expressed by inclining the symbol to the right, and the pronoun *thou* by inclining it to the left.

Such are the principal elements of the language of flowers, as used in England, France, Germany, and the United States, and simple as they are, they are frequently altered, and, indeed, disregarded entirely by many versed in its fanciful lore. The *Blumen-Sprache,* or Language of Flowers of the Germans, differs in many minor points from that of its sister nations, but the spirit is the same.

With many Oriental races, this lovely realization of "visible speech" is practised to an extent little dreamt of in these colder climes; and, it is said, you will scarcely find a native of the Levant who has not the whole system by heart. From the days of Lady Montague downwards, few of our travellers in "the land where the cypress and myrtle are emblems of deeds that are done in that clime," but have favoured the readers of their adventures with some incidents illustrating the habitual usage of this floral telegraphy among all classes of the people whom they are visiting.

In the United States, the language of flowers is said to have more votaries than in any other part of the world; and said with justice, if we may judge by the number and splendour of the works on the subject which have appeared there during the last few years, and the intimate acquaintance which American writers display with floral symbols.

A beautiful poetess, the sweetness of whose fancies are only equalled by their sadness, has, in many deathless rhymes, pre-

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served and immortalized the various symbolic uses to which these silent interpreters have been put by mortals, and in the passionate poetry of such lines as these, tells more than prose can hope to utter:

"Bring flowers, young flowers, for the festal board,
To wreathe the cup ere the wine is poured;
Bring flowers!—they are springing in wood and vale,
Their breath floats out on the southern gale,
And the touch of the sunbeam hath waked the rose,
To deck the hall where the bright wine flows.

"Bring flowers, to strew in the conqueror's path—
He hath shaken the thrones with his stormy wrath!
He comes with the spoil of nations back:
The vines lie crushed in his chariot's track,
The turf looks red where he won the day—
Bring flowers to die in the conqueror's way!

"Bring flowers to the captive's lonely cell,—
They have tales of the joyous wood to tell;
Of the free blue streams, and the glowing sky,
And the bright world shut from his languid eye;
They will bear him a thought of the sunny hours,
And a dream of his youth—bring him flowers, wild flowers!

"Bring flowers, fresh flowers, for the bride to wear!
They were born to blush in her shining hair.
She is leaving the home of her childhood's mirth,
She hath bid farewell to her father's hearth;
Her place is now by another's side—
Bring flowers for the locks of the fair young bride!

"Bring flowers, pale flowers, on the bier to shed
A crown for the brow of the early dead;
For this, through its leaves hath the white rose burst;
For this, in the woods was the violet nursed.
Though they smile in vain for what once was ours,
They are love's last gift—bring ye flowers, pale flowers!

"Bring flowers to the shrine where we kneel in prayer:
They are nature's offering,—their place is *there!*
They speak of hope to the fainting heart;
With a voice of promise they come and part;
They sleep in dust through the Winter hours,
They break forth in glory—bring flowers, bright flowers!"

A later, and, if comparison can be made between the children of song, a still mightier performer upon the lyre of Poesy—need Mrs. Browning's name be mentioned?—has also deemed so sweet a theme as the emblematic language of flowers worthy

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of her regards, and in her poem of "A Flower in a Letter," tells us that

"Love's language may be talked with these;
To work out choicest sentences,
No blossoms can be meeter;
And, such being used in Eastern bowers,
Young maids may wonder if the flowers
Or meanings be the sweeter.

"And such being strewn before a bride,
Her little foot may turn aside,
Their longer bloom decreeing,
Unless some voice's whispered sound
Should make her gaze upon the ground
Too earnestly for seeing.

"And such being scattered on a grave,
Whoever mourneth there, may have
A type which seemeth worthy
Of that fair body hid below,
Which bloomed on earth a time ago,
Then perished as the earthy.

"And such being wreathed for worldly feast,
Across the brimming cup some guest
Their rainbow colours viewing,
May feel them, with a silent start,
The covenant his childish heart
With Nature made,—renewing."

In these two beautiful poems, the chief emblematic purposes to which "love's interpreters" are applied, have been alluded to, and it will thence be gathered that from birth to burial all the principal epochs of human life, public or private, are dependent upon floral associations for their most noteworthy decorations. H. G. Adams, in a remarkably interesting work on the "Moral, Language, and Poetry of Flowers," has collected a large amount of amusing information respecting the typical usage of these lovely wildings of nature by the people of different parts and various nations; and in that portion of his work entitled "Children and Flowers," tenderly portrays the influence exercised upon youth by floral association—an association which, though deadened perchance in after life by too close intercourse with the human world, some little flowerets may at any time recall the memory of, and cause a longing to renew "the covenant his childish heart with nature made;" but, alas! too late, for how few but will be forced to exclaim with Praed, of these blooms:

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"They are not half so bright
As childhood's roses were!"

Miss Pardoe, in the "City of the Sultan," describes an interesting ceremony, which she beheld some Turkish children performing, at a time of excessive drought:—"At dusk, the village children, walking two and two, and each carrying a bunch of wild flowers, drew near the cistern in their turn, and sang, to one of the thrilling melodies of the country, a hymn of supplication." Inspired by the sight, the talented authoress composed a kindred hymn, thus ending:

"Allah! Father! hear us!
We bring Thee flowers, sweet flowers,
All withered in their prime;
No moisture glistens on their leaves,
They sickened ere their time.
And we, like them, shall pass away,
Ere wintry days are near,
Should'st Thou not hearken as we pray—
Allah! Father!—hear!"

But childhood soon fleets away with its transient troubles and heedless mirth, and token-flowers are now sought for, to tell of deeper feelings, and more passionate hopes and fears, than yet have stirred the heart. Love! love, the lord of all, asserts his right to rule: he is a most despotic monarch, and

"Like Alexander *he* would reign;
And *he* would reign alone."

Now it is that the blushing cheek and bashful downcast eye show that another willing slave is brought into the bondage of

"Love—beautiful and boundless love!—who dwellest here below,
Teaching the human lip to smile—the violet to blow."

and now it is, as Eliza Cook tells us, that

"Some liken their love to the beautiful rose,
And some to the violet sweet;"

for each one seeks to typify his passion by the most beautiful emblem he can discover, and for such, instinctively turns to the lovely offspring of Flora, amid whose numerous and varied delicacies he speedily finds a symbol with which he may depict all the nameless longings of his heart. "Flowers have their language," says an able writer: "theirs is an oratory that speaks

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in perfumed silence, and there is tenderness, and passion, and even the lightheartedness of mirth, in the variegated beauty of their vocabulary. . . . . No spoken word can approach to the delicacy of sentiment to be inferred from a flower seasonably offered: the softest expressions may be thus conveyed without offence, and even profound grief alleviated, at a moment when the most tuneful voice would grate harshly on the ear, and when the stricken soul can be soothed only by unbroken silence." Of this latter state, how truly hath the poet said:

> "When we are sad, to sadness we apply
> Each plant, and flower, and leaf, that meets the eye."

That flowers do serve to speak "thoughts that lie too deep for tears" cannot be doubted; for not only have poets made use of them to portray their intense passions, but even the untutored savage woos his heart's chosen treasure with floral symbols, or defies his antagonist with emblematic blooms. "Flowers do speak a language, clear and intelligible," says the talented authoress of "Flora Domestica:" "observe them, reader, love them, linger over them; and ask your own heart if they do not speak affection, benevolence, and piety." Do not flowers, lovely flowers, respond to the questionings of our hearts in a language more powerful, and far more expressive, than that of the tongue? Even more potent than the poet's magic lay,

> "They pour an answering strain, that never
> Could be awoke by minstrel skill;"

and their perfumed response

> "The rarest melody is that ever
> Stirr'd human hearts to bless and thrill."

Poor Letitia Landon, in her poem of "The Poetess," while telling the "History of the Lyre," exclaims—

> "The flowers were full of song: upon the rose
> I read the crimson annals of *true love;*
> The violet flung me back an old romance;
> All were associated with some link
> Whose fine electric throb was in the mind."

Tennyson, in his ever-questioning philosophy, may ask,

> "Oh, to what uses shall be put
> The wild weed flower that simply blows?

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And is there any moral shut
Within the bosom of the rose?"

But he at once answers his own doubt by adding that

"Any man that walks the mead,
In bird, or blade, or bloom, may find—
According as his humours lead—
A meaning suited to his mind."

And such is the bounteous and varied supply of symbolic floral words with which nature decks even the less favoured of her shrines, that all her children have ever ready to use some requisite parts of that speech which is clearly universal. This love of florigraphy is plainly one of those natural touches which make all the world akin—one of those binding links whose origin we cannot detect, and whose effects only we can perceive. Here we may exclaim with Eliza Cook:

"Oh, could we but trace the great meaning of ALL,
And what delicate links form the ponderous chain,
From the dew-drops that rise, to the star-drops that fall,
We should see but one purpose, and *nothing in vain!*"

From the unlettered North American Indian to the highly-polished Parisian; from the days of dawning civilization among the mighty Asiatic races, whose very names are buried in oblivion, down to the present times, the symbolism of flowers is everywhere and in all ages discovered permeating all strata of society. It has been, and still is, the habit of many peoples to name the different portions of the years after the most prominent changes of the vegetable kingdom. Thus, amongst the American Indians, one period or season is known as the "budding month," which in due course is followed by the "flowering month," which in its turn gives way to the "fall of the leaf," as these tribes poetically term their autumn.

It has been truthfully remarked that the eloquence of flowers is not so generally understood in this country as it might be; and although the most cultivated minds of the most polished nations are continually reiterating the valuable influence of floral beauty, and are constantly recurring to floral symbolism in order to expound their ideas, yet it is chiefly amongst those races which we are pleased to term rude and barbarous that we find the most delicate appreciation of floral ascendency. What more beautiful exposition of such a creed can be discovered

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than that given by Bougainville's "South Sea Islander," who, on being taken to the Botanic Garden in Paris, knelt before an Otaheitan plant, and kissed it as affectionately as a lover—as reverently as a worshipper? This trait in the human mind is typified amongst Oriental and other semi-civilized races by the sweetly poetical appellations which they give to the flowers and shrubs of their countries—names endowed with more true poetry than all the much-vaunted fables of Rome, or even of Greece.

No country can boast a more varied or more poetical Flora than we *now* possess; but the literatures and languages of the Hindoo, Turkish, Persian, Arabic, and Malayan races must be scrutinized in order to discover persons conversant with the real symbolism of flowers. Some idea of the Hindoo, and also Egyptian, floral languages may be gleaned from our pages on the lotus and other sacred flowers of the East. In Lalla Rookh we catch occasional glimpses of their weird mysticism; as likewise in the works of Sir William Jones, which abound with interesting allusions to these beauties. Many such emblematic blossoms are described by L. E. L. in her poetical portrait of Manmadin, the Indian Cupid. She pictures him as

"Grasping in his infant hand
Arrows in their silken band,
Each made of a signal flower—
Emblem of its varied power:
Some formed of the silver leaf
Of the almond, bright and brief,
Just a frail and lovely thing,
For but one hour's flourishing;
Others, on whose shaft there glows
The red beauty of the rose;
Some in Spring's half-folded bloom,
Some in Summer's full perfume;
Some with withered leaves and sere,
Falling with the falling year;
Some bright with the rainbow dyes
Of the tulip's vanities;
Some, bound with the lily's bell,
Breathes of love that dares not tell
Its sweet feelings; the dark leaves
Of the esignum, which grieves.
Droopingly round some were bound;
Others were with tendrils wound
Of the green and laughing vine,
And the barb was dipped in wine.
But all these are Summer ills,
Like the tree whose stem distils
Balm beneath its pleasant shade
In the wounds its thorns have made.
Though the flowers may fade and die,
'T is but a light penalty.
All these bloom-clad darts are meant
But for a short-lived content!
Yet one arrow has a power
Lasting till life's latest hour—
Weary day and sleepless night,
Lightning gleams of fierce delight,
Fragrant and yet poisoned sighs,
Agonies and ecstacies;
Hopes like fires amid the gloom,
Lighting only to consume!
Happiness one hasty draught,
And the lip has venom quaffed.
Doubt, despairing, crime, and craft,
Are upon that honied shaft!"

Symbolic flowers, fruit, and even vegetables, are still much

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employed in Hindostan; nevertheless, the domination of the British Government has undoubtedly much lessened the influence they exercise upon the minds of the natives. In many parts of the Indian peninsula a pleasant floral custom is retained. After dinner, servants carry round to the guests a silver basin decked with newly-gathered flowers, into which water is poured over the hands. The flowers are placed in a perforated cover, so as to conceal the water from view. In some parts of India, as also of Persia, it is customary to welcome the stranger on his entrance to a town with wreaths of flowers, which, it is said, the women and children are eager to offer. One of these emblems of hospitality seems to us far more desirable than a chariot-load of the blood-stained triumphal garlands which the Latins awarded to their successful soldiery. Hindoos are fond of covering the shrines of their favourite deities with floral offerings; and, like their brethren of Turkey and Persia, the Hindostanee followers of Mahomet inherit the love of all Eastern nations for blossomy symbols.

Forbes, in his "Oriental Memoirs," speaking of the cemeteries of Guzerat, says: "To those consecrated spots the Mahommedan matrons repair, at stated anniversaries, with fairest flowers to sweeten the sad grave. The grand tombs are often splendidly illuminated, but the meanest heap of turf has its visitors, to chant a requiem, light a little lamp, suspend a garland, or strew a rose, as an affectionate tribute to departed love or separated friendship." Would that our neglected graveyards—our "cities of silence," as the Turks poetically call cemeteries—could present scenes as consolatory! Perhaps, however, it is as well that it is not death, but the world, that is too much with us.

It has been remarked that the floral symbols of these ancient nations have elucidated some of the most difficult questions concerning their history, and have made it certain that most of the Indian and Egyptian customs originated in Chaldea—that land of serene and tranquil skies, where the observation of nature first grew into a science, and was cradled and cherished in the earliest ages of the world. The exclusiveness of the Chinese and Japanese races makes it difficult to obtain any reliable account of their florigraphical symbols; nevertheless, there is sufficient proof that the former employ a floral alphabet,

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and that the latter, like all nations of ancient origin, possesses a mode of emblematic floral communication. In the ornamentation and beautifying of gardens the Chinese are said to excel all other countries; it is not to be wondered at, therefore, that they make profuse use of flowers at their different public and private ceremonies—more especially those of marriage and burial: they plant flowers and shrubs about the graves of their families, and richly decorate their temples with blossomy offerings. Typical blooms are generally found associated with their deities; as for instance, is the case with Puzza, who is represented seated on a lotus.

The Japanese, who are evidently a sturdier race than their over-governed effeminate neighbours, evince great skill in the cultivation of flowers, and the production of new varieties of them. Their trees are stated to be remarkable for the number of them that bear double blossoms—a proof of experienced culture. The Japanese (as did the ancient Hebrews) are fond of naming their children after beautiful flowers; indeed, it has been stated that all their female names are derived from blossoms—a graceful compliment akin to that of the Malayan tongue, which employs one word to express both women and flowers. They picture the Deity as recumbent upon a water-lily; and in many ways, both sacred and secular, express not only their affection for flowers, but also a symbolic method of using them.

So much has been said in various portions of this work respecting the floral language of the Turks and Persians, that it may almost sound like repetition to advert to them once more; but as such stress is generally placed upon Lady Mary Wortley Montague's description and presumed introduction of these codes into Western Europe, it is impossible to pass the subject by without some allusion. The so-called Turkish "Language of Flowers" was first popularized in England and France by the above-named lady, and by La Motraie, Charles the Twelfth's companion in exile.

From the few examples of this floral system cited by these illustrious travellers, it does not appear to indicate much of the brilliancy and delicacy of thought which characterized the emblematic methods of the nations of antiquity, and would seem merely to have originated (as a writer in the "Edinburgh

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Magazine" very justly observes) "in the idleness of the harem, from the desire of amusement and variety which the ladies shut up there, without employment and without culture, must feel. It answers the purpose of enigmas, the solution of which amuses the vacant hours of the Turkish ladies, and is founded on a sort of crambo or *bout rimè*."

"The Turkish dialect being rich in rhymes," observes another florigraphical authority, "presents a multitude of words corresponding in sound with the names of the flowers; but these rhymes are not all admitted into the language of flowers, and the knowledge of this language consists in being acquainted with the proper rhyme. A flower or fruit expresses an idea suggested by the word with which its name happens to rhyme. Thus, for instance, the word *armonde* (pear) rhymes among other words with *ormonde* (hope), and this rhyme is filled up as follows: '*Armonde: Wer bana bir ormonde:* Pear, let me not despair.'"

Herr von Hammer, the well-known Oriental traveller, collected from the Greek and Armenian women, who are allowed to traffic with the inmates of the harems, about a hundred phrases of this peculiar vocabulary, some of which were afterwards published in a German miscellany entitled "Mines of the East."

An able writer, comparing these wretched remnants of ancient floral customs with their pristine glories, speaks thus forcibly: "The rich imagery and startling truth of the Eastern metaphors and symbols have crumbled into ruins, like the temples dedicated to their gods. Sickly and weak as is the modern language of flowers, it is yet as prevalent in its use as ever. Undoubtedly, the pure system of floral caligraphy came to Europe from Egypt, in which country the love of flowers was carried to such an extent that Amasis, it is recorded, from a private soldier became general of the armies of King Partanis, for having presented him with a crown of flowers. This fortunate donor afterwards became the monarch of Egypt himself, and, it is to be presumed, did not neglect those favourites of Flora by whose means he gained his crown.

European florigraphy rose and fell in Greece. There it attained the summit of its glory, and there sank into an ignominious neglect, from which it has never been entirely

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renovated. It is, however, pleasant to learn that many remnants of the old floral customs still linger about the Grecian isles, and to read of a marriage ceremony in the Isle of Delos, in which flowers form the principal decorations. One authority tells us that at daybreak the islanders assembled, and crowned themselves with garlands; strewed showers of blossoms upon the path of the bridal train; wreathed the house with flowers; singers and dancers appeared adorned with oak, myrtle, and hawthorn garlands; the bride and bridegroom were crowned with poppies; and upon their approach to the temple, a priest received them at its portals, and presented to each of them a spray of ivy—a symbol of the tie which was to unite them for ever.

The Italians, as a rule, are said to evince great dislike of perfumes; and this, perhaps, combined with lingering memories of the disgraceful scenes that were enacted by the Romans in their decadence, at the Floralian festivals, appears to have somewhat damped the national love of floral symbolism; nevertheless, the innate affection man entertains for communing by means of these golden stars is not quite dormant even there, as occasional references in these pages will demonstrate.

Floral emblemism is still powerful in the Iberian peninsula, but generally assumes a superstitious tinge, and, indeed, is principally indebted to Catholic legends for what little vitality it there possesses.

In France the language of flowers reigns paramount, and amongst her gallant sons and vivacious daughters, reckons its admirers by myriads. Many of the pretty little floral vocabularies and grammars that have appeared during the last few years in England and America have been simply word-for-word translations from the works of our Gallic neighbours.

The manifold editions which the various *Blumen-Sprachen* of Germany have attained, prove that this fascinating study numbers numerous devotees amongst the philosophizing Teutonians; whilst the frequent mention of floral emblematic customs by Göthe, and other distinguished writers, is sufficient to convince us of the hold which these ancient ideas have upon the mind of even the most educated classes of society.

Hans Christian Andersen, the friend and favourite of young and old, of every reading child and of every grown person who

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loves to recall the visions and fancies of youth—the man whose simple heartfelt stories are translated into every civilized tongue—never loses an opportunity of depicting the loveable intercourse which the people of the Scandinavian races hold with the floral world. In a sweet little sketch termed "*Das dummes Buch*," he has these appropriate remarks: "The withered oak-leaf in this book is to remind him of a friend, a schoolfellow, with whom he swore a life-long friendship. He fastened the leaf to his student-cap, in the greenwood, when the bond that was to be so lasting was made. Where does *he* live now? The leaf is preserved, but the friendship is ended! Here is a foreign hot-house plant, too tender for the gardens of the North; it looks as fresh as if the petals still exhaled perfume! It was given to him by a maiden in her father's splendid garden. Here is a water-rose, a sweet water-rose, which he plucked himself, and which he has moistened with his own salt tears. And here is a nettle, and what can its leaves say? What were his thoughts as he plucked it, and why has he preserved *it* here? Here is a May-lily out of the forest solitude; and here a perriwinkle-blossom from the parlour vase; and here a blade of ladies'-grass—what do they all typify?" Well might Göthe exclaim, when thinking of such suggestive emblems as these, "Some flowers are only lovely to the eye, but others are lovely to the heart."

Of England's interest for floral symbolism what may be said here? Accused of neglecting the charming study, and of deeming it too trivial for the notice of this prosaic age, yet do her bards—still do her favourite minstrels, tune their lyres to hymn its evergreen delights. From the days of Dan Chaucer, the harbinger of English poesy, to the Tennysonian age, have our poets continually paid homage to the emblematic language of flowers, as may be proved by reference to the countless extracts in this work.

A distinguished writer has the following observations on the subject of Shakspeare's acquaintance with florigraphy: "Shakspeare has evinced in several of his plays a knowledge and a love of flowers; but in no instance has he shown his taste and judgment in the selection of them with greater effect than in forming the coronal wreath of the lovely maniac, Ophelia. The queen describes the garland as composed of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long-purples; and there can be no question that

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Shakspeare intended them all to have an emblematic meaning. The crow-flower is a species of lychnis, or meadow campion: it is sometimes found double in our hedgerows; and in this form we are told by Parkinson it was called *The Fayre Mayde of France.* It is to this name and to this variety that Shakspeare alludes in Hamlet. (The long-purples are commonly called "dead men's fingers.")

"'Our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them.'

The daisy imports the purity or spring-tide of life; and the intermixture of nettles needs no comment."

Admitting the correctness of this interpretation, the whole is an excellent specimen of emblematic or picture writing. They are all wild flowers, denoting the bewildered state of the beautiful Ophelia's own faculties; and the order runs thus, with the meaning of each term beneath:

CROW-FLOWERS.	NETTLES.	DAISIES.	LONG-PURPLES.
Fayre Mayde.	*Stung to the quick.*	*Her youthful bloom.*	*Under the cold hand of death.*

"A fair maid stung to the quick; her youthful bloom under the cold hand of death."

It would be difficult to select a more appropriate garland for this victim of love's cruelty. Indeed, Shakspeare, as the perusal of the following pages testifies, continually availed himself of the symbolism of flowers, in order to depict the passions of humanity.

Chaucer and Herrick are probably next in rank amongst our earlier bards in the truly poetic fancy of rendering flowers vehicles of human sentiments. Amongst our modern minstrels, to speak of position would be invidious; but nothing could come more appropriate to our purpose than this little lay by Patterson:

"Flowers are the brightest things which earth
On her broad bosom loves to cherish;
Gay they appear as children's mirth,
Like fading dreams of hope they perish.

"In every clime, in every age,
Mankind has felt their pleasing sway;
And lays to them have deck'd the page
Of moralist and minstrel gay.

"By them the lover tells his tale,—
They can his hopes, his fears express;
The maid, when words or looks would fail,
Can thus a kind return express.

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"They wreathe the harp at banquets tried,
With them we crown the crested brave;
They deck the maid—adorn the bride—
Or form the chaplets for her grave."

The richly varied and magnificent Flora of the American continent has offered her sons and daughters a floral vocabulary capable of almost unlimited application, and readily have the denizens of the New World seized upon and resuscitated these decaying systems of the Eastern Hemisphere. The numerous brilliant and original tokens which they have already sent forth in explanation of the American language of flowers prove that they are not dependent upon European codes for emblematic communion; as Holmes—their own witty-wise Holmes—says:

"They ask no garlands sought beyond the tide,
But take the leaflets gathered at their side."

Many blossoms gathered from Columbia's well-stored garden will be discerned in this bouquet; but this bright bud of Charles Fenno Hoffmann's will not fail to increase the brilliancy of the *tout ensemble:*

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

"Teach thee their language? Sweet, I know no tongue,
No mystic art those gentle things declare;
I ne'er could trace the schoolman's trick among
Created things so delicate and rare.
Their language? Prithee! why, they are themselves
But bright thoughts syllabled to shape and hue,—
The tongue that erst was spoken by the elves,
When tenderness as yet within the world was new.

"And, oh! do not their soft and starry eyes—
Now bent to earth, to heaven now meekly pleading,
Their incense fainting as it seeks the skies,
Yet still from earth with freshening hope receding—
Say, do not these to every heart declare,
With all the silent eloquence of truth,
The language that they speak is Nature's prayer,
To give her back those spotless days of youth?"

That flowers do mingle in the general prayer of nature, no thinking mind can deny. The links that bind them—that have ever bound them—to humanity, are too manifold to be broken or concealed. From the earliest historic ages, flowers have mingled with the deeds, and, alas! misdeeds, of man; and it

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was probably, as the authoress of "Flora Domestica" suggests, "the general power of sympathy which caused them to be connected with some of the earliest events that history records. The mythologies of all nations are full of them; and in all times they have been associated with the soldiery, the governments, and the arts. Thus the patriot was crowned with Oak; the hero and the poet with Bay; and beauty with the Myrtle. Peace had her Olive; Bacchus his Ivy; and whole groves of oak-trees were thought to send out oracular voices in the winds. One of the most pleasing parts of state splendour has been associated with flowers. . . It was this that brought the gentle family of Roses into such unnatural broils in the civil wars; and still the united countries of Great Britain have each a floral emblem: Scotland has its Thistle, Ireland its Shamrock, and England the Rose. France, under the Bourbons, had the golden Lily." Our different festivals have each their own peculiar plant to be used in their celebration. At Easter, the Willow as a substitute for the Palm; at Christmas, the Holly and Mistletoe; and, on May-day, the Hawthorn or May-bush.

Notwithstanding all that has happened, all that has been said upon the subject, some people still refuse credence to the influence of flowers—even deeming frivolous or meaningless these florigraphical tokens which have been a source of joyous feelings and sublime hopes to thousands.

In his beautiful philosophical work on the "Nature and Phenomena of Life," Leo Grindon thus emphatically expresses his opinion as to the truthfulness of the emotions engendered in the human mind by this unspoken language: "The presignificance of mental and moral qualities by plants is fully as extensive as that of organic structure and configuration. This arises, of course, from the correspondence which subsists between the material and the spiritual world. The former, as the external image of the latter, must needs prefigure it. The box-tree represents *stoicism;* the camomile plant *patience in adversity;* the ash and mulberry prefigure *prudence;* the nettle is a presage of *spitefulness;* trees like the *hermandia,* that make a great display of foliage, but produce no fruit of any value, give note of empty and pretentious boasters. It was not from their mere commercial value that the dowry of a Greek bride was paid in olive plants, any more that it is from mere fancy that

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the English one wears a wreath of orange blossoms: it prefigures the virtues and the aptitudes which adorn and should appear in the wife. The leaves are green all the year round; flowers white and fragrant, fruits full grown, and others in youngest infancy are always to be seen on this beautiful tree. We may gather from Scripture why the ancients placed palm-branches in the hands of their statues of Temperance and Cheerfulness, and why, in Egypt, a vine was the hieroglyph of Intelligence."

Such are the tenets of florigraphists. Let us hope that such harmless if not beneficent doctrines are destined for universal acceptance, and that those bright times, foretold by Shelley, are not far distant, when

> "Not gold, not blood, the altar dowers,
> But votive blooms and symbol flowers."

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THE ROSE.

(LOVE.)

"Love is like a rose."—PHILIP BAILEY.

BY universal suffrage the Rose has been voted to be the loveliest amongst the children of Flora. There is scarcely a name of any note in the world's literature that has not paid a willing tribute to the beauties of the "bloom of love" and a collection comprising one tithe of all the choice things said of it would amply fill a very respectable-sized library.

It is, in all probability, a native of the East, whence it travelled westward. It has now become an inhabitant of every civilized country, and opes its glowing petals to the sun in every quarter of the globe. Its scent is the most exquisite, its colours the most fascinating, and its verdure the most refreshing of all the beauties of nature.

Our rose-tree, however, is on a very small scale compared with the rose of the East. This latter grows to the height of fourteen feet, spreading out widely its branches, heavily laden with thick masses of the most lovely flowers. The rose of Sharon and the rose of Damascus are the favourites of Oriental nations; and, indeed, we have proofs that this latter species has been held in high esteem for nearly two thousand years. Few things have been more celebrated in history than the Rose Gardens at Pæstum in Lucania, which flourished about the commencement of the Christian era.

The rose is mentioned by the earliest writers of antiquity. Herodotus speaks of the double rose; in the Song of Solomon is the expression, "I am the rose of Sharon;" and allusion is also made therein to the plantation of roses at Jericho. Isaiah makes use of the beautiful thought—"The desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose;" and Stesichorus, one of the earliest

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Greek poets of whom any writings are extant, has left a reference to the rose in the following fanciful lines:

"Many a yellow quince was there
Piled upon the regal chair;
Many a verdant myrtle bough—
Many a rose crown fealy wreathed
With twisted violets that grow
Where the breath of Spring has breathed."

Sappho, a contemporary of this latter author, wrote an exquisite ode to the rose; and Thomas Moore, the modern Anacreon, has thus transferred to the English the burning language of the Lesbian maid:

"If Jove would give the leafy bowers
A queen for all their world of flowers,
The rose would be the choice of Jove,
And blush the queen of every grove.
Sweetest child of weeping morning,
Gem, the breast of earth adorning,
Eye of flow'rets, glow of lawns,
Bud of beauty, nursed by dawns:
Soft the soul of love it breathes,
Cypria's brow with magic wreathes;
And to the Zephyr's warm caresses,
Diffuses all its verdant tresses,
Till glowing with the wanton's play,
It blushes a diviner ray."

Anacreon, Love's own minstrel, in language scarcely surpassed by the glowing words of his unfortunate fellow-votary, Sappho, has celebrated the powers of the rose; and, in lines eloquent as his master's own, the admiring Antipater, in his ode to the glorious Tean, prays that—

"Around thy tomb, O bard divine!
Where soft thy hallow'd brow reposes,
Long may the deathless ivy twine,
And Summer pour her wealth of roses."

Theophrastus tells us that in his days the hundred-leaved rose (which is emblematic of *grace*) grew on Mount Pangæus. It would seem that the Isle of Rhodes *(i.e.*, roses) was so designated from the culture of those flowers having been anciently carried on there. Pliny mentions several sorts of roses cultivated by the Romans, and those of Campania, Miletus, and Cyrene were the most celebrated. Loudon seems to think that the white rose (typical of *silence)*, and the yellow rose (typify-

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ing *infidelity)*, were unknown to the ancients; and, if so, many pretty legends connected with those blossoms lose their point.

Be this as it may, those ancients themselves sometimes fabled that the red rose was originally white, but received a rosy hue from blood drawn by a thorn from the foot of Venus, as she was hastening to the aid of her adored Adonis. Carey fancifully ascribes its ruddy tint to the kisses of Eve; and some to those of the Goddess of Love, from whose bath, Greek writers say, it originally sprang; whilst the full-bosomed cabbage rose, they say, sprang from the tears of Lycurgus, the enemy of Bacchus. One author, in speaking of this flower, asserts that in its primitive state it has no thorns, which, he suggestively adds, are produced by cultivation.

Those glorious ancients who regarded the rose as the emblem of silence, as well as of love and joy, frequently represented Cupid offering one to Harpocrates, the God of Silence; and, as a further illustration of the gentle hint, on festive occasions suspended a rose over the table, intimating to the assembled guests that the conversation was to be literally, as well as metaphorically, "under the rose." This latter account is generally given as the correct derivation of the saying, "*sub rosa*," applied to communications not to be repeated; but some writers say that the rose was once dedicated to Harpocrates, and thus became the emblem of *taciturnity*, for which reason, it is averred, it is frequently placed over the confessionals in Roman Catholic churches, indicating the secrecy which should attend whatever may be there disclosed to the ears of the priest.

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Greek poets of whom any writings are extant, has left a reference to the rose in the following fanciful lines:

"Many a yellow quince was there
Piled upon the regal chair;
Many a verdant myrtle bough—
Many a rose crown fealy wreathed
With twisted violets that grow
Where the breath of Spring has breathed."

Sappho, a contemporary of this latter author, wrote an exquisite ode to the rose; and Thomas Moore, the modern Anacreon, has thus transferred to the English the burning language of the Lesbian maid:

"If Jove would give the leafy bowers
A queen for all their world of flowers,
The rose would be the choice of Jove,
And blush the queen of every grove.
Sweetest child of weeping morning,
Gem, the breast of earth adorning,
Eye of flow'rets, glow of lawns,
Bud of beauty, nursed by dawns:
Soft the soul of love it breathes,
Cypria's brow with magic wreathes;
And to the Zephyr's warm caresses,
Diffuses all its verdant tresses,
Till glowing with the wanton's play,
It blushes a diviner ray."

Anacreon, Love's own minstrel, in language scarcely surpassed by the glowing words of his unfortunate fellow-votary, Sappho, has celebrated the powers of the rose; and, in lines eloquent as his master's own, the admiring Antipater, in his ode to the glorious Tean, prays that—

"Around thy tomb, O bard divine!
Where soft thy hallow'd brow reposes,
Long may the deathless ivy twine,
And Summer pour her wealth of roses."

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minent position is assigned to the Rose Garden of Worms: the fragile rampart that surrounded that famous garden was nothing more than a silken thread. Being attacked by giants, it was triumphantly defended by a band of knights, to each of whom Princess Chrymhilde assigned a chaplet of roses and a kiss as a reward. It is said that one of the knights, named Hildebrandt, whilst accepting the chaplet, declined the salute; but that another, who was a monk named Ilsan, was so pleased with the proffered recompense that he begged for the bestowal of similar favours upon each of the fifty-two monks inhabiting the convent to which he belonged. His request was granted, but not until he had slain fifty-two of the gigantic offenders.

Roses were more highly prized by the Romans than any other flower: they considered them emblematic of *joy*, and, in conformity with that idea, represented Comus, the God of Feasting, as a handsome young man, crowned with a garland of roses, whose leaves glistened with dew-drops. Milton, ever apt at classic lore, causes this sylvan deity to bid his attendant sprites

> "Braid your locks with rosy twine,
> Dropping odours, dropping wine."

In the reign of Domitian, the Egyptians thought of offering to that emperor's court, as a magnificent present, roses in the middle of winter; but the Romans, who had already attained the means of forcing flowers, smiled at the proffered gift, so abundant were roses in Rome at this season. "In every street," says Martial, "the odour of spring is breathed, and garlands of flowers, freshly gathered, are displayed." "Send us corn, Egyptian! and we will send *you* roses," ironically exclaims this poet.

The extravagant use of flowers by the Romans was continually subjecting them to the reproofs of their philosophers. They were accustomed to strew their streets with roses at their chief festivals. Heliogabalus had his bed, apartments, and porticoes strewed with the rarest flowers; and, before him, Cicero reproached Verres with having travelled through Sicily, seated on roses, with a crown of flowers on his head, and another round his neck. The Roman physicians, whose duties was multitudinous, determined what kinds of plants were proper to be admitted into the floral crowns designed to be placed

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upon the heads of those whom it was intended should be honoured at great festivals. The plants selected were the parsley, the ivy, the myrtle, and the rose—all of which were considered to act as antidotes to the effects of wine.

Rose-trees were employed both by the Greeks and Romans to decorate graves; and instances are given of rose gardens being bequeathed by their proprietors for the purpose of furnishing flowers to cover their places of sepulture. They frequently invoked the most bitter imprecations against those who dared to violate these sacred plantations. Sometimes the dying man ordered that his heirs should meet every year, on the anniversary of his decease, to dine together near his tomb, and to crown it with roses from his sepulchral plantation.

The early Christians strongly disapproved of the employment of flowers, either at feasts or at burials, because they were so used by the Pagans. Tertullian wrote a book against garlands; and Clement of Alexandria did not think it right that kings should be crowned with roses, as Christ was crowned with thorns. St. Anselm launched anathemas against those who made pilgrimages to the wells and fountains of reputed saints in order to strew them with flowers. Notwithstanding the strenous opposition of their clergy, however, the Roman converts persisted in their floral rites; and, alluding to such practices, Bishop Heber says, "If this be heathenish, Heaven help the wicked!"

The custom is prevalent in many countries of placing a chaplet of flowers above the dead. In some parts of the south of England, a wreath of white roses is borne before the corpse of a maiden by a young girl, and after the burial is hung up over her accustomed seat at church. "They are emblematical," says Washington Irving, in his Sketch Book, "of purity, and the crown of glory which she has received in heaven." L. E. Landon's exquisite lines, entitled "The Legacy of the Roses," are stated to have been suggested by a bequest that Edward Rose, a citizen of London, who died in 1653, made. He left twenty pounds (a considerable sum in those days) for the purchase of an acre of land, for the poor of the village of Barnes in Surrey, where his remains are placed, upon condition that a number of rose-trees should be planted around his grave, and kept well tended.

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"Plant the green sod with the crimson rose,
Let my friends rejoice o'er my calm repose,
Let my memory be like the odours shed,
My hope like the promise of early red;
Let strangers share in their breath and bloom—
Plant ye the bright roses over my tomb."

So sang this pathetic writer, whose melancholy fate seems to throw a shadow of sadness over everything that she has written. Poor Laman Blanchard, whose own destiny was terminated so prematurely, in his "Life and Literary Remains of L. E. L.," tells of a touching and graceful compliment once paid to the subject of his story: "It was a tribute from America, sent from the far-off banks of the Ohio, a curious species of the Michigan rose, accompanied by a prayer that she would plant it on the grave of Mrs. Hemans. To no hand could it have been more appropriately transmitted than to the hand which wrote so reverently and raptuously of that gifted woman;" and whose own words she might well wailingly quote, and say,

"The rose, the glorious rose, is gone."

It does seem strange that flowers—and of all flowers, that most brilliant one, the rose—should be so often associated with death and sorrow; and yet the combination is a universal one. Formerly, the rose was blended with the lily, to form a general emblem of frail mortality. "This sweet flower," says Evelyn, "borne on a branch set with thorn, and accompanied with the lily, are natural hieroglyphics of our fugitive, anxious, and transitory life, which, making so fair a show for a time, is not yet without its thorns and crosses." Washington Irving, in his sketch of rural funerals, says: "The white rose was planted at the grave of a maiden; her chaplet was tied with white ribands in token of her spotless innocence, though sometimes black ribands were intermingled, to bespeak the grief of survivors. The red rose was occasionally used . . . . but roses in general were appropriated to the graves of lovers." Evelyn tells us that near his residence in Surrey, "the maidens yearly planted and decked the graves of their defunct sweethearts with rose-bushes;" and Camden, in his "Britannia," remarks: "Here is also a certain custom, observed time out of mind, of planting rose trees upon the graves, especially by the young men and maids who have lost their loves."

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The short and fragile nature of flowers has ever caused them to be regarded as types of the frail tenure of this existence—so much so, indeed, that many restrain from even plucking them, and even regard a present of them as an inauspicious omen. A promising young poetess, who has just departed from amongst us, embodied this idea in the following touching lines—rendered all the more pathetic from the fact that their publication only preceded her decease by a few weeks:

"Oh! do not give me flowers, my love,
Oh! do not give me flowers!
'T is an omen sad to give your love—
These fragile, fading flowers.
Their life is given by the sun,
His warmth and light their birth,
But soon must every fading one
Shed its pale leaves on earth.
Oh, do not give me flowers, my love,
Oh, do not give me flowers!
'T is an omen sad to give your love—
These fragile, fading flowers.

"I would not wear a wreath of flowers
Upon my bridal day,
Or let them strew my path with showers
Of roses, bright and gay.
'T is better they should shade a grave
In cool and lonely dell,
Where green ferns droop and harebells wave
Each swaying lilac bell.
Oh! do not give me flowers, my love,
Oh! do not give me flowers!
'T is an omen sad to give your love—
These fragile, fading flowers."

ELLA INGRAM.

But enough of the saddening thoughts engendered by such painful associations. "To fresh fields, and pastures new," O loving reader, come!

Is there any need to remind you that the rose, the interpreter of our finest feelings and most delicate emotions, is emblematical of joy andlove? Consecrated to Venus, the Goddess of Beauty, like her it is a type of all that is most graceful in youth, innocence and pleasure. Celebrated by Anacreon as "the flower of flowers," and extolled by every succeeding, ay, and preceding poet, all the lavish praise it has received has not

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yet enhausted its beauties—has not yet even completed the catalogue of its charms.

Much as Western folks have lauded Queen Rose, their commendations are faint compared with the adulation (we had almost said adoration) her loveliness invokes from the natives of Oriental lands. It is true that with them the rose attains a magnitude and magnificence scarcely comprehended in these colder climes. There, travellers say, the elegance of the trees, bending beneath their load of fragrant blossom, is beyond all power of description; and, what renders the attraction greater, is the song of the nightingales continually warbling in the bosom of their beloved flowers. And, as

> "Other lands and other floral rites,
> The thought poetic and the pen invites,"

let us see what the admiring Oriental has to say about the masterpiece of florigraphy.

There is scarcely a great name in their literature that has not paid tribute to "the bloom of love." Their poems are filled with its praise, and quaintly fantastic are some of the numberless beautiful legends with which they have entwined it; but of all the charming tales they tell you of the rose, none are more poetically valuable than those which describe the passionate love borne for it by the nightingale. In the "Book of the Nightingale," by the Persian poet Attar, the whole feathered creation is represented as appearing before Solomon, and making a charge against the nightingale of disturbing their rest by the plaintiveness of its warbling. The wise king summoned, questioned, and finally acquitted the poor bird, when it assured him that its frenzied strains were caused by the distracting love it entertained for the rose—a love that compelled it to ease its oppressed bosom by breaking forth into the touching lamentations for which it was accused. This legend is a favourite one with the Persians, who devoutly believe that this bird flutters about the rose until, overpowered by love and perfume, it falls to the ground stupefied.

Saadi, Hafiz, Jami, and numberless other Persian poets of more or less renown, have sung the praises of "the blooming rose;" and from the verses of the last named we learn that the first rose appeared in Gulistan at the time the flowers

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demanded a new sovereign from Allah, because the drowsy lotus would slumber at night. At first the maiden queen was snowy white, and encircled with a protecting guard of thorns; but the poor nightingale fell into such an ecstacy of love over her charms, and so recklessly pressed his lovelorn and musical heart against those cruel thorns, that his blood, so far as it could trickle into the blossom's bosom, dyed it crimson; and, as the poet justly observes, "are not the petals white at the extremity where the poor little bird's blood could not reach?"

The above-named Gulistan, so famed in Persian story, is the place where so many roses were grown that it was a five days' camel-ride through the great garden. Thence was brought the precious attar for the Shah's own use, and thence came daily fresh-plucked petals for the bed of the Sultana, who could not sleep if the rose-leaves were too much crumpled.

Jackson, in his "Journey," says that the roses of the Sinan Nile, or "Garden of the Nile," are unequalled, and that mattresses are made of their leaves for men of rank to recline on.

In this famous Gulistan it was, too, that they discovered how to manufacture the renowned rose wine—a glass of which wonderful liquor would make the sternest monarch merciful, or make the sickliest mortal slumber amid his pains; and it was in this same Gulistan that they all knew what were those "five secrets of Allah" which the five petals of the first rose signified. The Turks believe that roses sprang from the perspiration of Mahomet, who christened his white mare which brought him from Medina, "Werda," after the snowy blossom—and for that reason they never tread upon a rose-leaf, or suffer one to lie upon the ground. They also, it is said, sculpture a rose on the tombstones of females who die unmarried. The story of the learned Zeb, who intimated by a rose-leaf that he might be received into the silent academy of Amadan, is a popular one amongst Oriental nations. The vacant place for which he applied having been filled up before his arrival, the president intimated this to him by filling a glass so full of water that a single additional drop would have made it run over; but Zeb contrived to place the petal of a rose so delicately upon the water that it was not disturbed in the least, and was rewarded for his ingenious allusion by instant admission into the society.

Father Catron, in his "History of the Mogul Empire," says

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that the celebrated Princess Nourmahal filled an entire canal with rose-water, upon which she was in the habit of sailing with the Great Mogul. The heat of the sun disengaged the essential oil from the liquid, and through its being observed floating on the surface, the discovery was made of that far-famed perfume, "attar of roses."

Another of those extraordinary princesses of antiquity—Cleopatra—was pleased to link her fame to what William Sawyer, one of our living poets, calls "the passion-hearted rose." The wily Egyptian once received her latest lover, Antony, in an apartment covered to a considerable depth with rose-leaves; and Antony himself, when dying, begged to have roses scattered o'er his tomb.

Some of the mythologists ascribe the origin of the rose to the beautiful Rhodante, Queen of Corinth, who, to escape from the persecutions of her lovers, attempted to seclude herself in the Temple of Diana; being forced from her sanctuary by the clamour of the people, she prayed the gods to metamophosise her into a flower, and the rose, into which she was changed, still bears the blushes that dyed her cheeks when forced to expose herself to public gaze.

The fragrance with which this "earth star" is so richly endowed, is stated by those same poetical ancients to be derived from a cup of nectar thrown over it by Cupid; and its thorns, they say, are the stings of the bees with which the arc of his bow was strung.

The Hindoo mythologists (who are not a whit less poetical than their Hellenic, Latin, or Mahommedan brethren) say that Pagoda Siri, one of the wives of Vishnu, was discovered in a rose. What an appropriate bower was that for a lovely goddess to recline in!

Hebrew literature also paid due homage to these glorious blossoms, which, as William Sawyer says, are "as bright as if their blooms were blooms of light!" One of their suggestive fables says that, early one morning, a maiden went into a garden to gather a garland of roses. There they all grew—mere buds, just opening to the ripening sun. "I will not pluck you yet," said the girl; "the sun shall open you first, that you may be still more beautiful, and your scent stronger." She returned at noonday, and found the loveliest roses gnawed by a worm,

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and bending before the scorching rays of the sun, withered and dead! The young girl wept for her folly; and the following morning she gathered her garland early.

Another equally appropriate fable from the same collection tells of a pious man, who, one day, was sorrowfully pacing up and down his garden, and doubting the care of Providence. At length he stood transfixed before a rose-bush; and thus spake the spirit of the rose unto him: "Do I not animate a beautiful plant—a cup of thanksgiving, full of fragrance to the Lord, in the name of all flowers, and an offering of the sweetest incense to Him? And where do you find me? Amongst thorns. But they do not sting me; they protect and give me sap. This thine enemies do for thee; and should not thy spirit be firmer than that of a frail flower?" Strengthened, the man went thence, and his soul became a cup of thanksgiving for his enemies.

Oriental races appear to entertain some superstitious ideas respecting the sanctity of the rose, and evidently rely upon its efficacy to obliterate all desecrating powers. Thus, when Saladin reconquered Jerusalem, in 1128, he would not enter the Mosque of the Temple, which the Christians had been using as a church, until the walls had been thoroughly washed and purified with rose-water. Voltaire also relates that after the taking of Constantinople by Mahmoud II., in 1453, the church of St. Sophia was cleansed in a similar manner with rose-water, before it was converted into a mosque.

The Catholic Church has always regarded the rose as a mystical flower; and formerly it was the custom with her to employ it at every ceremony from birth to burial. Large vessels filled with rose-water were used at baptisms, in illustration of which practice, Bayle relates that at the baptism of Ronsard, his nurse, on the way to the church, let him fall upon a heap of flowers; and at that same instant the woman who held the vessel of rose-water poured it upon the infant. "All this," says Bayle, "has been regarded as a happy omen of the great esteem in which his poems would one day be held."

At marriages and other festivities, in the middle ages, the guests wore chaplets of roses. The author of "Perceforet," describing an entertainment, says, "Every person wore a chaplet of roses on his head. The Constable of France (and

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probably other great officers at other Courts, when he waited on the King at dinner, had one of these crowns. Women, when they took the veil, and when they married, were thus adorned. Warriors wore their helmets encircled by these flowers, as may be seen from their monumental figures. This fondness of our ancestors for this fragrant and elegant flower, and the various uses to which they applied it, explains a particular that at first sight appears somewhat whimsical, which is, the bushels of roses sometimes paid by vassals to their lords."

As an instance of these "whimsical" grants, take one made in 1576, by Richard Cox, Bishop of Ely, to Christopher (afterwards Sir Christopher) Hatton, of great part of Ely House, Holborn, for twenty-one years, in which the tenant covenants to pay, on Midsummer Day, a red rose for the gate-house and garden; the Bishop reserving to himself and successors free access through the gate-house, for walking in the gardens, and gathering twenty bushels of roses yearly.

The demand for these beautiful flowers was formerly so great that it was indeed no unusual thing for vassals, both in France and England, to pay bushels of them to their lords; and there are instances of a single rose being deemed an equivalent for rent. Thus, Sir William Clopton granted to Thomas Smith a piece of ground, called Dokmedwe, in Hanstede, for the annual payment of a rose, at the Nativity of John the Baptist, to Sir William and his heirs, in lieu of all services: dated at Hanstede, on Sunday next before the Feast of All Saints, 3 Henry IV., 1402.

Chaucer is one of the earliest English authors who mentions this flower: and in his "Romaunt of the Rose," (a translation from the French) he gives many of the emblematical meanings assigned to it in the mediæval ages; and William Dunbar, one of Scotland's truest as well as oldest bards, most poetically describes the happy union of Princess Margaret of England with his royal master, James IV. of Scotland, under the allegorical title of "The Thistle and the Rose."

In the days of chivalry roses were often worn by chevaliers at tournaments, as an emblem of their devotion to love and beauty; knights also at tournaments wore roses embroidered in their sleeves, as an emblem that gentleness should accompany courage, and that beauty was the reward of valour.

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The Golden Rose which the Pope presents to contemporary sovereigns is an institution of the middle ages: the flower is considered an emblem of the mortality of the body, and the gold of which it is composed, of the immortality of the soul.

There is an old mosaic, in the church of St. Susan at Rome, in which Charlemagne is represented kneeling, and receiving from St. Peter a standard covered with roses.

There are numerous traditions of the Catholic Church with which "the flower of flowers" is associated. Marullus tells a story of a holy virgin named Dorothea, who suffered martyrdom in Cæsarea, under the government of Fabricius, and who converted to Christianity a scribe named Theophilus, by sending him, in the winter-time, some roses out of Paradise.

It has already been shown that the rose was occasionally used as typical of sorrowful feelings, and the Greeks, who realized all their ideals, not only dedicated it to Venus as an emblem of love and beauty, and to Aurora as an emblem of youth, but also to Cupid as an emblem of fugacity and danger, from the fleeting nature of its charms and the wounds inflicted by its thorns.

In many countries the rose seems to be the flower most frequently connected with the death of youths and children. "In Poland," says Phillips, "they cover the coffins of children with roses; and when the funeral passes the streets, a multitude of these flowers are thrown from the windows."

Mrs. Edward Thomas, in some expressive lines upon the death of a child, alluding to a singular custom observed by the Mexicans, says,

> "They wreathe the very thought of death with flowers,
> And make his altar fair as marriage shine;"

in a foot-note subjoining these particulars: "At the funeral of a child in Acapulco, Mexico, the body was dressed magnificently, crowned with roses, and the table on which it was laid was covered with flowers. The table was carried through the streets with the child on it; three or four men and boys walked in front firing rockets; and the military band followed, playing the gayest music. Regarding the death of children as merely their translation to an angelic existence, such an event amongst these people is an occasion of joy rather than mourning."

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This custom reminds one of the habits of a certain Thracian tribe, of whom Herodotus relates that they mourned at the child's birth into the misery of this world, and held jubilee at the interment of their relatives, because of their deliverance from an infinity of ills.

The French carry out to excess, not only the custom of decorating graves with flowers, but also the penalties ordained for those who injure the funeral blossoms. "Le Moniteur" relates that a woman named Badé, who was employed at a handsome stipend to attend to the flowers planted upon a tomb in the Cimetiere du Sud, finding that two magnificent rose-trees, which overshaded the grave, were withered, instead of purchasing others to supply their place, abstracted two of a similar species from a neighbouring tomb, and exchanged them for those that had died under her care, or rather neglect. The superintendent of the cemetery discovered the theft, and knowing that it was not her first offence, made a complaint against the woman, and the consequence was that she received a twelvemonth's imprisonment!

These same French have a very pretty custom connected with the rose, which in some respects resembles the old English one of selecting a May Queen. The inhabitants of a village select the girl they deem best deserving the prize of virtue, and, carrying her in triumph to a neighbouring church, there crown her, with a wreath of roses, queen of their village for the ensuing year. Tradition asserts that this innocent festival was first instituted in the sixth century, at Salency, his birth-place, by St. Medard (the French St. Swithin), Bishop of Noyon; and, adds the story, the good prelate had the pleasure of crowning his own sister as first Rose-Queen of Salency.

Another foreign festival appertaining to this emblem of joy, was that held in the middle ages at the Italian city of Treviso, where the inhabitants periodically erected a fortress of carpets, silk hangings, and similar materials. The city maidens took possession, after having seen that their stronghold was well supplied with spices, flowers—especially roses—and other war-like missiles. When all was prepared, the fortalice was vigorously attacked by a party of the opposite sex, who were met by showers of rose-water and volleys of sweet things, until, as in duty bound, they surrendered at discretion. Amongst the

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many high and mighty ones who came to witness or take part in this entertainment was the German Emperor Barbarossa; and he is stated to have declared it to have been one of the greatest diversions that he had ever enjoyed.

These attractive customs were doubtless derived from the East: somewhat similar ones have existed in Persia from time immemorial. Sir William Ouseley tells us, in his "Travels in Persia," that when he entered the flower garden belonging to the governor of the castle near Fassa, he was overwhelmed with roses; and in the present days, when these beloved flowers are in full bloom, bands of young men parade the streets of the cities, singing, dancing, playing, and pelting those they meet with showers of roses. In return for these amusements, the spectators reward them with trifling gratuities, with which they then betake themselves to places of public entertainment.

In Smyrna they demonstrate their love for the queen of flowers by calling one of their streets, after her, "The Street of Roses." The Londoners also, it is true, have several Rose Streets; but, alas! none of them are so fragrant as their name would seem to imply.

Amongst many nations of antiquity it was customary to crown bridal couples with wreaths of white and red roses; and in the processions of the Corybantes, Cybele, the protecting deity of cities, was pelted with these odoriferous blossoms. The Roman generals who had achieved any remarkable victory were permitted to have roses sculptured on their shields. Rose-water was the favourite perfume of the Roman ladies, and the most luxurious even used it in their baths. In that wonderfully entertaining old romance, "The Golden Ass" of Apuleius, the Latin prototype of "Gil Blas," the hero, Lucius, recovers his human form by eating some of the roses from the crown which the priest of Isis carried in the procession annually held in honour of that goddess.

A writer in the "Household Words," in an article containing some exquisite bits about those most exquisite of all things, roses, speaking of a certain autumnal specimen of the tribe, thus humorously tells its tale: "It is," she says, "a turncoat flower, whose history I blush to relate, but averts your censure like other fair offenders; for, if to its lot some floral errors fall,

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look in its face, and you 'll forget them all! It made its appearance during Louis the Eighteenth's time, and was named Rose du Roi, or the King's Rose, in compliment to him. But when Buonaparte came over from Elba and put the King to flight, the proprietor, thinking that his new rose with any other name would bring in more money, deemed it good policy to re-christen it Rose d'Empereur, or the Emperor's Rose. But the Hundred Days were a limited number, and the Battle of Waterloo again changed the aspect of political affairs. The rose ratted once more, and was re-styled Rose du Roi. It is known in England as the Crimson Perpetual; I should have called it the Crimson Weathercock."

This rose was apparently a time-server and a political renegade; but the next to be spoken of were fierce and faithful to the cause which took its name from them. Shakspeare has embalmed the legendary history attached to the York and Lancaster roses in his play of "Henry VI." The story runs that various adherents of the rival Yorkist and Lancastrian factions were disputing in the Temple Gardens, when Edward Mortimer's nephew and heir, Richard Plantagenet, interrupted the conversation by saying,

> "Let him that is a true-born gentleman,
> And stands upon the honour of his birth,
> If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
> From off this briar pluck a *white rose* with me."

To which the Earl of Suffolk made reply,

> "Let him that is no coward and no flatterer,
> But dare maintain the party of the truth,
> Pluck a *red rose* from off this thorn with me."

On their respective followers imitating their example, the Earl of Warwick prophesies that the result of this feud

> "Shall send between the *red rose* and the *white*
> A thousand souls to death and deadly night."

And history duly records how mournfully his prediction was verified by the succeeding Wars of the Roses, as they are termed; but also records how the effusion of blood was at last stayed by the union of the two rival families in the marriage of Henry VII. with the heiress of the house of York,

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thus affording an opportunity of creating the very pretty floral fancy typified in the crimson and white striped rose, that henceforth was considered emblematical of the alliance.

Not only has this beautiful flower been selected as the signal for contention and slaughter, but, strange to relate, has at times been even the means of almost—if not quite—killing some sensitive members of the *genus homo.* Many have heard of the singular horror with which the odour of certain flowers inspires some people; but few are aware that to "die of a rose in aromatic pain" is something more than a poetical fiction; and yet many such things are on record. Amatus Lusitanus is cited by Dr. Millinger, amongst many other authorities, and he relates the case of a monk who fainted when he beheld a rose, and never quitted his cell while that flower was in bloom. Ofila gives the instance of the painter Vincent, who was seized with violent vertigo whenever there were roses in the room.

Who would have thought that a flower—only a flower—could have wrought so much pleasure and pain in this mundane sphere? Truly "roses are linked by the chain of association with a thousand chapters in the history of our race: they point to the Wars of the Roses; to Saadi and the Gulistan; to the Pope's Golden Rose; to Rosamund, surnamed of *rosa mundi;* to the 'bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream;' to the Rosicrucians, and everything else that is or was in the least degree roseate."

Few are those who will not be able to exclaim with Eliza Cook, when recalling to mind how many past events of their life have been associated with these universally admired blooms,

> "There is much in my past bearing waymarks of flowers,
> The purest and rarest in odour and bloom;
> There are beings and breathings and places and hours
> Still trailing in roses o'er Memory's tomb."

But what are all our rosy customs and festivals compared with Oriental ones? Already have several Persian legends connected with the rose been alluded to; but it is impossible to exhaust the theme. "Lalla Rookh" is replete with roseate similes; for, as Moore therein remarks, when speaking of the Feast of Roses,

> "That joyous time, when pleasures pour
> Profusely round, and in their shower

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Hearts open like the season's rose,
The flow'ret of a hundred leaves,
Expanding while the dew-fall flows,
And every leaf its balm receives."

Tavernier tells us that it is affirmed by the Ghebers, or Fire-Worshippers, of Persia, that when Abraham, their great prophet, was thrown into the fire by order of Nimrod, the flame turned instantly into a bed of roses, where the child sweetly reposed. Moore thus availed himself of the tradition:

"Is sweet and welcome as the bed
For their own infant prophet spread,
When pitying Heaven to roses turn'd
The death-flames that beneath him burn'd."

All roses are justly celebrated, but "the rose of Cashmere," says Forster, "for its brilliancy and delicacy of odour has long been proverbial in the East."

"Who has not heard of the Vale of Cashmere
With its roses, the brightest that earth ever gave?"

demands Tom Moore; and really, if it is anything like Sir Robert Porter's description of one of the royal gardens of Persia, no one can blame the poet's high-flown rhapsodies.

"On my first entering this bower of fairyland," says Sir Robert, "I was struck with the appearance of two rose-trees full fourteen feet high, laden with thousands of flowers in every degree of expansion, and of a bloom and delicacy of scent that embued the whole atmosphere with exquisite perfume. Indeed, I believe that in no country in the world does the rose grow in such perfection as in Persia; in no country is it so cultivated and prized by the natives. Their gardens and courts are crowded by its plants, their rooms ornamented with vases filled with its gathered bunches, and every bath strewed with the full-blown flowers, plucked from the ever-replenished stems. . . . But in this delicious garden of Negaaristan the eye and the smell are not the only senses regaled by the presence of the rose. The ear is enchanted by the wild and beautiful notes of multitudes of nightingales, whose warblings seem to increase in melody and softness with the unfolding of their favourite flower. Here, indeed, the stranger is most powerfully reminded that he is in the country of the nightingale and the rose."

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The loves of the nightingale and the rose have already been more than once alluded to, but the subject is inexhaustible. This melodious bird appears in the East at the season when its adored flower begins to blow, which has engendered the poetical fiction that it bursts forth from its bud at the song of its admirer. Says the admired poet, Jami, "The nightingales warbled their enchanting notes and rent the thin veils of the rose-bud and the rose;" and Moore has sung, in his soft song,

"Oh, sooner shall the rose of May
Mistake her own sweet nightingale,
And to some meaner minstrel's lay
Open her bosom's glowing veil,
Than love shall ever doubt a tone—
A breath—of the beloved one!"

Mrs. Browning has alluded in the most exquisite tones to the sweet legend in her "Lay of the Early Rose"—that foolish flower that oped her petals ere the summer came, and deemed

"Ten nightingales shall flee
Their woods for love of me."

Jami asserts with poetic freedom that "You may place a handfull of fragrant herbs and flowers before the nightingale; yet he wishes not in his constant heart for more than the sweet breath of his beloved rose."

"Though rich the spot
With every flower this earth has got,
What is it to the nightingale
If there his darling rose is not?"

asks the author of "Lalla Rookh." The following lines are from a lyric of Hafiz, wherein the poet assumes the character of a nightingale in addressing his love:

"Once more see the nightingale, languid and faint,
Pours forth to the garden his sorrowful plaint:
May the rose ever flourish in beauty and bloom;
May evil ne'er touch her, misfortune ne'er come;
Long, long may she flourish wherever she 's seen,
And rule 'midst the flowers as the sovereign queen!
But, oh, may she smile with less scornful an eye,
Nor leave her poor lovers to languish and die!"

Lord Byron did not overlook the pretty fable, and in the "Bride of Abydos" makes a solitary rose bloom above Zuleika's

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tomb, over which the love-lorn nightingale poured forth his plaintive notes:

"A single rose is shedding there
Its lonely lustre, meek and pale:
It looks as planted by despair—
So white, so faint—the slightest gale
Might whirl the leaves on high;
And yet, though storms and blight assail,
And hands more rude than wintry sky
May wring it from its stem; in vain—
To-morrow sees it bloom again! . . .

To it the livelong night there sings
A bird unseen, but not remote:
Invisible his airy wings,
But soft as harp that Houri strings
His long entrancing note."

Syria is thought by Richardson to have derived its name from *suri*, a beautiful and delicate species of rose for which the country has been celebrated from time immemorial; hence its Oriental name, Suristan, the Land of Roses. There, as Byron sings in the "Giaour," is

"The rose, o'er crag or vale,
Sultana of the nightingale,
The maid for whom his melody,
His thousand songs, are heard on high,
Blooms blushing to her lover's tale:
His queen, the garden queen, his rose,
Unbent by winds, unchill'd by snows,
Far from the winters of the west,
By every breeze and season blest,
Returns the sweets by nature given
In softest incense back to heaven."

The violet is very highly prized in the East; but, says Hafiz, "When the rose enters the garden, even the violet prostrates itself before it with its face to the ground."

But Persian legends of and allusions to the queen of flowers are innumerable, and still many blossoms nearer home await our culling. One of the most memorable plants in existence is the renowned rose-tree of Hildersheim, said to have been set by Charlemagne, in commemoration of a visit of respect paid to him by the ambassador of the celebrated Caliph Haroun Alraschid; and who, as a symbol of his authority, carried a purple banner, on which were embroidered the arms of his sovereign, being roses on a golden field. The wonderful legend

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of the ancient tree runs thus: Louis the Pious came to the district on a hunting expedition, and after the sport ordered Mass to be said in the open air. On retiring to his habitation, the priest who had officiated at the ceremony missed the Holy Image, and his search for it proving fruitless, he returned to the spot, and to his surprise beheld it between the branches of a wild rose-tree. Attempting to regain it, he was awe-stricken to find that it eluded his grasp, and, after several vain efforts to obtain the sacred object, he went back to Louis, and informed him and his Court of what had taken place. All rushed forth and fell on their knees before the miraculous tree, over which the superstitious monarch ordered a cathedral to be built. Dr. Grashop, of Hildersheim, gives the following description of its present condition: The roots are buried in a sort of coffin-shaped vault under the middle altar of the crypt, which crypt is proved by known documents to have been built in the year 818, and to have survived the burning of the other parts of the cathedral on the 21st of January, 1013, and the 23rd of March, 1146; so that there can be little doubt that the claim of this rose-tree—which, despite its thousand years of age, still blossoms profusely—to be the oldest in the world, is just.

The affection entertained in all countries for the rose, and its constant association with humanity, have caused its various developments from bud to scattered bloom, to be universally deemed emblematic of man's transitory existence, as also of "the course of true love." Berkeley, in his "Utopia," describes lovers as declaring their passion by presenting to the fair beloved a *rose-bud* just beginning to open, our symbol of a *confession of love.* If the lady accepted and wore the bud, she was supposed to favour his pretensions. As time intensified the lover's affection, he followed up the first present by that of a half-blown *rose,* significant of *love;* and this was again followed by one full blown, typical of *engagement;* and if the lady wore this last, she was considered as engaged for life.

Leigh Hunt, in his "Descent of Liberty," thus alludes to the infant loveliness of this flower:

> "Of the rose, full-lipped and warm,
> Round about whose riper form
> Her slender virgin train are seen
> In their close-fit caps of green."

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And again, to

"The sheath-enfolded fans of rosy bushes,
Ready against their blushes."

Spenser has bequeathed us a very felicitous stanza about the budding rose:

"Ah! see the virgin rose, how sweetly she
Doth first peep forth with bashful modesty,
That fairer seems the less ye see her may!
Lo! see soon after how, more bold and free,
Her baréd bosom she doth broad display!
Lo! see soon after how she fades and falls away!"

Sir Walter Scott tells us that

"The rose is fairest when 't is budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears;
The rose is sweetest washed with morning dew,
And love is loveliest when embalmed with tears."

But of all the beautiful things said about this most beautiful of Flora's children, the most delicate and the most apposite appears to us to be "The Dying Rose-bud's Lament," by a transatlantic poetess, the late Mrs. Osgood.

"Ah, me! ah, woe is me!
That I should perish now,
With the dear sunlight just let in
Upon my balmy brow.

"My leaves, instinct with glowing life,
Were quivering to unclose;
My happy heart with love was rife—
I was almost a rose.

"Nerved by a hope, rich, warm, intense,
Already I had risen
Above my cage's curving fence,
My green and graceful prison.

"My pouting lips, by Zephyr pressed,
Were just prepared to part,
And whispered to the wooing wind
The rapture of my heart.

"In new-born fancies revelling,
My mossy cell half-riven,
Each thrilling leaflet seemed a wing
To bear me into heaven.

"How oft, while yet an infant flower,
My crimson cheek I 've laid
Against the green bars of my bower,
Impatient of the shade;

"And pressing up and peeping through
Its small but precious vistas,
Sighed for the lovely light and dew
That blessed my elder sisters.

"I saw the sweet breeze rippling o'er
Their leaves that loved the play,
Though the light thief stole all the store
Of dew-drop gems away.

"I thought how happy I should be
Such diamond wreaths to wear,
And frolic with a rose's glee
With sunbeam, bird, and air.

"Ah, me! ah, woe is me! that I,
Ere yet my leaves unclose,
With all my wealth of sweets, must die
Before I am a rose!"

It scarcely appears possible that this sweet, suggestive lay could be the production of a girl only fourteen years old, yet

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that that was her age at the time of its composition poor Edgar Poe, an intense admirer of the poetess, assures us. The following chat with the emblem of love and beauty, by Mrs. Sigourney, another American poetess, will probably read coldly after Frances Osgood's poem:

"Most glorious rose,
You are the queenly belle. On you all eyes
Admiring turn. Doubtless you might indite
Romances from your own sweet history—
They 're quite the fashion now, and crowd the page
Of every periodical. Wilt tell
None of your heart adventures? Never mind!
We plainly read the Zephyr's stolen kiss
In your deep blush; so where 's the use to seal
Your lips so cunningly, when *all the world*
Calls you the flower of love?"

Yes! all the world knows that the beautiful rose is the emblem of love; but none alluded to the fact more masterly than did "Love's own minstrel," Anacreon, and in these verses Leigh Hunt has ably transmuted the glowing words of the glorious old Teian into our modest English tongue:

"The rose, the flower of love,
Mingle with our quaffing;
The rose, the lovely leaved,
Round our brows be weaved,
Genially laughing.

"Oh, the rose, the first of flowers,
Darling of the early bowers,
E'en the gods for thee have places;
Thee, too, Cytherea's boy
Weaves about his locks for joy,
Dancing with the Graces.

But the short life of this august flower ofttimes causes it, when *fading*, to be deemed a suitable representative of *fleeting beauty*, and many are the "morals" that poet and philosopher have deduced from this stage; but there is also another record to be made, and that is of its fragrance after death: the flush of beauty may be gone from its withered petals, but the scent of the rose will cling to it still; and so, even when life is over, we yet place, as Barry Cornwall remarks,

"First of all, the rose; because its breath
Is rich beyond the rest; and when it dies,
It doth bequeath a charm to sweeten death."

Yes, kind friend! even a *dead rose*—emblem of *sweet memories*—"doth bequeath a charm to sweeten death," because, though "pale, and hard, and dry as stubble-wheat," yet, as Elizabeth Barrett Browning tells us,

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"The heart doth recognize thee,
Alone, alone! the heart doth smell thee sweet,
Doth view thee fair, doth judge thee most complete,
Perceiving all those changes that disguise thee.
Yes, and the heart doth owe thee
More love, dead rose, than to any roses bold,
Which Julia wears at dances, smiling cold!
Lie still upon this heart, which breaks below thee!"

Of all the poets that sing the praises of the roses, none seem to do so more *con amore* than Chaucer: his heroes and heroines are invariably garlanded with its flowers, as are his songs scented with its fragrance; and in the "Romaunt of the Rose" he dowers his favourite flowers with quite a poetical apotheosis. How well, too, does he describe Venus as wearing "on her head her rosy garland, white and red." Of roses white and red Shakspeare's self does say:

"The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair;
A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both."

St. Cecilia was said to have received a miraculous crown of roses; and Tennyson tells how

"Her hair wound with white roses, slept St. Cecily."

To step from sacred to profane, how prettily has Bowring translated from the Russ of Kastrov, this evidence of the frailty of lovers' vows:

"The rose is my favourite flower:
On its tablets of crimson I swore
That up to my last living hour
I never would think of thee more.

"I scarcely the record had made,
Ere Zephyr, in frolicsome play,
On his light airy pinions conveyed
Both tablets and promise away."

Miss Kent, in "Flora Domestica," remarks that roses, when they are associated with a moral meaning, are generally identified with *mere* pleasure; but some writers, with a juster sentiment, have made them emblems of the most refined virtue.

In the "Orlando Innamorato," Orlando puts roses in his helmet, which guard his ears against a Syren; and in Apuleius' "Golden Ass," as already recorded, Lucius, who had been transformed into an ass, regains his human shape upon eating some of these flowers.

The red rose, which, from its long residence amongst us, has

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been named the English rose, is thus patriotically spoken of by Browne:

"Whence she upon her breast—(love's sweet repose)—
Doth bring the queen of flowers, the English rose."

Human life is compared with this flower by Keble, in the "Christian Year." In one sweet verse he bids us

"Let the dainty rose awhile,
Her bashful fragrance hide—
Rend not her silken veil too soon,
But leave her in her own sweet noon,
To flourish and abide."

Philip Bailey, author of "Festus," that magnificent storehouse of "seed poetry," as our present Laureate appropriately names it, says:

"Love is like a rose,
And a month it may not see
Ere it withers where it grows."

We would give love and beauty longer life, but, alas! politician as well as poet are against us; for hear what Charles James Fox has rhymed about their emblem bloom:

"The rose, the sweetly blooming rose,
Ere from the tree 't is torn,
Is like the charms which beauty shows
In life's exulting morn.

"But, oh! how soon its sweets are gone,
How soon it withering lies!
So, when the eve of life comes on,
Sweet beauty fades and dies.

"Then since the fairest form that 's made
Soon withering we shall find,
Let us possess what ne'er shall fade—
The beauties of the mind."

There is a highly imaginative stanza in "Alnwick Castle," by Halleck, the American poet, in which these token-flowers are suggestively introduced:

"Wild roses by the Abbey towers
Are gay in their young bud and bloom—
They were born of a race of funeral flowers,
That garlanded, in long-gone hours,
A Templar's knightly tomb."

The queen of flowers has had many wild rhapsodies poured forth in her praise, and many quaint things have been said of her powers; but surely no one ever equalled the marvellous Culpepper in ascribing wonders to her influence; and yet, not-

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withstanding the fact that he endows her with more curative abilities than a whole college of physicians would dare to aspire to, he has the impudence to remark: "What a pother have authors made with roses! what a racket have they kept! I shall add, that the red roses are under Jupiter, damask under Venus, white under the Moon, and,"—here the old astrological doctor attempts probably his solitary intentional jest—"Provence under the King of France."

This last-named and extraordinary fragrant rose does not take its name from Provence, as is generally supposed, but from Provins, a small town about fifty miles from Paris, where it was formerly much cultivated.

But the lineage, legends, and symbolic associations of the rose are an inexhaustible theme; every poet has hymned, and every minstrel sung, the praises of this floral queen, and nothing now remains to tell, save these lines of Mrs. Hemans, in which all the flower's endowments are found combined:

"How much of memory dwells amidst thy bloom,
Rose! ever wearing beauty for thy dower!
The bridal day—the festival—the tomb—
Thou hast thy part in each, thou stateliest flower!

"Therefore, with thy soft breath come floating by
A thousand images of love and grief;
Dreams, filled with tokens of mortality,
Deep thoughts of all things beautiful and brief.

"Not such thy spells o'er those that hailed thee first
In the clear light of Eden's golden day;
There thy rich leaves to crimson glory burst,
Linked with no dim remembrance of decay.

"Rose! for the banquet gathered, and the bier;
Rose! coloured now by human hope or pain;
Surely, where death is not, nor change, nor fear,
Yet we may meet thee, joy's own flower, again!"

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HAWTHORN.

(HOPE.)

IF the rose is the favourite of poets of all nations, this delicious emblem of life-long *hope* is the especial darling of British bards; and, although there is not a country in all Europe where the common Hawthorn does not display its scented snowy blossom, it is to the English anthology that the florigraphists must refer for full and frequent descriptions of its beauties and associations. From the days of dear old Chaucer downwards has this chosen bride of May ever been belauded by our poets and beloved by our people.

By the Greeks, Evelyn tells us, the hawthorn was deemed one of the fortunate trees: they accounted it a symbol of the conjugal union since the jovial shepherds carried it at the rape of the Sabines, ever after considering it propitious. Its flowering branches were borne aloft at their marriage celebrations, and the newly-wedded pair were even lighted to the nuptial chamber with torches of its wood. Lavish, indeed, were the floral decorations of a Hellenic bridal; for that clear-headed nation fully sympathized with such feelings as Charlotte Smith expresses when she hopes that

> "Still may fancy's brightest flowers be wove
> Round the gold chains of hymeneal love."

This flower-loving folk still garland their brides with hawthorn wreaths, and strew the marriage altar with its bloomy treasures.

In the "Odyssey," Homer represents Ulysses, on his return to his native land, finding old Laertes, his father, seated in his garden alone, having sent his men

> "To search the woods for sets of flowery thorn,
> Their orchards' bounds to strengthen and adorn."

The Turks regard the presentation of a branch of hawthorn

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as denoting the donor's desire to receive from the object of his affection that token of love denominated *a kiss*.

In France, the hawthorn, amongst other suggestive titles, is generally designated *L'Epine noble*, from the belief that it furnished the crown of thorns which was placed upon the Saviour's head previous to His crucifixion.

Singular to relate, unlike those of the roses, the thorns from which this bush receives its common appellation, are often made to disappear under the effects of cultivation.

Ronsard—sometimes styled the French Chaucer—wrote a beautiful address to the hawthorn, thus faithfully rendered:

"Fair hawthorn flowering,
With green shade bowering
Along this lovely shade;
To thy foot around
With his long arms wound
A wild vine has mantled thee o'er.

"In armies twain,
Red ants have ta'en
Their fortress beneath thy stock;
And in clefts of thy trunk
Tiny bees have sunk
A cell where honey they lock.

"In merry Spring-tide,
When to woo his bride
The nightingale comes again,
Thy boughs among
He warbles his song,
That lightens a lover's pain.

* * * * *

"Gentle hawthorn, thrive,
And, for ever alive,
May'st thou blossom as now in thy prime;
By the wind unbroke,
And the thunder-stroke,
Unspoiled by the axe of time."

Having heard what has been said of this shrub by the French, let us hear what our own dear old English Chaucer has to say about it. In his quaint, antique phraseology he frequently alludes to its beauties; thus, in his "Court of Love," does he tell how

"Furth goth all the Courte, both most and lest,
To fetche the flouris freshe, and braunche and blome,
And namely hauthorne brought both page and grome,
With freshe garlandis partly blew and white,
And than rejoisin in their grete delight."

Then he still more sweetly sings:

"Amongst the many buds proclaiming May
(Decking the meads in holiday array,
Striving who shall surpass in bravery)
Mark the fair blooming of the hawthorn tree;
Who, finely clothéd in a robe of white,
Feeds full the wanton eye with May's delight;
Yet for the bravery that she is in
Doth neither handle card nor wheel to spin,
Nor changeth robes but twice; is never seen
In other colours than in white or green.

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Learn then, content, young shepherd, from this tree,
Whose greatest wealth is Nature's livery."

The scent of the hawthorn is proverbially sweet; and this same Dan Chaucer, in his "Complaint of the Black Knight," remarks:

"There sawe I growing eke the freshe hauthorne,
In white motley, that so sote doeth ysmell."

In the olden days our jolly forefathers made great use of this aromatic-smelling tree, which then, as now, was more commonly known by its favourite name of "May," from its flowering in that month. May, the queen of blossoms, was greeted on her arrival with all the royal rejoicings that her incoming deserved, and few, from sovereign down to poorest peasant, but strove their best to pay her due honour. May was kept universally, and, it is said, even the avenues of the metropolis looked like bowers, from the boughs which each man hung over his doorway. The young people of both sexes went a-Maying, accompanied by bands of music; people of all ranks joined in the pastimes, from Bluff King Hal, who rode a-Maying from Greenwich to Shooters' Hill, with Queen Katharine and his merry Court; indeed, "every man, except impediment," as old Stowe quaintly remarks, "would walk into the sweet meadows and green woods, there to rejoice their spirits with the beauty and savour of sweet flowers, and with the harmony of birds praising God in their kind." No Oriental Feast of Roses was more sacredly observed or carried out with greater glee than was the old English custom of Maying. Houses and churches were as habitually decked on May-day with the blossom of the hawthorn, as they were at Christmas with holly; and, as Spenser tells us in his "Shepherd's Calendar," would

"Youth's folk now flocken everywhere,
To gather May-baskets and smelling breere;
And home they hasten the posts to dight,
And all the kirk-pillars ere daylight,
With hawthorn-buds, and sweet eglantine,
And garlands of roses, and sops-in-wine."

Herrick, in his "Hesperides," has a beautiful idyll descriptive of the manner in which they went a-Maying in his days; and in it he thus invokes his mistress:

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"Each flower has wept and bow'd toward the east,
Above an hour since, yet you are not dress'd—
Nay, not so much as out of bed,
When all the birds have matins said,
And sung their thankful hymns; 't is sin,
Nay, profanation, to keep in;
Whereas a thousand virgins on this day
Spring sooner than the lark to fetch in May.

* * * * * *

"Come, my Corinna! come, and coming, mark
How each field turns a street—each street a park,
Made green, and trimm'd with trees! see how
Devotion gives each house a bough
Or branch!—each porch, each door, ere this
An ark, a tabernacle is,
Made up of whitethorn neatly interwove,
As if here were those cooler shades of love.
Can such delights be in the street
And open fields, and we not see 't?
Come, we 'll abroad, and let 's obey
The proclamation made for May,
And sin no more, as we have done, by staying,
But, my Corinna! come, let 's go a-Maying.

"There 's not a budding boy or girl, this day,
But is got up and gone to bring in May;
A deal of youth, ere this, is come
Back, and with whitethorn laden home;
Some have dispatched their cakes and cream
Before that we have left to dream;
And some have wept and woo'd and plighted troth,
And chose their priest ere we can cast off sloth:
Many a green gown has been given,
Many a kiss, both odd and even;
Many a glance, too, has been sent
From out the eye, love's firmament;
Many a jest told of the key's betraying
This night, and locks picked; yet we 're not a-Maying.

"Come! let us go while we are in our prime,
And take the harmless folly of the time."

In these lines of the old Royalist parson-poet there is much that will appear obscure to many of the present generation, but by contemporaries all his allusions were comprehended and admired. These May-day morning practices are generally supposed to have been the lingering remains of the rites instituted by the ancients in honour of Flora, to whom the last four days of May were dedicated. The alteration in the calendar, by throwing this innocent festival back twelve days, soon obliterated what fragments of it time had spared, because, when

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May-day now arrives, the weather is mostly too inclement for outdoor sports. Many an old villager may yet be found lamenting the difference between the May-days of his youth and those of to-day: in some out-of-the-way rural districts, many years elapsed before folks submitted "to lose twelve days out of their lives," as they deemed it.

In country places it was formerly the custom for lads and lasses to get up soon after midnight, and, accompanied by such music as the village afforded, to walk in a body to some neighbouring wood; there they gathered as many branches and nosegays of flowers as they could carry, and then returned home about sunrise in joyous procession, garlanded with flowers, and laden with blossomy boughs, with which to decorate the doors and windows. Shakspeare did not fail to note the eagerness with which May-day pastimes were looked forward to and indulged in in his days, and remarks:

> "'T is as much impossible,
> Unless we swept them from the door with cannons,
> To scatter 'em, as 't is to make 'em sleep
> On May-day morning."

It has been seen how beautifully Herrick conjured his ladye-love to go a-Maying; and perhaps this more modern, though less worthy, invocation may be used here—not so much for its value as for its appropriateness:

"Oh, we will go a-Maying, love,
A-Maying we will go,
Beneath the branches swaying, love,
With weight of scented snow.
Laburnums' golden tresses, love,
Float in the perfumed air;
Which heedless their caresses, love,
Seeks violets in their lair;
And with their scents a-playing, love,
It gambols to and fro—
Where we will go a-Maying, love,
Where we will Maying go.

"The bees are busy humming, love,
Amid the opening blooms,
Foretelling Summer's coming, love—
Farewell to wintry glooms.
The primrose pale, from crinkly sheen,
Up from the ground now speeds;
And cowslips slim, 'mid leafy green,
Rise in the unmown meads.
And buttercups are weighing, love,
The gold they soon must strow—
Where we will go a-Maying, love,
Where we will Maying go.

"The hawthorn's bloom is falling, love,
We must no longer wait;
Each bird is blithely calling, love,
Unto his chosen mate;
Each bud unblown is swelling, love,
Green grow the vernal fields;
Each insect leaves its dwelling, love,
And all to Summer yields:
The mowers are out haying, love,
Woodbine is in full blow—
Where we will go a-Maying, love,
Where we will Maying go."

JOHN INGRAM.

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These pleasant diversions were not altogether confined to the country, however, for, in those olden days, not a town, not a city, not excepting the metropolis itself, but boasted of its Maypole. In London these Maypoles abounded, and the last of them, which stood in the Strand, near Somerset House, was not removed until 1717. The early part of May-day was spent in decorating these poles with garlanded hoops, with ribbons, and with the flowers that had been gathered in the early morn. When all was ready and a grassy mound erected, some fair maiden was elected Queen of the May, was crowned with flowers, and, with many other ceremonies equally pleasant and innocent, was inducted into transient village royalty.

The following lines, entitled "The Village Queen," refer to this pretty pastoral custom, now unfortunately almost obsolete, except in very secluded districts:

"Begun to fall had hawthorn's snow
In scented showers upon the ground,
And almond blossoms now did strow
Their pinky petals all around;
Her wavy hair the birch did fling
Out to the May-wind's warm caress;
From ev'ry bough the birds did sing
Of Spring-tide in her vernal dress.

"So, tempted by the cloudless sky,
I through the village took a stroll,
To where I saw hoisted on high,
With garlands deck'd, a gay Maypole.
Upon the grass a merry group
Of boys and girls were dancing seen;
And as before the pole they 'd troop,
They bow'd to one they called the Queen.

"Of gauzy white her simple dress,
Which they with garlands had enwound,
And on her youthful brow did press
The wreath with which they her had crown'd.
I gazed upon the fragile child
Who sat enthroned upon the green,
And watched her whilst she sweetly smil'd
On those who claimed her for their Queen.

"The roses in her cheeks were few;
Her little arms were wan and thin,
And violet veins did much peer thro'
The lily whiteness of her skin.
This little lass I knew full well
As only daughter of our Dean;

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As tender as the cowslip's bell—
Most worthy she to be their Queen.

"There was a little lad I spied,
Whose cheeks were red with ruddy health;
He stood sedately by her side,
But every now and then, by stealth
Would whisper something in her ear,
To flush her face, so else serene,
And then draw back with bashful fear
That he'd annoy'd the Village Queen.

"It was a happy sight to see—
Each brow as sunny as the sky.
Till eve I joined their jubilee,
And then I left them with a sigh;
Then homeward. When they all were gone,
One youthful pair I walked between;
We parted on the emerald lawn
Before the house of our good Dean.

* * * * *

"The Autumn woods were burning brown,
The Autumn leaves were growing sere,
The beechen nuts were falling down
Upon the roadsides, dank and drear;
The maple boughs were baring fast;
No corn was in the fields to glean;
I strode along—young Henry past,
And I asked of the Village Queen.

"No word he spoke, but took my hand,
And drew me on in silent gloom,
Until together we did stand
In the churchyard before a tomb;
Upon the stone I sadly read
These simple words, 'Our Adeline';
With choking voice then Henry said,
'There sleeps our darling Village Queen.'"

JOHN INGRAM.

Rare, indeed, are now these pleasant welcomings — these pretty rustic customs, though yet the May-bough is hung over some houses in Hertfordshire, and the Maypole lingers still on the village greens of Wales. The remains of the old practices are, however, in most places confined to the small chaplet of cowslips and bluebells which are borne by little timid country girls or rosy urchins, whose young voices salute one with "Please remember the May."

In a few rural spots of our country a May-day Queen is

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chosen and crowned with flowers, and the day kept as a holiday; but this is only in remote villages, which old customs still haunt. In some parts of Cornwall, May-day sports are continued in almost their primitive fashion: the day is devoted to out-of-doors enjoyment; and at Helston the youths and maidens cover themselves with the snowy wreaths of spring, and, preceded by the Queen of the May, dance merrily through the houses, scattering flowers about them.

Tennyson, in his "May Queen"—that beautiful poem which is said to have gained him the Laureateship—has immortalized the memory of this fastly-fading custom. A favourite native singer, whose immense popularity might justly entitle her to claim the appellation of "The Peoples' Laureate," has given her country these melodious, stirring lines on the "Raising of the Maypole":

"My own land! my own land! where freedom finds her throne-land;
Fair thou art, and rare thou art, to every true-born son.
Though no gold ore veins thee, though no grape-juice stains thee,
We've harvest fields, and quartered shields, well kept and nobly won.
And we have pleasant tales to tell,
And spot in many a native dell,
Which we may prize and love as well
As Troubadour his story.
The lilting troll and roundelay
Will never, never pass away,
That welcomed in the herald day
Of Summer's rosy glory.
And goodly sight of mirth and might,
In blood that gained us Cressy's fight,
Was hearts and eyes, all warm and bright
About the high and gay pole;
When flower bedight, 'mid leaves and light,
Shouts echoed—as it reared upright—
Of 'Hurrah for merry England, and the raising of the Maypole!
When the good old times had carol rhymes,
With morris games and village chimes;
When clown and priest shared cup and feast,
And the greatest jostled with the least,
At the 'raising of the Maypole!'

"My brave land! my brave land! oh! may'st thou be my grave-land;
For firm and fond will be the bond that ties my heart to thee.
When Summer's beams are glowing, when Autumn's gusts are blowing,
When Winter's clouds are snowing, thou art still right dear to me.
But yet, methinks, I love thee best
When bees are nurst on whitethorn breast,
When Spring-tide pours in, sweet and blest,
And joy and hope come dancing!

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When music from the feathered throng
Breaks forth in merry marriage song,
And mountain streamlets dash along,
Like molten diamonds glancing!
Oh! pleasant 't is to scan the page,
Rich with the theme of bygone age,
When motley fool and learned sage
Brought garlands for the gay pole;
When laugh and shout came ringing out
From courtly knight and peasant lout,
In 'Hurrah for merry England, and the raising of the Maypole!'
When the good old times had carol rhymes,
With morris games and village chimes;
When clown and priest shared cup and feast,
And the greatest jostled with the least,
At the 'raising of the Maypole!'" ELIZA COOK.

This fragrant favourite of English poets is well worthy of its reputation: its beauty and perfume are alike unsurpassed by any of earth's "gemmy flowers," as Poe calls her floral decorations; and truly we may style it the loveliest flower of the loveliest month—it is, indeed, the scented diadem of the year. Well may Shakspeare make Henry VI. ask:

"Gives not the hawthorn-bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroidered canopy
To kings?"

Milton has also remarked the adaptability of this bush for sheltering shepherds:

"And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale."

And then comes Goldsmith to speak of other tales told beneath its shade; for, whereas the author of "L'Allegro" only intends to represent his shepherd as counting his sheep, the author of the "Deserted Village" talks of fonder themes:

"The hawthorn-bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blessed the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending, as the old surveyed."

How longingly we await the unfolding of the May-blossom

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—summer's scented harbinger! how tenderly both young and old watch its growth, from when, in the beginning of April,

"Fringing the forest's devious edge,
Half-robed, appears the hawthorn hedge;
Or to the distant eye displays
Weakly green its budding sprays;

next, with what delight do all observe that

"The hawthorn every day
Spreads some little show of May;"

and then what a warmth of summer happiness seems to flood all hearts! when, no longer doubtingly, we dare exclaim with Warton:

"'T is May, the Grace—confess'd she stands,
With branch of hawthorn in her hands;
Lo! near her trip the lightsome dews,
Their wings all ting'd in Iris' hues;
With whom the powers of Flora play,
And paint with pansies all the way."

How exquisitely, and with what an under-current of pathos, has MacCarthy portrayed these summer longings! how much is suggested that words have left unsaid! List how one of the sweetest melodies of the century begins:

"Ah! my heart is weary, waiting—
Waiting for the May:
Waiting for the pleasant rambles
Where the fragrant hawthorn brambles,
With the woodbine alternating,
Scent the dewy way.
Ah! my heart is weary, waiting—
Waiting for the May!"

The common colour of these delicate blossoms is white, frequently blushed with pink; but there is a garden variety with double flowers of a deep red. Poets constantly allude to the petals of the bloom as summer snow, or as scented snow, because of the manner in which the wind often scatters complete clouds of them over the pathways and about the roadsides, and also because of their fleecy, snow-like look amid surrounding green hedges.

"Between the leaves, the silver whitethorn shows
Its dewy blossoms, pure as mountain snows."

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Long after its fleecy flowers have faded, the hawthorn remains one of our most ornamental shrubs, for its glossy green leaves and bright scarlet berries form a very pretty picture, besides providing shelter for some of our most melodious songsters: these little warblers find an abundant supply of food in the haws, as the berries are called. Lord Bacon, in his "Essays," observes that "a store of haws portend cold winters," and the allegation is believed to be correct. The yellow-berried hawthorn is familiarly called the golden thorn, because its fruit is golden-hued, and its young buds are of a bright yellow. The Mexican thorn is said to have large yellow fruit, which might rival the golden apples of the Hesperides in appearance. To the wintry adornments of this bush Phillips prettily alludes:

"Long pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns show,
While through the ice the crimson berries glow."

The whitethorn has been revered as a sacred tree from the earliest ages. Mr. Charles Hardwick, in a very interesting paper on the "Customs of Christmas and Yule-tide," alludes at some length to the presumed sanctity of this tree, and quotes these remarks of a writer in the "Quarterly Review," on "Sacred Trees and Flowers." "The whitethorn," he says, "is one of the trees most in favour with the fairies; and, both in Brittany and in some parts of Ireland, it is held unsafe to gather even a leaf from certain old and solitary thorns which grow in sheltered hollows of the moorland, and are the fairies' trysting-places. But no evil ghost dares to approach the whitethorn." This same writer presumes that the legendary sanctity of this tree arose from the belief that the crown of thorn with which Christ was crowned was made from its branches; but Mr. Hardwick gives ample proof of its having been held in religious esteem long prior to the existence of Christianity. Sir John Maundeville, the brave old English traveller, thus gives the tradition referred to: "Then was our Lord led into a garden . . . . and the Jews scorned Him, and made Him a crown of the branches of the *Aubépine*, that is, whitethorn, which grew in the same garden, and set it on His head. . And therefore hath the whitethorn many virtues. For he that beareth a branch on him thereof, no thunder, or manner of tempest, may hurt him; and in the house that it is in may no evil ghost enter."

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In fables, too ancient to fix their origin, this tree is said to have sprung from the lightning. The celebrated "Glastonbury Thorn," which was a variety of the common hawthorn, instead of blooming in May, blossomed in winter, and was firmly believed to blow regularly on Christmas-day. The original bush was said to have been the staff of St. Joseph of Arimathea — popularly supposed to have been the founder of the first Christian church in England. On his arrival at Glastonbury with a few companions (so runs the old legend), he determined to settle there, and, as a proof of the divinity of his mission, he struck his dry hawthorn staff into the ground, and immediately it put forth branches and blossomed. This happened on Christmas-day; and ever afterwards, on the anniversary of the miracle, the tree, despite the coldness of the season, put forth flowers, until the Puritans cut it down. This did not, however, eradicate the superstition; for a stock derived, or said to be derived, from the original, was planted in the neighbourhood, and by many country folks is still steadfastly asserted to bloom on Twelfth-day—the old-style Christmas-day—as a protest against the alteration of the calendar.

The flowers of this wonderful thorn were formerly exported as valuable relics; and in Collinson's "History of Somersetshire" it is stated that this tree was much sought after by the credulous; and, though a common thorn, Queen Anne, King James, and many of the nobility of the realm—even when the times of monkish superstition had ceased—gave large sums of money for small cuttings from the original.

The progeny of this supernatural plant are said to retain the miraculous propensity; and Mr. Wilkinson, of Burnley, speaking of some of the wonderful trees still existing in Lancashire, says that in his vicinity many persons will yet travel a considerable distance in order to witness the periodic blossoming.

Miss Pratt tells of a hawthorn in the Arboretum of Kew Gardens which "is often covered with its white clusters while the snow surrounds it."

Credulous as old Culpepper was, he refused to believe in so Papistical a legend, "since," he remarks, "the like may be found in divers other places of this land." He did not hesitate, however, to assign many marvellous powers to the hawthorn, gravely asserting that, "if cloths and sponges be wet in the dis-

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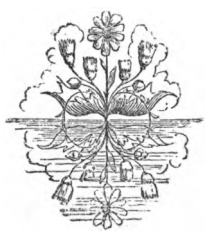
tilled water of the flower, and applied to any place wherein thorns and splinters, or the like, do abide in the flesh, it will notably draw them forth. And thus, you see, the thorn gives a medicine for its own pricking, and so doth almost everything else."

Probatum est, worthy old professor of physic and astrology.



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MYRTLE.

(LOVE.)

THE Myrtle, like the rose, is generally considered symbolic of *love*, and by the Greeks and Romans was consecrated to Venus, around whose temples they planted groves of it; and, when the votaries of this goddess sacrificed to her, they, like her attendant Graces, wore myrtle chaplets. Mythologists assert that she, the Goddess of Beauty, was crowned by the Hours with a wreath of this plant when she sprang from the foam of the sea, and also that her head was decked with it when Paris awarded her the golden apple, the prize for supremacy of beauty. Once, when surprised by a troop of satyrs as she emerged from her bath, she found shelter behind the foliage of a myrtle; and it was with bunches of the same plant that she caused the unfortunate Psyche to be chastised, for having been so audacious as to compare her earthly charms with the celestial beauty of her mother-in-law. It was under the name of Myrtilla that Venus was worshipped in Greece.

This shrub is supposed to have derived its name from Myrsine, an Athenian maiden, and favourite of Minerva, said to have been metamorphosed into the myrtle; at any rate, it owes its origin to a Greek word signifying *perfume*. Why this plant was dedicated to Venus remains an unsolved query: some fancy because it often grows near that goddess's natal element, the sea, and others because the fragrant and permanent nature of its foliage might seem to render it a suitable tribute to the Goddess of Beauty.

"Sacred to Venus is the myrtle shade,"

says the poet, and, as such, it obtained great repute with the ancients.

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Not only was this plant environed with the sanctity of love, but its beauty and fragrance likewise rendered it a favourite with several nations of antiquity, who gave particular attention to odorous shrubs. With the Jews the myrtle is a symbol of *peace*, and, with that signification attached to it, many allusions are to be found in the Old Testament. The common myrtle, which grows plentifully in Judea, is the plant referred to in the Scriptures, but there are many varieties of it. One variety, frequently called the Broad-leaved Jews' Myrtle, is in much regard amongst this people, and is ofttimes used in those religious ceremonies which, through weal or woe, they have so tenaciously kept up. This broad-leaved variety, to which some especial veneration appears attached, is cultivated by nurserymen, who supply it exclusively to their Hebrew customers, so that, in this country at least, it can only be procured at considerable trouble and expense.

Emblematic of its pacific meaning is that vision of Zechariah's, wherein that prophet beheld the angel who foretold the restoration of Israel standing in the midst of myrtles. Nehemiah, when exhorting the people to go forth and gather "the boughs of goodly trees" for use at their annual Feast of the Tabernacles, includes myrtle-branches; and Isaiah, when desirous of representing the blessings that would accrue to the world under the peaceful reign of Christ, pictures that "Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle."

All Oriental nations have a passionate fondness for this flowering shrub; and Mr. Lane remarks that it rivals the violet in the esteem of the Arabs, who have a tradition that Adam, when expelled from Paradise, brought the myrtle—the chief of sweet-scented flowers—into the world with him. With the Greeks, this flower was much admired: their groves, so renowned in song, were fragrant with its perfume, which the richness of the climate rendered far stronger than in ours. The Athenian magistrates wore chaplets of myrtle, as symbols of their authority; and conquerors, who during their triumphs had obtained a bloodless victory, were allowed to entwine their laurel wreaths with sprigs of myrtle.

Miss Pratt, in her work on "Flowers and their Associations," thus speaks of the prevalent use of the myrtle for typical

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purposes: "The magisterial wreaths were composed by some of those artists whose profession it was to form garlands and to construct letters, the flowers of which should be symbolical of different ideas. The meaning of these wreaths, or epistles, was as fully understood by the great body of the people as the language of flowers is recognized in the Eastern harem. The wild olive, or wreath of laurel or parsley, which crowned the brow of the successful combatant, appealed to the imagination of his countrymen, and was deemed by the Grecian hero as a well-understood token of applause. It was with the desire of giving to the dead that which they had loved in life, that the ancients crowned the corpse with myrtle. The practice was long continued, till the Fathers of the Church at length forbade it, because it was taken from the heathen people; but so old and pleasing a custom—one which expressed so well the feelings of the mourner—was not easily done away with, and the remains of it reached, in our own land, even down to the present century, when the dead were enwreathed with flowers, or a chaplet hung up in the church or laid upon the tomb."

The Romans, with whom, indeed, floral ceremonies did not always exhibit the same purity and delicacy that they did with their predecessors, seem to have had as great a fondness for the myrtle as had the Hellenes. "The myrtle blooming on the sea-beat shore" was deemed by them emblematical of *festivity*, because, it is supposed, they steeped it in their wine, in the belief that it improved its flavour and added to its invigorating properties. The invalid, too, hoped for restoration to health by using its berries medicinally. Sometimes, at Rome, the myrtle garland was woven with the laurel on the conqueror's triumphant brow, in honour of Venus and Mars; and on the 1st of April the Roman ladies were accustomed to bathe beneath the myrtle-trees, and, crowned with their leaves, proceed thence to the shrine of Venus, and offer sacrifice.

As a rule, Italians appear suspicious of perfumes; but it is stated that the Roman ladies still retain a strong predilection for the scent of this flower, and are said to prefer its odour to that of the most fragrant essences; impregnating their baths with a water distilled from its leaves, persuaded that the plant of Venus must be favourable to beauty.

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Virgil, in his "Pastorals," alludes to the fragrance of the myrtle-blossom in these terms:

"Thee, O myrtle, I will pluck, and next the laurel place,
For, thus arranged, thou 'lt mingle sweet perfumes!"

This same Latin, in his "Georgics," notices this flower's fondness for the sea-shore—a fondness that has supplied the poets with many a simile. Amongst other properties that Virgil also assigns to this plant is its adaptibility for the manufacture of weapons, as

"The war from stubborn myrtle shafts receives."

It was formerly much valued for this purpose, for its durability, and, even now, the Portuguese consider its wood the hardest which grows.

Amongst the ancient writers who speak of its symbolism is Pliny: he records that the Romans and Sabines, when they were reconciled, laid down their weapons under a myrtle-tree, and purified themselves with its boughs. When Harmodius and Aristogiton set forth to free their country from hereditary monarchy, their swords were wreathed with myrtle.

Thus hymns Moore, in a higher flight than is usual with him, when his young hero is contemning the indolent and effeminate luxury around him:

"It was not so, land of the generous thought,
And daring deeds thy god-like sages taught;
It was not thus, in bowers of wanton ease,
Thy freedom nursed her sacred energies;
Oh! not beneath the enfeebling, withering glow
Of such dull luxury did those myrtles grow,
With which she wreathed her sword when she would dare
Immortal deeds; but in the bracing air
Of toil, of temperance, and of that high, rare,
Ethereal virtue, which alone can breathe
Life, health, and lustre into freedom's wreath."

Herrick, who was as apt as Milton himself at a classic allusion, thus offers to propitiate Venus:

"Goddess, I do love a girl,
Ruby lipp'd and tooth'd with pearl;
If so be I may but prove
Lucky in this maid I love,
I will promise there shall be
Myrtles offered up to thee."

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As the lily is coupled with the rose, so is the myrtle with the bay; but, here the former of the twain appears to be the poet's favourite. Drayton, in his "Muses' Elysium," has gathered a number of emblematical garlands, and appropriately enough makes

> "The lover with the myrtle sprays
> Adorn his crispéd tresses."

In an exquisite passage in Keats' "Sleep and Poetry," that poet tells of

> "A myrtle, fairer than
> E'er grew in Paphos, from the bitter weeds
> Lifts its sweet head into the air, and feeds
> A silent space with ever-sprouting green.
> All tenderest birds there find a pleasant screen,
> Creep through the shade with noisy fluttering,
> Nibble the little cupped flowers, and sing."

Leigh Hunt, translating from Catullus, speaks of

> "A myrtle-tree in flower,
> Taken from an Asian bower,
> Where, with many a dewy cup,
> Nymphs in play had nursed it up."

Poetic allusions to this favourite flower—this emblem of "Love, the lord of all"—might be multiplied to infinity; for who is there that loves it not that knows it, and, knowing it, does not praise its loveliness? Not only are its blossoms so beautiful, but, even when flowerless, the deep, lustrous green of its foliage gains the admiration of all beholders, and reminds one of what Professor Wilson (of "Noctes Ambrosianæ" fame) remarked: "They are shrubs, whose leaves of light have no need of flowers."

Evelyn informs us that myrtles were introduced into England long before the invention of greenhouses; but in that case, our forefathers must have had some method of sheltering them from the cold, which was apparently more severe in former times than at present; and yet, now-a-days, it is only in the warmer counties, such as Cornwall and Devonshire, of our uncongenial and ever varying clime, that it can stand undefended the test of winter. Those beautiful and fragrant myrtle hedges which ancient and modern authors have so frequently dilated upon, are only to be found beneath the ever blue and cloudless skies of sunnier climes than ours. It is in

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Africa, in Oriental lands, or in Southern Europe, that we must seek those shining myrtle groves of which the poets sing. "The shrub consecrated to love," says a French traveller, "forms, in Candia, hedges and thickets, and is so common that it might almost be considered as the bramble of the country." The beautiful enclosed gardens of the Cape of Good Hope are adorned with hedges of myrtle: their blooming beauties waving over the head of the passenger, they unite their fragrance with the odoriferous exhalations from the orange and lemon-trees, so abundant in that clime.

In the Canary Isles the myrtle flourishes in profusion, growing to a considerable height, and is found, it is stated, at an elevation of 3,000 feet above the level of the sea. It is not so abundant as formerly, however, the Portuguese having cut down such enormous quantities for use on saints' festivals, and other religious or public ceremonies. The myrtle hedges in Italy are described as surpassingly fragrant, whilst in Switzerland the uses to which this plant is put are numberless. The volatile oil extracted from the leaves of the myrtle is extremely astringent, and, being thought to have considerable effect in improving the hair, is a frequent ingredient in a pomade employed for that purpose. A diverting story illustrative of this plant's astringent nature is related in the "Dictionnaire Portatif d'Histoire Naturelle." By chance, a gentleman was left a few minutes in a lady's boudoir, and, to occupy his spare time, began investigating the vases that were placed about the apartment: he discovered in one some myrtle pomade, and with a curiosity worthy of a *son* of Eve, put some of it upon his lips, placing himself meanwhile before a mirror, in order to see the effects of the presumed beautifier. The lady entering suddenly, disturbed his proceedings, and when he attempted to hide his confusion by addressing her, to his dismay he found his mouth tightly closed by the pomade's adhesive property. A sudden glance at the vase revealed to the lady the cause of his embarrassment, and produced an uncontrollable burst of laughter at the indiscreet youth's expense. Such ludicrous anecdotes of the self-styled "lords of creation" serve well "to point a moral or adorn a tale."

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JASMINE.

(AMIABILITY.)

MANY florigraphical significations are attached to this exquisitely scented flower, but the most reliable works adopt it as the representative of *amiability*.

The favourite kind is the Spanish jasmine, so called because it is believed to have been first introduced into Europe, in 1560, by some Spaniards, who brought it from the East Indies. The flowers are of a blush-red outside and blush within; they bloom at the same time as the Indian, the blossoms of which are of a bright yellow, and are very fragrant. The common white jasmine is an exceedingly elegant plant, and is not surpassed in fragrance or beauty by any of the species. It is this flower which Cowper delineates as

> "The jasmine throwing wide her elegant sweets,
> The deep dark green of whose unvarnished leaf
> Makes more conspicuous and illumines more
> The bright profusion of her scattered stars,"

The delicate beauty and delicious scent of this flower rendered it a valuable acquisition to the European Flora, and for some time it was only possessed by the high and mighty. The following romantic story of its becoming more generally known is related by Loudon:

In 1699, the Grand Duke of Tuscany obtained a specimen of jasmine of Goa, with large double blossoms and of exquisite scent. Greedy of its beauties, he would not allow it to be propagated; but his gardener contrived to carry a sprig of it to his betrothed on her birthday, and fully explained to her how to cultivate it. It grew rapidly, and being much admired, the girl was able to sell cuttings of it at a high price. By these means she soon amassed enough money to enable her to wed

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her lover, who had hitherto been compelled to remain in a state of single wretchedness, for want of means to alter his condition. In memory of this love-legend, Tuscan girls wear a nosegay of jasmine on their wedding-day; and, says the proverb, "she who is worthy to wear a nosegay of jasmine is as good as a fortune to her husband."

The Hindoos, who use odoriferous flowers in their sacrifices, particularly value the jasmine for this purpose, and mostly combine it with the flower which they call *zambuk*.

Jasmine is most profusely cultivated in Italian gardens. In the East it is carefully tended for the sake of its stem, out of which the luxurious Orientals manufacture their pipes. In Arabia Felix the women strip the blossoms of this plant from their stalks, and wear them in their hair for ornaments.

One of the shrubs of which Milton formed the bower of Adam and Eve in Paradise was jasmine; and Moore, in an allusion to night-blooming flowers, thus sweetly introduces this favourite blossom:

"Many a perfume breathed
From plants that wake when others sleep;
From timid jasmine-buds that keep
Their odour to themselves all day,
But when the sunlight dies away
Let the delicious secret out
To every breeze that roams about."

Churchill states that it is

"The jasmine, with which the queen of flowers,
To charm her god, adorns his favourite bowers;
Which brides, by the plain hand of neatness drest,—
Unenvied rival!—wear upon the breast;
Sweet as the incense of the morn, and chaste
As the pure zone which circles Dian's waist."

St. Pierre, in his "Studies of Nature," speaking of the *Carolina jasmine*—the token of *separation*,—says that that tiny feathered fairy, the humming-bird, builds his nest in one of the leaves of this plant, which he rolls up into the form of a cone: he finds his subsistence in its red flowers, resembling those of the foxglove, the nectareous glands of which he licks with his tongue; he squeezes into them his little body, which looks in these flowers like an emerald set in coral, and sometimes gets so far that he may be caught in this situation.

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The perfumes emitted by plants are so much stronger in tropical climes than in our own land, that when Europeans first visit India they are quite overpowered by the influence of many of them, especially of the large jasmine. The early fragrance of these flowers is described as delicious, one authority stating that even the dews are impregnated with their odour, rendering a morning walk delightful. In the Orient, jasmine is deemed emblematic of *the sweets of friendship.* It is a very favourite flower with the Hindoo ladies, who perfume their apartments and their hair with the blossoms of the large flowering kind, known as the *champáca.* Sir William Jones says the Brahmins of this province insist that the blue campac flowers only in Paradise; and in Marsden's "Sumatra" we read that the Sultan of Menangcabow keeps the flower *champáca* that is blue and to be found in no other country but his, being yellow elsewhere; and in allusion to this flower Moore says:

"A tear-drop glistened
Within his eyelids, like the spray
From Eden's fountain, when it lies
On the blue flower which, Brahmins say,
Blooms nowhere but in Paradise."

The golden-coloured champac, of which Niebuhr speaks, Moore, in his "Lalla Rookh," thus sweetly introduces:

"The maid of India, blest again to hold
In her full lap the champack's leaves of gold,
Thinks of the time when, by the Ganges' flood,
Her little playmates scattered many a bud
Upon her long black hair, with glassy gleam
Just dripping from the consecrated stream."

In his notes to the above poem, Moore remarks that the appearance of the blossom of the gold-coloured campac, or jasmine, on the black hair of the Hindoo women, has supplied the Sanscrit poets with many elegant allusions. It cannot be denied that this exquisitely scented flower supplied the Irish Anacreon himself with many beautiful comparisons; what sweeter could he say of Arabian brides than that they are

"As delicate and fair
As the white jasmine flowers they wear"?

Of this last-named plant Sir J. E. Smith relates the following anecdote: A Pope having dreamed that a great quantity

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of snow had fallen on a particular spot during the month of August, upon discovering that his dream had actually been realized, built in commemoration the Borghese Chapel at Rome, and directed that on the anniversary of the day a representation of a snow-shower should be given to the congregation throughout the service. The mimic snow was made of the lovely and fragrant flowers of the white jasmine; but, it is said, the anticipation of the effect of their powerful odour deterred the ladies of Rome from honouring the ceremony with their attendance.

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VERVAIN.

(YOU ENCHANT ME.)

VERVAIN, or wild *verbena*, has been the floral symbol of *enchantment* from time immemorial. It was styled "sacred herb" by the Greeks, who ascribed a thousand marvellous properties to it, not the least of which was its power of reconciling enemies. Under the influence of this belief, they, as did also the Romans, sent it by their ambassadors on treaties of peace; and, whenever they dispatched their heralds to offer terms of reconciliation, renewal or suspension of hostilities, one of them invariably bore a sprig of vervain. In his "Muses' Elysium," Drayton calls it "holy vervain," and thus speaks of it:

> "A wreath of vervain heralds wear
> Amongst our garlands named,
> Being sent that weighty news to bear
> Of peace or war proclaimed."

Peoples of antiquity also frequently used this plant in various kinds of divinations, sacrifices, and incantations; and its specific name of verbena originally signified a herb used to decorate altars. Ben Jonson, who was never happier than in a classic allusion, says,

> "Bring your garlands, and with reverence place
> The vervian on the altar."

It was much valued by the Druids, being regarded by them as only second to the mistletoe: they used it largely in their divinations and casting of lots. Many impressive ceremonies were practised, and sacrifices offered to the Earth, before they cut this sacred plant. This was in the spring, and according to priestly orders, vervain was to be gathered about the rising of the Great Dog Star, but so as neither sun nor moon be at

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that time above the earth to see it. It was likewise ordained for those who collected it, "that before they take up the herb, they bestow upon the ground where it groweth, honey with the combs, in token of satisfaction and amends for the wrong and violence done in depriving her of so holy a herb."

The sacred character of this herb still reigned paramount during the middle ages. In those gay days when fairy folk were accustomed

> "To dance their ringlets to the whistling wind,"

and hold "their revels all the luscious night," the vervain was greatly prized, and used in the composition of manifold charms and love-philtres. It was also deemed of exceeding value for medicinal purposes, and Culpepper assigns more curative virtues to it than a whole pharmacopœia of these degenerate days affords. It was suspended round the neck as an amulet, and was deemed a sovereign remedy for venomous bites and all kinds of wounds. Sir William Davenant, in his poem of "Gondibert," alludes to its curative powers:

> "Black melancholy rusts, that fed despair
> Through wounds' long rage, with sprinkled vervain cleared;
> Strewed leaves of willow to refresh the air,
> And with rich fumes his sullen senses cheered."

Although in these stern matter-of-fact times we have lost

> "The enchantments, the delights, the visions all,
> The elfin visions that so blessed the sight
> In the old days romantic,"

yet are still preserved many of the

> "Beautiful fictions of our fathers, wove
> In superstition's web when Time was young,
> And fondly loved and cherished;"

and amongst the few of these fond fancies not yet obliterated from the busy brains of men, are some of those connected with this emblem of enchantment. In some country districts this small insignificant flower still retains a portion of its old renown, and old folks tie it round the neck to charm away the ague: with many it still has the reputation of securing affection from those who take it to those who administer it; and still in some parts of France do the peasantry continue to

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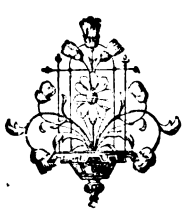
gather the vervain, with ceremonies and words known only to themselves, and to express its juices under certain phases of the moon. At once the doctors and conjurors of their village, they alternately cure the complaints of their masters or fill them with dread; for the same means which relieve their ailments enable them to cast a spell on their cattle and on the hearts of their daughters. They insist that this power is given to them by vervain, especially when the damsels are young and handsome. Thus vervain is still the plant of spells and enchantments, as it was amongst the ancients.

This little lilac roadside flower, although it is very common, is said to never be found at a greater distance than half a mile from the habitations of man. Dr. Withering has dispelled this pleasant fiction, and states that he found it in plenty at the foot of St. Vincent's rocks.



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ORANGE-BLOSSOM.

(CHASTITY.)

ORANGE-BLOSSOM is generally deemed typical of *chastity*, because of it being customary for brides to wear a wreath of it on their wedding-day. The practice, though still retained in some countries, is not so fashionable here as formerly; nevertheless, bridal bonnets frequently display an artificial spray of these flowers. In his "Ode to Memory," Tennyson alludes to the custom of using these blossoms at nuptials thus:

> "Like a bride of old,
> In triumph led,
> With music and sweet showers
> Of festal flowers,
> Unto the dwelling she must sway."

The wax-hued blossoms of the syringa are often mistaken and used in this country for those of "the starry orange-tree"—a tree which, from the fact of its being one of those rare productions of nature, bearing at the same time foliage, flowers, and fruit, has been made the emblem of *generosity*. Mason's poem of the "English Garden" introduces the favourite thus prodigally adorned:

> "Where the citron sweet
> And fragrant orange, rich in fruit and flowers,
> Might hang their silver stars, their golden globes,
> On the same odorous stem."

Moore, in his sweet story of "Paradise and the Peri," makes a somewhat similar allusion, but draws a very different moral from the combination:

> "Just then, beneath some orange-trees,
> Whose fruit and blossoms in the breeze
> Were wantoning together, free,
> Like age at play with infancy."

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These lovely, sweet-scented flowers, which have so much to do with blushing brides and bridal ceremonies, would certainly hold a foremost place in those fresh flowers which Mrs. Hemans bids us bring with which to crown the maid:

"Bring flowers, fresh flowers, for the bride to wear!
They were born to blush in her shining hair.
She is leaving the home of her childhood's mirth,
She hath bid farewell to her father's hearth;
Her place is now by another's side—
Bring flowers for the locks of the fair young bride."

And then, the espousals being over, and the rare and radiant maiden able to say,

"The ring is on my finger,
And the wreath is on my brow,"

how appropriate will this sweet little song by the late Ella Ingram seem:

"My little bird, my pretty bird,
Thou once wast wild and free,
And gaily then thy voice was heard
In the starry orange-tree.
Beneath deep skies of glowing blue
Thy golden plumes would float,
And fragrant flowers of pearly hue
Contrasted with thy coat.

"Alas! my bird, *in sunshine drest*,
No more thou art wild and free;
No more thou 'lt find thy little nest
In the dark green orange-tree.
Within that bright and glowing isle,
'Mid flowers thou 'lt live no more—
And yet my bird, beneath my smile,
Sings sweeter than before.

"My pretty bird, my golden bird,
I once was wild and free:
In song my voice was often heard,
And sunshine dwelt with me.
But now I 'm caged, my pretty bird,
And now must rove no more,
And yet my heart, my golden bird,
Beats happier than before."

The fruit of the orange-tree is deemed typical of *abundance*, and is supposed to be the golden apple of the mythologists. Spenser and Milton both assume it to be the veritable article in question, and in these stanzas of the "Faërie Queene," the poet evidently speaks of the orange:

"Next thereunto did grow a goodly tree,
With branches broad dispread and body great,
Clothéd with leaves, that none the wood might see,
And laden all with fruit, as thick as thick might be.

"The fruit were golden apples glistering bright,
That goodly was their glory to behold;
On earth no better grew, nor living wight
E'er better saw, but they from hence * were sold,

* The garden of Proserpina.

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For those which Hercules, with conquest bold,
Got from great Atlas' daughters, hence began,
And planted there, did bring forth fruit of gold,
And those with which th' Eubœan young man wan [won]
Swift Atalanta, when, through craft, he her outran.

"Here also sprang that goodly golden fruit
With which Acontius got his lover true,
Whom he had long time sought with fruitless suit;
Here eke that famous golden apple grew,
The which among the gods false Até threw,
For which th' Idæan ladies disagreed,
Till partial Paris deem'd it Venus' due,
And had [of her] fair Helen for his meed,
That many noble Greeks and Trojans made to bleed."

The latter epicist, in the fourth book of "Paradise Lost," introduces the orange-tree into his fabled groves as one

"Whose fruit, burnished with golden rind,
Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,
If true, here only, and of delicious taste."

Those who know not, and would know, all the various legends alluded to in these lines, should at once resort to the pages of their "Lemprière," or, if desirous of a fuller story, to the "Metamorphoses" of old Ovid. This fruit was doubtless the golden apple presented by Jove to Juno on the day of their nuptials, so ancient is its connection with bridal ceremonies.

According to the poets and mythologists, these precious apples only grew in the gardens of the Hesperides, where they were preserved from all intruders by a guard of never-sleeping dragons. It was one of the twelve labours of Hercules to obtain some of them. These, again, were the golden apples given by Venus to the venturesome Hippomenes, by means of which he won Atalanta. Probably Spenser's opinion was just, and this was the fruit whose bestowal upon Venus gave origin to the Trojan war, as it was also the instrument by which the crafty Acontius obtained his spouse. What numberless legends, poems, and fables are indeed associated with its bright, auriferous hue, its glossy leaves, and its exquisitely perfumed flowers! What dreams of future happiness, what memories of bygone bliss, are connected with its symbolic blossoms! How gratefully should the man who first introduced the orange-tree into Europe be remembered, and what honours does his memory deserve! But, alas! what uncertainty obscures the never-

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ought-to-be-forgotten benefactor of his kind! Mickle, in the prefatory matter to his translation of Camoens' "Luciad," remarks that the famous John de Castro, the Portuguese conqueror in Asia, was said to have been the first who brought the orange-tree to Europe, and to have esteemed this gift to his country as the greatest of his actions. He adds that orange-trees are still preserved at Cintra as memorials of the place where he first planted that valuable fruitage. Evelyn's account of the introduction of the first China orange-tree which appeared in Europe is that it was sent as a present to the old Count Mellor, then Prime Minister to the King of Portugal.

In her pretty address to the humming-bird, the feathered fairy of the New World, Charlotte Smith alludes to this brilliant member of the floral court, thus:

"There, lovely bee-bird! may'st thou rove
Through spicy vale and citron grove,
And woo and win thy fluttering love
With plume so bright;
There rapid fly, more heard than seen,
'Mid orange-boughs of polished green,
With glowing fruit, and flowers between
Of purest white."

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CAMPHIRE.

(ARTIFICE.)

IF the West can *now* vaunt of the beauty and fragrance of its roses and carnations, the East alone can boast of the *Camphire*, which pleases alike by loveliness and odour. Its light green foliage, the pretty mixture of white and yellow in its clusters of blossoms, and the red hue of its little flower-stalks, render it as grateful to the eye as to the smell. It is the favourite flower of Egyptian ladies, who deck themselves with its blossoms, embellish their apartments with them, carry them to their bath, continually hold them in their hand; in a word, perfume their persons with their delicious perfume, so that the Prophet's praise, "My beloved is unto me as a cluster of camphire," may be considered as rather more than a figurative expression. At Cairo, it is said, clusters of these flowers may be seen hanging to the ceilings of houses, where they not only please the eye, but purify the air. Egyptian women have such an intense love of camphire that they would willingly appropriate it exclusively to their own use, and are extremely jealous of Christian and Hebrew women partaking of it with them. From its leaves is produced the admired orange-coloured dye with which they stain certain parts of their hands and feet. This custom, however, is very prevalent, not only in Egypt, but in several other countries of the East, which are largely supplied with *henna*, as the Orientals call the camphire, from the Nile's fruitful banks.

The practice of staining the nails with henna is alluded to in all works of Eastern travel, and it is from this habit that the plant is made the emblem of *artifice*. In the "Story of Prince Futtun in Bahardanush," it is said, "they tinged the ends of the fingers scarlet with henna, so that they resembled branches of coral." And, in his poem of the "Veiled Prophet

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of Khorassan," Moore has thus daintily availed himself of the comparison:

> "While some bring leaves of henna, to imbue
> The fingers' ends with a bright roseate hue,
> So bright, that in the mirror's depth they seem
> Like tips of coral-branches in the stream."

As the henna is so little known in Western lands, a short description may not be deemed altogether foreign to the purpose of this book. It is a tall shrub, with the bark of the stem and branches of a deep grey. The leaves are of a lengthened oval form, opposite to each other, and of a faint green colour. The flowers grow at the extremities of the branches in long and tufted bouquets, supported by small red stalks, which give a very brilliant aspect to the plant, contrasting as they do with the delicate white and yellow of which the blossoms, collected in long clusters like the lilac, are coloured.

Lane, in his work on "Egypt and the Egyptians," says that the Egyptian henna is pronounced more excellent than the rose; and Mahomet said, "The chief of the sweet-scented flowers of this world and of the next is the *faghiyeh*," this being the bloom he meant. "I approve of his taste," adds Lane, "for this flower has most delicious fragrance."

Sometimes the *kupros*, as the Greeks call this plant, grows on the hills of the islands in the Grecian Archipelago, pouring its sweetness on the vales beneath, "stealing and giving odour" to the passing airs of "the sweet south." Its blossoms, when gathered, form the favourite of the Hellenic women, who retain an ancestral fondness for flowers, and use them in profusion.

The Hindoo maidens dye their nails with henna as soon as they are betrothed, which is generally at a very early age; they also use it to colour the soles of their feet and the palms of their hands. The practice of using this dye appears to be very ancient, from the circumstance that the mummies of Egypt have often their nails covered with the red paste of the henna.

The aged Mahommedans frequently perfume their beards by holding the face over the vapour arising from a preparation of this odoriferous bloom, and this was doubtless the perfume which, poured upon Aaron's beard, was in its sweetness compared by the Psalmist to the delights of fraternal affection.

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An extract prepared from the dried leaves of this plant is used by Oriental races on visits and festive occasions, and is profusely employed in their religious ceremonies.

In Egypt the henna flowers are hawked about the streets for sale, and the vendor, as he proceeds, cries aloud, "Oh, odours of Paradise! Oh, flowers of the henna!"

Miss Pratt, in her "Flowers and their Associations," introduces some lines of her own, in which this beloved bloom of the Orient is alluded to:

"She read of isles renowned in song,
Of skies of cloudless blue,
And flowery plants which all year long
Wore tints of brightest hue;
Of vine-clad groves and myrtle shades,
And hills with verdure clad,
Where rose and henna ever made
The fragrant earth seem glad;
And as she read, the dreamer fair
Sat, wishing that her home was there."

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ANEMONE.

(WITHERED HOPES.—FORSAKEN.)

THOSE matter-of-fact people who will always have a *pro* ready for their old gossips' *con*, assert that this flower derives its name from *anemos*, the Greek word for wind, and say thence came our poetical appellation of "the wind-flower." The glorious ancients, however, tell us that the *anemone* was formerly a nymph beloved by Zephyr, and that Flora, jealous of her beauty, banished her from her Court, and finally transformed her into the flower that now bears her name. Rapin makes use of this story in his Latin poem, "The Gardens," as he does also of another oft-told tale, which states that the anemone sprang from the blood of Adonis, combined with the tears which Venus shed over his body. There are so many versions of this latter fable that it is impossible to say which looks the most authentic. The Greek poet Bion, in his "Lament for Adonis," sighs for

> "That wretched queen, Adonis bewailing,
> For every drop of blood lets fall a tear;
> Two blooming flowers the mingled streams disclose:
> Anemone the tears; the blood, a rose.

Ovid's account of the metamorphosis is that Venus, lamenting over the bleeding body of her lover, endeavoured to perpetuate his memory and commemorate her grief by transforming his blood into a flower.

Some writers say this delicate blossom received its name of the wind-flower because many of the species grow on elevated places, where they are exposed to the rough embraces of old Boreas; and others—for commentators on the subject are endless—think they are so called because they tremble and shiver before the vernal gales. Pliny goes so far as to assert that it never blooms except when the wind blows; but then Pliny's experience of natural phenomena is well known to rival Münchausen's own. Strange to say, the Latin is thus supported in

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his opinion by the authority of Horace Smith, in his poem of "Amarynthus:"

> "Coy anemone, that ne'er uncloses
> Her lips until they're blown on by the wind."

It would certainly seem more characteristic for these frail blossoms to open their lips to the kisses of the sun, for, when he shines,

> "Thick strewn in woodland bowers,
> Anemones their stars unfold."

The anemones are natives of the East, whence their roots were originally brought. Their species are very numerous and have been much improved and diversified by culture.

The Abbé la Pluche relates a suggestive anecdote of this flower. He informs us that M. Bachelier, a Parisian florist, having imported some very beautiful species of the anemone from the East Indies, kept them to himself in so miserly a manner that for ten successive years he would never allow the slightest fibre of his precious double-blossomed variety to pass out of his own hands, not even to his nearest and dearest friends. A councillor of the French Parliament, annoyed at seeing one man hoarding up for his own delight what Nature had most decidedly given for the benefit of the many, visited him at his country house, in the hope of obtaining means of breaking up this unjust monopoly. In walking round the garden, when he came to Bachelier's bed of much-prized anemones, which were then in seed, he skilfully let his robe fall on them; by this device he swept off a considerable number of the little grains, which adhered to the garment. His servant, who had been previously instructed, dexterously wrapped them up in a moment, without exciting any attention. At the first opportunity the councillor acquainted his friends with the successful result of his visit; and by their participation in his theft, the flower soon became generally known.

The wise Egyptians, who beheld a deep signification in all the productions of Nature, regarded the anemones as the emblem of *sickness*, probably, it has been suggested, on account of its noxious properties. In some countries people have such a prejudice against the flowers of the field-anemone that they believe they so taint the air, that those who inhale it often incur severe illness.

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A well-known writer on floral themes deems it probable that it became so ill-omened a symbol on account of the frail and delicate appearance of the wild species, which she poetically describes: "The flush of pale red which tinges the white petals of the wood-anemone might well remind us of that delicate glow which lingers on the cheek of the consumptive sufferer, marking to others the inward decay, but giving a lustre and a glow of beauty which deceives its victim."

This last hypothesis is probably the true one; and Sir William Jones, whose poetry is deeply imbued with Oriental learning, thus alludes to the fragility of this flower:

"Youth, like a thin anemone, displays
His silken leaf, and in a morn decays."

The same author has translated an ode by the Turkish poet Mesihi, in which, amongst other sweet blooms, anemones are introduced:

"See! yon anemones their leaves unfold,
With rubies flaming, and with living gold."

In this country the buds of the wood-anemone are generally of a snowy whiteness; but sometimes a delicate flush, like the blush on a maiden's cheek, tinges their exquisitely formed petals, and sometimes they are found coloured a rosy red.

"These flowers are like the pleasures of the world," said Shakspeare; and admirably expressive of the transitory nature of beauty was that device of a fragile anemone with the motto "*Brevis est usus.*" ("Her reign is short.")

The best known species of this flower, the wood-anemone, grows very far north, and is common in the woods of North America. They are considered very unwholesome for cattle, and two kinds which grow on that continent are said to prove fatal to animals who eat them.

Linnæus observed that the wood-anemone expanded in Sweden at the same time that the swallows returned from their migration, and British naturalists have observed the same phenomenon. Mrs. Hemans has remarked the beautiful pencilling of this flower; and Miss Pratt has favoured us with these appropriate lines to wood-anemones:

"Flowers of the wild wood! your home is there,
'Mid all that is fragrant, all that is fair;

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Where the wood-mouse makes his home in the earth;
Where gnat and butterfly have their birth;
Where leaves are dancing over each flower,
Fanning it well in the noontide hour,
And the breath of the wind is murmuring low,
As branches are bending to and fro.

"Sweet are the memories that ye bring
Of the pleasant leafy woods of spring;
Of the wild bee, so gladly humming,
Joyous that earth's young flowers are coming;
Of the nightingale and merry thrush,
Cheerfully singing from every bush;
And the cuckoo's note, when the air is still,
Heard far away on the distant hill.

* * * * * * * * *

"Pure are the sights and sounds of the wild
Ye can bring to the heart of Nature's child;
Plain and beautiful is the story
That ye tell of your Maker's glory;
Useful the lesson that ye bear,
That fragile is all, however fair;
While ye teach that time is on his wing,
As ye open the blossoms of every spring."

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PERIWINKLE.

(TENDER RECOLLECTIONS.)

IN France the *Periwinkle*, which there is sometimes called "the magician's violet," is considered the emblem of sincere friendship, and as such is much used in their language of flowers. The English have adopted this evergreen plant as the representative of *tender recollections*, and, accepting it for that, the following little anecdote appears very appropriate: Rousseau tells us that one day, when walking with Madame de Warens, she suddenly exclaimed, "Here is the periwinkle yet in flower!" Being too short-sighted to see the plant without stooping, he had never observed it before; he gave it a passing glance, and saw it no more for thirty years. At the end of that period, as he was walking with a friend, "having then began," he says, "to botanize a little, in looking among the bushes by the way, I uttered a cry of joy: 'Ah, there is the periwinkle!' and so it was." He gives this as an instance of the vivid recollection he had of every incident occurring at a particular period of his life. Although the story is trifling, it is so natural, is told with so much simplicity, and is so applicable to our purpose, that we could not think of omitting it.

In Italy the country people make garlands of this plant, to place upon the biers of their deceased children, for which reason they name it the "flower of death." But in Germany it is the symbol of *immortality;* and, because its fine glossy myrtle-green leaves flourish all through the winter, they term it "winter verdure."

Its bright blue blossoms and still brighter green leaves have not been overlooked by the poets; and we find Eliza Cook introducing it into her pathetic poem of "The Blind Boy:"

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"We asked him why he wept, mother,
Whene'er we found the spots
Where periwinkle crept, mother,
O'er wild forget-me-nots.
'Ah me!' he said, while tears ran down
As fast as summer showers;
'It is because I cannot see
The sunshine and the flowers.'"

Chaucer repeatedly speaks of it in his "Romaunt of the Rose," even making it one of the ornaments of the God of Love:

"His garment was every dele
Ipurtraied and wrought with floures,
By divers medeling of coloures;
Floures there was of many a gise,
Iset by campace in a sise;
There lacked no floure to my dome,
Ne not so moch as floure of brome,
Ne violet, ne eke perevink,
Ne floure none that men can on think."

The Madagascar periwinkle is a lovely plant, with an upright stem three or four feet high; its flowers are crimson or peach-coloured on the upper surface, and a pale flesh-colour on the under: it varies with a white flower, having a purple eye. It will seldom live out of doors in this climate.

In his "Herbal," old Culpepper says that the periwinkle is owned by Venus, and that "the leaves, eaten together by man and wife, caused love between them;" but now-a-days it requires a somewhat stronger tonic, apparently, to produce so desirable a result.

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WEEPING WILLOW.

(MOURNING.)

THE *Weeping Willow* is one of those natural emblems which bear their florigraphical meaning so palpably impressed on their sympathetic faces that the merest novice in the language of flowers must comprehend their signification at first sight. This tree has ever been regarded as the symbol of *sorrow*, and most appropriately, for not only do its pensive-looking branches droop mournfully towards the ground, but even very frequently little drops of water are to be seen standing, like tears, upon the pendent leaves. In its native East it is often planted over graves, and with its sorrowful, afflicted look, forms a most appropriate guardian of dear departed ones' remains. Although it will grow in any ordinary ground, it thrives best in the neighbourhood of streams or other moist ground, for which situations, indeed, Nature has in every way fitted it. Many a delightful English landscape owes a large portion of its quiet beauty—its soothing pensiveness—to these

> "Shadowy trees, that lean
> So elegantly o'er the water's brim"

of the bright little brook that, heedless of man's joy or grief, flows merrily on for ever

> "By many a field and fallow,
> And many a fairy foreland set
> With willow-mead and mallow."

As long ago as Virgil the poets learnt to tell how "willows grow about rivers;" or, if we may rely on Pope's rendering of Homer, as far back as the days of "the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle," were seen and noted "willows trembling o'er the floods."

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The author of the "Essay on Man" should know something about the lachrymal tree, as, according to popular tradition, he raised the first known specimen of it in England. Martyn relates the story thus:

"The famous and admired weeping willow planted by Pope, which has since been felled to the ground, came from Spain, enclosing a present for Lady Suffolk. Pope was present when the covering was taken off; he observed that the pieces of stick appeared as if they had some vegetation, and added, 'Perhaps they may produce something we have not in England.' Under this idea, he planted it in his garden, and it produced the willow-tree that has given birth to so many others."

According to this same authority, this progenitor of so many lovely offspring, and which had only reached its fourteenth year when the poet died, was cut down by order of its owner, in order to put an end to the annoyance she experienced from the numberless applicants for cuttings of the precious relic, or even for a view of it. It is sad that so interesting a tree could not have been suffered to perish by the hand of time: that was indeed a tree the woodman should have spared!

Linnæus named this tree *Salix Babylonica*, or Willow of Babylon, in allusion to an affecting passage in the hundred and thirty-seventh Psalm, where the captive children of Israel are represented as hanging their harps upon the willows by the rivers of Babylon, where they sat down and wept at the remembrance of their native land, and at the request of their captors that they should sing unto them one of the songs of Zion; for, as the Psalmist makes them so pathetically cry, "How shall we sing the Lord's song in a foreign land?"

In his "Hebrew Melodies," Byron has bequeathed us two passionate poems, suggested by this song of the royal minstrel. The following is the most appropriate here:

"We sat down and wept by the waters
Of Babel, and thought of the day
When our foe, in the hue of his slaughters,
Made Salem's high places his prey;
And ye, O her desolate daughters!
Were scattered all weeping away.

"While sadly we gazed on the river,
Which rolled on in freedom below,

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He demanded the song; but, oh, never
That triumph the stranger shall know!
May this right hand be withered for ever
Ere it string our high harp for the foe!

"On the willows that harp is suspended,
O Salem! Its sound should be free:
And the hour when thy glories were ended
But left me that token of thee;
And ne'er shall its soft note be blended
With the voice of the spoiler by me."

Ever, from the earliest times, the willow has been regarded as the emblem of grief, and as such our older poets have frequently connected it with forsaken and unhappy lovers. There is an ancient ballad in "Percy's Reliques," entitled "The Willow Tree," being a pastoral dialogue between two rural swains, in which this tree is depicted as the ensign of mourning:

Willy speaks:

"How now, shepherde, what meanes that?
Why that willowe in thy hat?
Why thy scarffes of red and yellowe
Turned to branches of green willowe?"

Cuddy replies:

"They are changed, and so am I;
Sorrowes live, but pleasures die:
Phillis hath forsaken mee,
Which makes me weare the willowe-tree."

Willy speaks:

"Shepherde, be advised by mee,
Cast off grief and willowe-tree;
For thy grief brings her content:
She is pleased if thou lament."

Cuddy answers:

"Herdsman, I 'll be ruled by thee,—
There liees grief and willowe-tree;
Henceforth I will do as they,
And love a new love every day."

Percy includes in his valuable collection another still older and more pathetic ballad, named after the willow, and believes it to be the song that Desdemona thus affectingly introduces:

"My mother had a maid called Barbara:
She was in love; and he she lov'd prov'd mad,
And did forsake her. She had a song of 'Willow.'
An old thing 't was, but it express'd her fortune,
And she died singing it."

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Our immortal bard, whose knowledge of florigraphy was as thorough as was all his perceptions of things affecting the human passions, again most appropriately introduces this emblematic plant into the scene of Ophelia's death:

"There is a willow grows aslant the brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
There with fantastic garlands did she come,
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them;
There on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook."

In that most exquisite, lovely scene in the "Merchant of Venice," where Jessica and Lorenzo hold sweet conference, Shakspeare yet again makes use of this plant as the symbol of unfortunate love. Lorenzo, alluding to the abandonment of the ill-treated Carthaginian queen by Æneas, says:

"In such a night
Stood Dido, with a willow in her hand,
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waved her love
To come again to Carthage."

Numberless other excerpts from the glowing verse of "Nature's child" might be given to prove that he regarded the willow as the emblem of grief; but, *cui bono?* His worthy compatriot, Michael Drayton, speaks of it in his wreath of typical floralities, the "Muses' Elysium," thus:

"In love, the sad forsaken wight
The willow garland weareth."

Spenser designates it as

"The willow worn of forlorn paramours."

Robert Herrick, in that medley of sweets and sours, his "Hesperides," has two beautiful poems respectively addressed to the willow-tree and a willow garland. The first runs thus:

"Thou art to all lost love the best,
The only true plant found;
Wherewith young men and maids distrest,
And left of love, are crowned.

"When once the lover's rose is dead,
Or laid aside forlorn,
Then willow garlands 'bout the head,
Bedewed with tears, are worn.

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"When with neglect, the lover's bane,
Poor maids rewarded be
For their love lost, their only gain
Is but a wreath from thee.

"And underneath thy cooling shade,
When weary of the light,
The love-spent youth and love-sick maid
Come to weep out the night."

And the second song of our English Anacreon is thus quaintly worded:

"A willow garland thou didst send,
Perfumed, last day, to me;
Which did but only this portend:
I was forsook by thee.

"Since so it is, I 'll tell thee what:
To-morrow thou shalt see
Me wear the willow; after that
To die upon the tree.

"As beasts unto the altar go
With garlands dressed, so I
Will with my willow wreath also
Come forth and sweetly die."

Churchill alludes to the ominous character of

"The willow, weeping o'er the fatal wave,
Where many a lover finds a watery grave."

As already seen, the ancient Hebrews assigned the same melancholy signification to the weeping willow as do the moderns; to the Arabs it represents the same sorrowful meaning, and they have a singular legend to account for its origin. This legend is founded upon the story of Bathsheba, and corresponds to a certain extent with the biblical account of how she became David's wife and Solomon's mother. The tradition is thus detailed: One morning the king was seated as usual at his harp, composing psalms, when he perceived, to his astonishment, two strangers seated opposite to him on the divan. As strict orders were issued that no person should be admitted during the first four hours of the day, David wondered greatly how the strangers had gained access to his chamber. They rose and begged pardon for having entered unannounced, because they had an urgent complaint to lay before him. David quitted the harp, and placed himself on his judgment-seat. "This man," began one of them, "has ninety-nine sheep, which plentifully supply all his wants; while I, poor wretch, had but one, that was my joy and comfort, and that one he has taken forcibly from me." At the mention of the ninety-nine sheep, David could not help thinking of the flock of his harem. He recognized in the strangers two angels of the Lord, and was sensible of the heinousness of his offence. Forthwith he threw himself upon the floor and shed tears of bitter repentance. There he lay for forty days and forty nights upon his face, weeping and trembling before the judgment of the Lord. As

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many tears of repentance as the whole human race have shed and will shed on account of their sins from the time of David till the Judgment Day, so many did David weep in those forty days, all the while moaning forth psalms of penitence. The tears from his eyes formed two streams, which ran from the room into the garden. Where they sank into the ground sprang up two trees, the weeping willow and the frankincense-tree. The first weeps and mourns, and the second is incessantly shedding big tears in commemoration of the sincere repentance of David.

Hans C. Andersen, whose pathetic stories, if written for the young, never fail to delight children of a larger growth, has a most affecting tale entitled "Under the Willow-Tree," in which the tree plays a part almost human in its interest. He is a writer who frequently avails himself of the poetic imagery which florigraphy so profusely proffers.

In Wiffen's translation of Garcillasso, he thus renders a sonnet, in which the Spanish poet dedicates the willow to his mistress:

"For Daphne's laurel Phœbus gave his voice;
The towering poplar charmed stern Hercules;
The myrtle sweet, whose gifted flowers rejoice
Young hearts in love, did most warm Venus please;
The little green willow is my Fledri's choice:
She gathers it amidst a thousand trees.
Thus laurel, poplar, and sweet myrtle now,
Where'er it grows, shall to the willow bow."

Well might the poet speak of the "*little* green willow," for, as Linnæus remarks of the herbaceous willow, "amongst all trees this is the smallest." Dr. Clarke, in his most interesting "Norwegian Travels," thus introduces this fairy-like treeling: "We soon recognized some of our old Lapland acquaintances, such as *Betula nana*, with its minute leaves like silver pennies, mountain birch, and the dwarf Alpine species of willow, of which half a dozen trees, with all their branches, leaves, flowers, and roots, might be compressed within two of the pages of a lady's pocket-book without coming in contact with each other.

"After our return to England, specimens of the *Salix herbacea* were given to our friends, which, when framed and glazed, had the appearance of miniature drawings. The author, in collecting them for his herbary, has frequently compressed twenty of these trees between two of the pages of a duodecimo volume."

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ASPHODEL.

(I WILL BE FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.)

THIS symbol of *love's fidelity* was anciently dedicated to the memory of departed souls, and in Greece, where it is still very common, it was much used at funeral ceremonies; it was planted around the tombs of the deceased; and it was believed that beyond the fatal river, Acheron, the shades wandered in a vast field of asphodels, and drank forgetfulness from Lethe's dull waters of oblivion. The flowers of the asphodel produce grains with which it was thought that the dead were nourished. Orpheus, in Pope's splendid "Ode for St. Cecilia's Day," conjures the infernal deities

> "By the streams that ever flow,
> By the fragrant winds that blow
> O'er the Elysian flowers;
> By those happy souls who dwell
> In yellow meads of asphodel,
> Or amaranthine bowers."

We have as old an authority as Homer for stating that, after having crossed the Styx, the shades passed over a long plain of asphodels. St. Pierre, in his beautiful "Harmonies of Nature," after having dwelt with some earnestness on the propriety of planting flowers on graves, quotes this inscription, found engraven on an ancient tomb:

> "*Au dehors je suis entouré de mauve et d'asphodele set au-dedans je ne suis qu'un cadavre.*"

Mrs. Browning appears to have entertained a partiality for this emblem, she mentions it so frequently in her deathless verse. In one of her glorious sonnets from the Portuguese, into which she has imparted more beauties than the originals possess, she thus magnificiently and symbolically introduces the token flower:

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"My own, my own,
Who camest to me when the world was gone,
And I, who only looked for God, found thee!
I find thee; I am safe, and strong, and glad.
As one who stands in dewless asphodel
Looks backward on the tedious time he had
In the upper life, so I, with bosom swell,
Make witness here, between the good and bad,
That love as strong as death retrieves as well."

In his "Sensitive Plant," Shelley places amongst the other dainty plants that in the enchanted garden grew

"Delicate bells,
As fair as the fabulous asphodels."

Milton makes use of this floral token for forming the couch of our first parents in "Eden's guiltless garden."

In the German *Blumensprache* this flower signifies *everything shall soon be revealed to you;* and this will be seen to be a most poetical signification when it is remembered that the asphodel is dedicated to departed souls, to whom Death does indeed reveal everything. In his beautiful ballad of the "King of Thulè," Göthe has finely worked out this idea of fidelity unto death:

"There was a king in Thulè,
Who unto death was true;
To whom his love in dying
A golden goblet threw.

"At ev'ry feast before him
The golden cup was set;
And as he drank came o'er him
A mist—his eyes were wet.

"And when his life was closing,
He gave his cities up;
He gave his lands and castles,
But kept his dead love's cup.

"He feasted in his kingly hall
With all his knights around;
High in the lordly castle,
That o'er the ocean frown'd.

"Uprose the olden toper,
And life's last draught did drain,
Then threw the sacred goblet
Down in the soaring main.

"He saw it falling—drinking—
And sinking in the sea;
His eyelids closed for ever,
And never more drank he."

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ALOE.

(BITTERNESS.)

IF ever any one single production of nature was intended to supply all the manifold necessities of the human race, the favourite selected for that purpose was most assuredly the *Aloe;* for in some countries, more especially in Mexico, it provides for nearly every want that flesh is heir to, not the least of which are food and drink, raiment, decoration, building materials, and medicine; indeed, what the rose is amongst plants for beauty, so is the emblem of *bitterness* for utility; and he who would attempt to wade through all that has been written concerning it and its valuable uses, would have to devote a lifetime to the design. Many languages of flowers have selected this interesting plant as the representative of *grief*, but for very trivial reasons; and its adoption as the symbol of bitterness will be found on examination far more appropriate, and, indeed, far more ancient: "as bitter as aloes" is a proverbial expression of great antiquity, doubtless derived from the well-known acrid taste of the medicine prepared from its juices. Chaucer alludes to this bitterness in the story of "Troilus and Cressida," and in his "Remedie for Love" he speaks of its sweetness; here, however, alluding to its odour, and not to its taste.

The great antiquity of the use of aloes as a perfume is shown by the Bible: "All thy garments," says a passage in the Psalms, "smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia;" and in the Song of Solomon it is mentioned as one of the chief spices.

Eastern poets invariably speak of it as the symbol of bitterness: "As aloe is to the body, so is affliction to the soul: bitter, very bitter." Alas! alas! how many of us, regarding this flower, thus can adopt it as our emblem, and cry out with Maud's lover:

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"Ah, what shall I be at fifty,
Should Nature keep me alive?
If I find the world so bitter
When I am but twenty-five."

How few can turn from this bitterness, and regard our chosen bloom, as Burckhardt tells us the Mahommedans do, as the emblem of *patience*, which, indeed, its Arabic name of *saber* signifies! In the neighbourhood of their sacred city, Mecca, this same authority states that at the extremity of almost every grave, on a spot facing the epitaph, is planted an aloe, as an allusion to the patience which it is necessary for us to exercise in enduring that length of time which must elapse between now and the great day of resurrection.

In Edgar Poe's beautiful, though boyish, poem of "Al Aaraaf," we find a certain species of aloe represented as quite the reverse of its Oriental florigraphical meaning of patience; for, says that melodious poet,

"That aspiring flower that sprang on earth,
And died ere scarce exalted into birth,
Bursting its odorous heart in spirit to wing
Its way to heaven from gardens of a king."

The flower alluded to was an aloe that St. Pierre speaks of as cultivated in the king's garden at Paris. Its large and beautiful flower, says the French author, exhales a strong odour of the vanilla during the time of its expansion, which is very short. It does not blow till towards the month of July; you then perceive it gradually open its petals, expand them, fade, and die. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

Elsewhere, St. Pierre, speaking of the aloe, says, "Nature seems to have treated the Africans and Asiatics as barbarians, in having given them these at once magnificent yet monstrous vegetables; and to have dealt with us as beings capable of sensibility and society. Oh, when shall I breathe the perfume of the honeysuckle?—again repose myself upon a carpet of milk-weed, saffron, and bluebells?—once more hear Aurora welcomed with the songs of the labourer blessed with freedom and content?" From the specimens of the aloe seen in this country, one would feel inclined to fancy that its utility far surpassed its beauty; but many who have seen it growing in its native land, and in full flower, assert that its elegance and loveliness are only rivalled by its extraordinary usefulness.

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The larger kinds appear pre-eminent in all these properties. Rousseau speaks of the beauty of the American aloe, or agave, as botanists term that species. St. Pierre, as before mentioned, speaks of its large and beautiful vanilla-scented flowers, and the very name of *agave*, which is derived from the Greek, signifies "admirable" or "glorious."

In Wood's "Zoography," it is stated that the Mahommedans, especially those resident in Egypt, regard the aloe as a sacred symbol, and, on their return from a pilgrimage to Mecca, one of their holy cities, hang it over the street door, as a sign that they have performed that religious duty. They also consider that this plant scares away evil spirits and apparitions from entering the house; and, what is still more singular, the native Christians and Jews share the superstition, or at all events participate in the custom, and suspend it over their doorways, as any one walking through the streets of Cairo may perceive.

The aloe, which, owing to its lofty stem, is one of the most gigantic flowers known, until recently was supposed to blossom only once in a century, and then to explode with the noise of a cannon. Modern investigation has proved the fallacy of these once popular notions; but, true it is, that, although in hot climates these plants will flower in a few years, in these colder countries they require a much longer space of time, and some, indeed, never attain the desirable honour. The flowers are mostly of a greenish yellow colour, continue in bloom for some months, and surmount a stalk thirty feet high. The leaves, although generally of a dark green, are sometimes striped with red, white, or yellow. Their evergreen nature obtained from our ancestors the name of "sea-ayegreene" for the plant.

Of the leaves of the aloe are made, by the negroes in Senegal, excellent ropes, which are not liable to rot in water, and also turn the plant to account in many other useful ways; whilst, as for the poor in Mexico, they, it is said, derive almost every necessary of life from a species of it. They call this wonderful production the *pité*, and use it, says Baron Humboldt, as a substitute for the hemp of Asia, the paper-reed of Egypt, and the vine of Europe. The ancient manuscripts of Mexico, which have so excited the curiosity of the learned, and afforded historians and antiquarians so much knowledge of the manners and customs of that persecuted people, are chiefly inscribed

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upon paper made from the fibres of the *pité*. In the time of the unfortunate Montezuma, thousands of persons appear to have been employed in the production of "picture-writings," as Doctor Robertson justly styles these hieroglyphics. The Mexicans still carefully cultivate the *pité*, on account of an intoxicating liquor called *pulque*, which is prepared from the juice of its flowers. The natives are accustomed to watch so earnestly for the blossoms that, it is asserted, they can tell, by invariable signs, the very hour at which they will burst into expansion. Mr. Ward says, "They ascribe to *pulque* as many good qualities as whisky is said to possess in Scotland."

The Abbé la Pluche gives some interesting particulars of the Chinese aloe-tree. He informs us that the heart of the stem, which diffuses a powerful fragrance, is called *calambac* in the Indies, and is deemed more precious than gold: it is used for perfuming the apartments and garments of the wealthy, and is also used as a setting for the most costly jewels. "When the Indians purpose to honour their revered deity, the devil, with some peculiar testimonies of devotion, they perforate the ears with nails manufactured from this plant." The immense size of the aloe and its slowness of growth have often afforded our poets happy allusions. Campbell styles it "the everlasting aloe."

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MEZEREON.

(COQUETRY.)

THE genus to which this shrub belongs is named *Daphne*, from the nymph beloved of Apollo, some of the species greatly resembling the bay, into which tree that maid was transformed. The most beautiful member of this fragrant-leaved family is the *Mezereon*, the emblem of *coquetry*. The stalk of this bush is covered with a dry bark, which causes it to resemble dead wood; but, early in the spring, before the leaves appear, it bedecks itself with garlands of red flowers, wreathing them round each of its sprays, and terminating each coquettish curl with a small leafy tuft. Thus it is, as Cowper expresses it,

> "Though leafless, well attired, and thick beset
> With blushing wreaths investing ev'ry spray."

The mezereon is very sweet scented; and, where there are many near each other, they perfume the air to a considerable distance. It is said, but on very dubious authority, that this fragrance is dangerous to human beings.

In a language of flowers that appeared some years ago, this shrub, clothed in its showy garb, was amusingly compared to an imprudent and coquettish female, who, though shivering with cold, wears her spring attire in the depth of winter. Most of the European languages give the mezereon a name equivalent to female bay.

A good yellow dye is extracted from its branches, and a useful and valuable medicine from its bark. The berries, which are a violent poison, are yellow on the white-flowered, and red on the peach-coloured varieties.

The silvery-leaved species is very pretty. Its leaves are white, small, soft, and shiny as satin; between them blossom thick clusters of white bell-shaped flowers, tinged inside with yellow.

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Another variety, which is a native of Jamaica, is known as "lace-wood." The inner bark is of such a texture that it may be drawn out in long webs like lace, and has been actually worn as such. Charles II. had a cravat made of it, which Sir Thomas Lynch, when Governor of Jamaica, presented to him.

It is sad, but too true, that very many fair daughters of Eve might appropriately adopt this flower as their emblem: their conversation is prompted by no deeper feelings than that ladv whom Mrs. Browning represents as saying

"'Yes,' I answered you last night;
'No,' this morning, sir, I say.
Colours seen by candle-light
Are different seen by day.
When the viols played their best,
Lamps above and laughs below,
Love me sounded like a jest,
Fit for *yes* or fit for *no*."

Alas! how many have lived to find that loving means something more than jesting! Ladies fair, take heed in time: as for male coquettes, although they have been heard of in song, let us hope that such despicable creatures as they would be are only the offspring of fiction.

How many have been no more fortunate in their wooing, when wasting their time on a heartless coquette, than the hero of these lines:

"We met—alas the luckless eve!
We met—'t was at the county ball;
And straightway she a web did weave,
And I was caught within the thrall.
We danced; my heart and feet kept time,
While both as yet remained to me;
But long before the supper-time,
The first was hers—the latter free.

"Her arm on mine, we went downstairs;
I happiest of 'creation's lords.'
You 'd thought I 'd ne'er known earthly cares
To see me trip across the boards.
We found our seats; I close beside her,
With no grim mamma *vis-à-vis*,
To watch how I with whispers plied her,
Or note how oft she smiled on me.

"When we returned and joined the dance,
Once more my partner she became,
And gave me many a loving glance,
Till my young heart was all on flame.
And when she left, I saw her down
Into the carriage at the door;
I pressed her hand—she did not frown,
And so I muttered, '*Au revoir!*'

"Next day I called in eager haste,
My seeming pleasant suit to press:
In these affairs time should not waste.
I found her in, as you might guess.
My lady in, my love I told,
When she, her pretty face averting,
Replied in studied accents cold,
'Well, truly, sir, I was but *flirting!*'"

JOHN INGRAM.

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SENSITIVE PLANT.

(BASHFUL LOVE.)

THIS delicate emblem of *bashfulness* is a member of the mimosa family, and in its native home is said to grow to a considerable size, although here it is a mere hothouse plant. Its remarkable susceptibility to touch is stated to increase in proportion with the tenderness of its nature. A writer, adverting to this statement, remarks that in the plant this nervous sensibility is encouraged for its singularity. "It is a pity," the lady pointedly adds, "there should not be the same reason for encouraging it in the human species." What, O gentle reader, more sensitive to contact with the outer world than that shy receptacle of a thousand soft emotions — the human heart? And yet, alas! what numberless rebuffs it is continually receiving from careless mortals! How much joy or pain a careless word, a slighting look, may repress or cause! How many sensitive minds have recoiled from a slight, given more from want of thought than want of heart! Pity and spare that bashfulness which you so frequently misjudge, O heedless world! and grant this prayer:

"Speak kindly, oh, speak kindly;
You cannot tell the worth
Of words of loving-kindness
In our journey through the earth.
The value can't be counted
Or measured out by plan,
Of words of kindness spoken
From man to brother man!"

ELLA INGRAM.

The sensitive plant is one of those eccentric productions of nature, whose phenomena the knowledge of man has not been enabled satisfactorily to explain: its leaves, when touched by any external object, fold up and shrink modestly from contact. Our old pastoral poet, W. Browne, alludes to its peculiarities thus:

"Look at the feeling-plant, which learned swains
Relate to grow on the East Indian plains,
Shrinks up his dainty leaves if any sand
You throw thereon, or touch it with your hand."

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Matthew Prior alludes to the diversity of opinion as to what causes this phenomenon:

"Whence does it happen that the plant, which well
We name the 'sensitive,' should move and feel?
Whence know her leaves to answer her command,
And with quick horror fly the neighbouring hand?"

Darwin, the author of the "Loves of the Plants," endeavoured to account for the strange dislike this plant exhibits to the touch of foreign objects; but his explanations were not very convincing. His lines upon another of its habits, that of contracting towards evening and expanding when morning dawns, are more alluring:

"Weak, with nice sense, the chaste mimosa stands;
From each rude touch withdraws her timid hands.
Oft, as light clouds pass o'er the Summer's glade,
Alarm'd, she trembles at the moving shade,
And feels alive through all her tender form
The whisper'd murmurs of the gathering storm;
Shuts her sweet eyelids to approaching night,
And hails with freshen'd charms the rosy light."

There is one most remarkable member of this extraordinary family, known as the "friendly-tree," which droops its branches whenever any person approaches it, seeming as if it saluted those who sought retreat beneath its sheltering boughs. Moore calls it

"That courteous tree,
Which bows to all who seek its canopy."

Shelley's sweet characteristic poem of "The Sensitive Plant" is well known; but a few of its blossoms will not lose aught of their ethereal grace by reproduction here:

"A sensitive plant in a garden grew,
And the young winds fed it with silver dew,
And it opened its fan-like leaves to the light,
And closed them beneath the kisses of night.

"And the Spring arose on the garden fair,
And the spirit of love fell everywhere;
And each flower and herb on earth's dark breast
Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.

"But none ever trembled and panted with bliss,
In the garden, the field, or the wilderness,
Like a doe in the noontide, with love's sweet want,
As the companionless sensitive plant.

* * * * * * * * * *

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"For each was interpenetrated
With the light and odour its neighbour shed,
Like young lovers whom youth and love make dear,
Wrapped and filled with their mutual atmosphere.

"But the sensitive plant, which could give small fruit
Of the love which it felt from the leaf to the root,
Received more than all, it loved more than ever,
Where none wanted but it, could belong to the giver—

"For the sensitive plant has no bright flower;
Radiance and odour are not its dower;
It loves, even like Love, its deep heart is full,
It desires what it has not—the beautiful!

"The sensitive plant was the earliest
Upgathered into the bosom of rest;
A sweet child weary of its delight,
The feeblest and yet the favourite,
Cradled within the embrace of night."

The sad ending of "this strange eventful history" who knows not? How the lady who was the "ruling grace" of this sweet garden, "ere the first leaf looked brown 'neath Autumn's kisses, passed from this life away," and how the neglected flowers faded, "leaf after leaf, day by day, until all were massed into the common clay"? while

"The sensitive plant, like one forbid,
Wept, and the tears within each lid
Of its folded leaves which together grew,
Were changed to a blight of frozen glue.

"For the leaves soon fell, and the branches soon
By the heavy axe of the blast were hewn;
The sap shrank to the root through every pore,
As blood to a heart that will beat no more."

And finally

"When Winter had gone and Spring came back,
The sensitive plant was a leafless wreck."

Heaven guard the human sensitive plant from such a fate!

Shelley only dowers the subject of his verse with love, and denies it odour as well as beauty; but travellers affirm that in Brazil, where it is common, it grows to a size almost colossal, and diffuses a most delicious perfume. Dr. Clarke says that frankincense, that most fragrant of odours, is the product of the Egyptian mimosa. The acanthus-tree spoken of by Theophrastus and Virgil is supposed to be a species of this latter mimosa.

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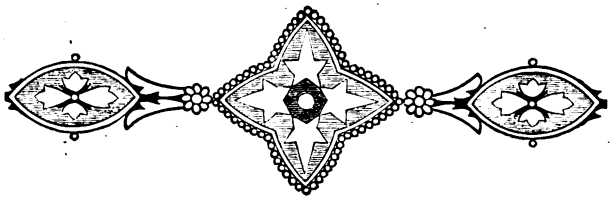

BUTTERCUPS.

(RICHES.—MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD.)

BEAUTIFULLY does our great poet, Robert Browning, call these emblems of *riches*, "the *buttercups*, the little children's dower." Of all the mingled sad and sweet memories of childhood, what is recalled more vividly than that feeling of being the possessor of boundless wealth, as, amid the glowing fields of gold which these wild flowers spread around us, we have—to quote from Eliza Cook—

"Stood like an elf in fairy lands,
With a wide and wistful stare;
As a maiden over her casket stands,
'Mid heaps of jewels beneath her hands,
Uncertain which to wear!"

This same lady, in some pathetic and appropriate lines, recalling childhood's faded glories, sweetly introduces this floral reminder:

"'T is sweet to love in childhood, when the souls that we bequeath
Are beautiful in freshness as the coronals we wreathe;
When we feed the gentle robin, and caress the leaping hound,
And linger latest on the spot where buttercups are found:
When we seek the bee and ladybird with laughter, shout, and song,
And think the day for wooing them can never be too long.
Oh! 't is sweet to love in childhood, and tho' stirr'd by meanest things,
The music that the heart yields then will never leave its strings.

"'T is sweet to love in after years the dear one by our side;
To dote with all the mingled joys of passion, hope, and pride;
To think the chain around our breast will hold still warm and fast;
And grieve to know that death must come to break the link at last.
But when the rainbow span of bliss is waning, hue by hue;
When eyes forget their kindly beams, and lips become less true;
When stricken hearts are pining on through many a lonely hour,
Who would not sigh 't is safer far to love the bird and flower'?

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"'T is sweet to love in ripen'd age the trumpet blast of Fame,
To pant to live on Glory's scroll, though blood may trace the name;
'T is sweet to love the heap of gold, and hug it to our breast,—
To trust it as the guiding star and anchor of our rest.
But such devotion will not serve—however strong the zeal—
To overthrow the altar where our childhood loved to kneel.
Some bitter moment shall o'ercast the sun of wealth and power,
And then proud man would fain go back to worship bird and flower."

Under the antique names of crow-foot, king-cup, gold-cup, and other quaint but suggestive titles, these flowers were formerly much praised, but latterly our poets have neglected them for other blooms; still, however, it must be confessed, notwithstanding the more elaborate beauty of garden flowers, generally awarding their tribute to the wildings of nature. Shakspeare's "cuckoo-buds of yellow" are supposed to be buttercups, for they "do paint the meadows with delight," and spread out before our enraptured gaze a glittering Field of Cloth of Gold, whereon fays might well hold their elfin tourneys, and fairy queens keep festive court.

Poor Clare frequently introduced this wild flower into his pictures of rural life, and in one of his poems makes it serve as a goblet for the fays: in his "Village Minstrel," he combines the buttercup with its almost invariable companion in poesy, the daisy:

"Before the door, with paths untraced,
The green sward many a beauty graced;
And daisy there, and cowslip too,
And buttercups of golden hue."

Eliza Cook has given us a poem to "Buttercups and Daisies," beginning—

"I never see a young hand hold
The starry bunch of white and gold,
But something warm and fresh will start
About the region of my heart."

Wordsworth is another of the few English poets who have deigned to sing the beauties of the

"Buttercups that will be seen,
Whether we will see or no."

In former times the round bulbous root of these flowers procured them the name of "St. Anthony's turnips."

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CROCUS.

(CHEERFULNESS.)

ACCORDING to some authors, these bright little flowers, which

"Come before the swallow dares,
And take the winds of March with beauty,"

derive their name from a Greek word signifying *thread*, from the fact of the thread or filament being in such request for saffron dye; but the ancient legend affirms that it was styled *Crocus* after an unhappy lover, whom the gods in pity changed into the flower that now bears his name. There has been much controversy as to the first introduction of this plant into England, but it is generally supposed that Sir Thomas Smith, who brought it with him from the continent in Edward III.'s reign, was its earliest importer, and that Saffron Walden, in Cambridgeshire, was the place where it was first cultivated.

In Hakluyt's voyages, the first introduction of saffron—the autumn crocus—is ascribed to a pilgrim who, with the desire of serving his country, stole a head of saffron, and concealed it in his staff; but this is spoken of only as a tradition told by the folks at Saffron Walden. It is stated that the corporation of Walden bear three saffron plants in their coat of arms.

The golden dye obtained from the pistils of this flower in former times was held in great regard by the Irish peasantry, and became at last quite an emblem of their oppressed nationality: as such the colour was very obnoxious to the English Government, and, finally, they passed laws against its use. One of these injunctions, issued in the reign of Henry VIII., prohibited the colouring of the long lock of hair called *glibbes* with saffron dye.

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It has been observed of the rich tint obtained from this plant that there is nothing analogous to it in nature excepting the hue of morn:

"How when the rosy morn begins to rise,
And wave her saffron streamers through the skies."

Saffron was formerly much used in medicines, but modern discovery has enabled us to dismiss it from our pharmacopæia, as also from the laboratory of the manufacturer's chemist, more permanent dyes having supplied its place. It still, however, retains its post at the confectioner's, where its use must have been well known as long ago as Shakspeare's days, since we find the clown in the "Winter's Tale," when enumerating the articles he has for sale, speaks of "saffron to colour the warden pies."

Virgil alludes to the fondness of bees for "the glowing crocus," as also does Moore—to pass to modern times—in his "Lalla Rookh":

"The busiest hive
On Bela's hills is less alive,
When saffron-beds are full in flower,
Than look'd the valley in that hour."

Mrs. Howitt says of the purple crocus:

"Like lilac flame its colour glows,
Tender and yet so clearly bright,
That all for miles and miles about
The splendid meadow shineth out;
And far-off village children shout
To see the welcome sight."

Miss Pratt, in one of her floral works, remarks upon the abundance of the purple variety of this flower in the vicinity of Nottingham: "There the lands which it adorns are like radiant spots, compared with which the other meadows seem almost colourless. Its full-blown cups stand open to invite the spring butterfly to his regale, or the diligent bee to add to the store which he is gathering for others. Not one little upland or dell of these meadows but is covered with the daisy and the crocus. Every hedge violet that there expands seems of a darker hue by its contrast; and never does cowslip or primrose better merit its long-worn epithet of *pale* than when either the sunny or blue crocus stands beside it."

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In Greece this same floral belle grows in great profusion, covering the hill-sides with one beaming sheet of blue or gold, often colouring the landscape for many miles.

Saffron is still highly valued by Eastern nations, and by them is used for manifold purposes. Letters of invitation to the gorgeous nuptial or other entertainments in which rich Orientals delight, are written upon paper flowered with gold and sprinkled with saffron. They also extract a very beautiful yellow from the crocus, which they use for the purpose of dyeing. In the more unsophisticated villages of Greece, saffron is sold by the weight of a hen's egg, and so simple are these dealings that it makes no difference in the terms whether the egg be large or small—so travellers report.

The following lines allude to the phenomena of the different times of flowering invariably observed by the vernal and autumnal crocus:

"Say what impels, amid surrounding snow
Congeal'd, the crocus' flaming bud to glow?
Say, what retards, amidst the Summer's blaze,
Th' Autumnal bulb, till pale, declining days?

"The God of Seasons, whose pervading power
Controls the sun or sheds the fleecy shower:
He bids each flow'r His quick'ning word obey,
Or to each lingering bloom enjoins decay."

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EGLANTINE.

(POETRY.)

DEEMED by professors of the language of flowers emblematical of that indescribable something which, for want of a better name, we agree to call *Poetry*, the *Eglantine* should indeed find favour with the votaries of that gentle art; and, might we reckon the value of their esteem for it by the number of sweet things they have said about it, we could put a high price upon its beauties. What wooer of the Muses has neglected to pay his passing tribute to the sweet-leaved eglantine?—"the rain-scented eglantine;" "the sweet, the fresh, the fair,"—the eglantine to which the sun himself pays homage, by "counting his dewy rosary" on it every morning.

This flower is indeed emphatically the poet's flower, and in the floral games was the prize awarded him for his success. Ronsard, whom the elder D'Israeli styles the French Chaucer, was the first who carried off this well-earned booty. "The meed of poetic honour," says the above-quoted authority, "was an eglantine composed of silver. The reward did not appear equal to the merit of the work and the reputation of the poet; and on this occasion the city of Toulouse had a Minerva of solid silver struck of considerable value. This image was sent to Ronsard, accompanied by a decree in which he was declared, by way of eminence, 'The French Poet.'"

As a pendant to this fact, so honourable to all concerned, D'Israeli relates that when "at a later period, a similar Minerva was adjudged to Maynard for his verses, the capitouls of Toulouse, who were the executors of the floral gifts, to their eternal shame, out of covetousness, never obeyed the decision of the poetical judges." This circumstance is noticed by Maynard in an epigram which bears this title: "*On a Minerva of silver, promised but not given.*"

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The honeysuckle, or woodbine, symbolic of *generous and devoted affection*, is frequently mistaken even by the poets themselves—to their shame be it said—for the eglantine, or sweetbriar, as it is sometimes called: even Milton appears to fall into this error when he speaks of "the *twisted* eglantine." Where the English Homer nods, it is not to be wondered at if lesser mortals, headed by Scott, the Wizard of the North, prove less wakeful; and so we have to turn to Shakspeare, the righter of all wrongs, to put us right anew. He tells us:

> "I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
> Where oxlip and the nodding violet grows;
> Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
> With sweet musk roses, and with eglantine."

An almost forgotten friend and contemporary of the great dramatist, and a very sweet poet withal, Richard Barnfield by name, puts this dainty invitation into the mouth of the "Lovelorn Shepherdess":

> "And in the sweltering heat of Summer-time,
> I would make cabinets for thee, my love;
> Sweet-smelling arbours made of eglantine,
> Should be thy shrine, and I would be thy dove."

As the lily is usually coupled with the rose, or the myrtle with the bay, so is the woodbine ofttimes mingled with the eglantine in poetic invocations; and thus does Shenstone make particular mention of this fragrant pair:

> "Come, gentle air! and while the thickets bloom,
> Convey the jasmine's breath divine,
> Convey the woodbine's rich perfume,
> Nor spare the sweet-leafed eglantine."

And then Keats—"Lamented Adonais"—says:

> "Its sides I'll plant with dew-sweet eglantine,
> And honeysuckles full of clear bee wine."

Chaucer, in "The Flower and the Leaf," describes a pleasant arbour formed of eglantine; whilst one of the sweetest stanzas in the "Faërie Queene" gave Spenser an opportunity of portraying "the fragrant eglantine."

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HELIOTROPE.

(DEVOTED ATTACHMENT.)

THIS flower, sweet as its florigraphical meaning, received its usual name of *Heliotrope* from two Greek words, signifying the *sun* and to *turn*, because of its having been supposed to turn continually towards the sun, following his course round the horizon. In consequence of this belief, the ancients ascribed its origin to the death of the hapless Clytie, who pined away in hopeless love of the sun-god Apollo. Ovid—as translated by Sandy—tells the woful story thus:

"She with distracted passion pines away;
Detesteth company; all night, all day
Disrobed, with her ruffled hair unbound,
And wet with humour, sits upon the ground:
For nine long days all sustenance forbears;
Her hunger cloyed with dew, her thirst with tears:
Nor rose; but rivets on the god her eyes,
And ever turns her face to him that flies.
At length to earth her stupid body cleaves;
Her wan complexion turns to bloodless leaves.
Yet streak'd with red, her perish'd limbs beget
A flower resembling the pale violet,
Which with the sun, though rooted fast, doth move,
And being changed, changeth not her love."

The tale may have been told with more poetical adornments than the old translator has given it, but as the incident and the moral is what is required, that may be overlooked for once.

The Peruvian heliotrope is chiefly admired for its unsurpassed fragrance. Although not a showy plant, it is delicate and sweet as the sentiment it interprets. The blossom is very small, of a faint purple colour, sometimes inclining to white, and sheds an almond-like perfume, or, as some prosaic persons say, an odour like that of a cherry pie! This species was discovered by Jussieu, the celebrated botanist, whilst botanizing in the Cordilleras. One day when gathering plants, he suddenly found himself overpowered by an intense perfume. Looking round to see from what gorgeous child of Flora this

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odour proceeded, he could discover nothing but some light green shrubs, the tips of whose elegant sprays were decked with faint purple blossom. Finding on inspection that all these tiny florets turned towards the sun, Jussieu gave the plant the name of Heliotrope, and collecting some of the seeds, forwarded them to the royal garden at Paris, where in 1740 the heliotrope was first cultivated. It spread into all the countries of Europe, and from its delicious scent soon became an especial favourite with the ladies.

St. Pierre, in his exquisite "Studies of Nature," speaking of this plant, says: "The *Chrysanthemum Peruvianum*—or, to employ a better-known term, the Turnsol—which turns continually towards the sun, covers itself, like Peru, the country from which it comes, with dewy clouds, which cool and refresh its flowers during the most violent heat of the day."

To the Canary heliotrope florists gave the name of "Madame de Maintenon," in flattery, it is supposed, to Louis XIV., as the sun to which his favourite lady always turned her eyes.

Is it not this flower that Moore is thinking of when he so fancifully says

"She, enamoured of the sun,
At his departure hangs her head and weeps,
And shrouds her sweetness up, and keeps
Sad vigils like a cloister'd nun,
Till his reviving ray appears,
Waking her beauty as he dries her tears"?

An anonymous poet has deduced from this flower a meaning which, though given here, is quite the reverse of that assigned to it by florigraphists:

"There is a flower, whose modest eye
Is turned with looks of light and love;
Who breathes her sweetest, softest sigh,
Whene'er the sun is bright above.

"Let clouds obscure, or darkness veil,
Her fond idolatry is fled;
Her sighs no more their sweets exhales
The loving eye is cold and dead.

"Canst thou not trace a moral here,
False flatterer of the prosperous hour?
Let but an adverse cloud appear,
And thou art faithless as the flower."

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LILAC.

(LOVE'S FIRST EMOTIONS).

THIS attractive and yet unobtrusive flower is well worthy of being selected to emblemise *love's first emotions.* Bursting into a profusion of fragrant bouquet-shaped blossoms just at that delightful season of the year when all nature, aroused from its long wintry slumber, decks itself with smiles and blushes, the *Lilac* could scarcely escape being chosen by the observant eyes of poet and lover as a symbol of those indescribable feelings of joy which bloom into being when "Love's young dream" first bashfully manifests itself.

It is alleged that when Van Spaendoul, the celebrated Dutch flower painter, was shown a group of lilacs, he flung down his pencil, as if acknowledging his inability to portray a production in every respect so harmonious and unapproachable.

Of the three varieties of this shrub, the blue, the violet, and the white have been thus prettily described: "Nature seems to have delighted in making a finished production of each of their delicate clusters, massive in themselves, and yet astonishing by their variety and beauty. The gradation of their tints, from the first purplish bud to the blanching flower, is the smallest fascination of their charming blossoms, round which the rainbow seems to revel and to dissolve into a hundred shades and colours, which, commingling in the general tone and hue, produce a happy harmony that might well baffle the painter and confound the observer."

Lilac, or *lilag*—a Persian word signifying "flower"—is supposed to have been introduced into Europe from Persia early in the sixteenth century by Busbeck, a German traveller.

In 1597, Gerarde says, "I have them growing in my garden in great plenty."

Mrs. Sigourney, in allusion to its native land, addresses it:

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"Lilac of Persia! Tell us some fine tale
Of Eastern lands; we 're fond of travellers.
Have you no legends of some sultan proud,
Or old fire-worshipper? What! not one note
Made on your voyage? Well, 't is wondrous strange
That you should let so rare a chance pass by,
While those who never journeyed half so far
Fill sundry volumes, and expect the world
To reverently peruse and magnify
What it well knew before!"

Thomson, in his "Seasons," could not of course overlook this flower, and in "Spring," thus tunes his lyre to hymn its praise:

"Shrubs there are,
. . . That at the call of Spring
Burst forth in blossom'd fragrance; lilacs, robed
In snow-white innocence or purple pride."

When the lilac-blossom has attained its maturity it begins to gradually change colour, until at last it becomes of a red hue; and this afforded Cowper an opportunity of terming them sanguine:

"The lilac, various in array—now white,
Now sanguine, and her beauteous head now set
With purple spikes pyramidal; as if,
Studious of ornament, yet unresolved
Which hues she most approves, she chose them all."

So sweet a blossom is the lilac, and so sweet are the emotions it represents, that every one must concede that it is one of those lovely and beloved plants which unite the qualities Göthe ascribes to some flowers, of being beautiful only to the eye, and others only to the heart.

From the purity of its colour and the short duration of its lovely clusters of blossoms, white lilac has been made the emblem of *youth*.

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MAGNOLIA.

(MAGNIFICENCE.)

THIS superb emblem of *magnificence* was named *Magnolia* by Phimier, in honour of Pierre Magnol, a well-known writer on botanical subjects. It is a native of the Southern States of North America. In its native country it begins to blossom in May, and continues a long time in flower, perfuming the woods during the whole of the summer months. Kalen says that he seldom found the magnolia north of Pennsylvania. "They may be discovered," he adds, "by the scent of the blossoms at the distance of three-quarters of a mile if the wind be favourable. It is beyond description pleasant to travel in the woods at that season, especially in the evening. They retain their flowers three weeks. The berries, also, look very handsome when they are ripe, being of a rich red colour, and hanging in bunches on slender threads."

Dillenius says the flowers of this tree never open in the morning, and that their scent resembles that of the lily of the valley, with an aromatic mixture.

Loudon tells a most interesting story of a *Magnolia grandiflora*, which in 1732 was brought by a French naval officer from the banks of the Mississippi, and planted at Maillardière, about five miles from Nantes. This officer died, and his heirs, not caring for a tree that had as yet produced nothing, for nearly thirty years allowed it to remain unnoticed. In 1758, however, M. Bonami, a botanist, discovered it, recognized the species, and in 1760, at the meeting of the States of Bretagne at Nantes, he presented the Princess de Rohan-Chabet with a branch of this magnolia in full blossom: it at once became the object of interest and conversation amongst all there. At last, Louis XV. hearing of the magnificence of the tree,

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had it transported to Paris, where it still exists, full of years and honours; not, however, without having had many narrow escapes from total destruction by fire, sword, and other dangerous enemies. Although upwards of a hundred years, it produces annually somewhere about four hundred large, elegant, and sweet-scented flowers.

In China and Japan the magnolia is highly valued; and in the former country they are most carefully cultivated in the gardens of the emperor and by all those who can afford them. A magnolia in flower is considered a handsome gift for the emperor, even from the governor of a province.

So powerful is the fragrance of this flower that, it is said, a single blossom of it placed in a bed-room suffices to cause death, even in one night. English poets are not sufficiently familiar with the magnolia to pay it that homage which its loveliness deserves. In Tighe's poem of "The Rose," the poet, in exalting the beauty of that Queen of Flowers, says

> "Less-prized gardenia drops her lucid bells,
> And rich magnolias close their purple globes."

And Wordsworth alludes thus to this flower:

"He spoke of plants divine and strange,
That every hour their blossoms change
Ten thousand lovely hues!
With budding, fading, faded flowers,
They stand the wonder of the bowers
From morn to evening dews.

"He told of the magnolia, spread
High as a cloud, high overhead;
The cypress and her spire;
Of flowers that with one scarlet gleam
Cover a hundred leagues, and seem
To set the hills on fire."

Chateaubriand, in his romance of "Atala," referring to an Indian superstition which supposes that the souls of departed infants enter into flowers, thus introduces this lovely bloom: "I gathered a magnolia-blossom, and placed it, yet moist with dew, upon the head of Atala, who still slept. I hoped that, according to my religion, the soul of some new-born infant would descend on the crystal dew of this flower, and that a prosperous dream would convey it to the bosom of my beloved."

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JUDAS FLOWER.

(UNBELIEF.)

THE botanical name of the *Judas-tree* is from the Greek, and signifies a *little sheath;* but the more ominous title, by which it is known to the English, Germans, and French, is derived from the supposition that Judas hanged himself upon it, although Gerarde and other ancient writers on sylvan subjects assign that ghastly association to the elder.

In one portion of the wild Arabian epic of "Antar," one of its heroes, named Shedad, is compared to the flower of the Judas-tree, "so completely was he smeared with the blood of the combatants."

The blossoms of the European variety of this tree are of a very beautiful bright purple, and come out in spring in large clusters on every side of the branches, and often of the stem, and are in full blow before the leaves have attained half their size. The North American Judas-tree is called "red-bud tree," from the red flower buds appearing in the spring before the leaves.

On account of the beauty of its flowers, the Spaniards call this plant "the tree of love," and certainly that designation accords well with the exquisitely pathetic legend of "The Wayside Inn," with which the late Adelaide Procter, Barry Cornwall's gifted daughter, has enwoven it:

"A little past the village
The inn stood, low and white;
Green shady trees behind it,
And an orchard on the right,
Where over the green paling
The red-cheeked apples hung,
As if to watch how wearily
The sign-board creaked and swung.

"The heavy-laden branches
Over the road hung low,
Reflected fruit or blossom
From the wayside well below,
Where children, drawing water,
Looked up and paused to see,
Amid the apple-branches,
A purple Judas-tree."

Here at this quiet wayside inn lived little Maurice, whose

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occupation was to aid passing travellers, to "loose the bridle, and tend the weary steed." One bright May day, the sun-burnt boy beheld

"A train of horsemen, nobler
Than he had seen before;
They from the distance galloped,
And halted at the door.
Upon a milk-white pony,
Fit for a faëry queen,
Was the loveliest little damsel
His eyes had ever seen.

* * * * *

"Her sunny ringlets round her
A golden cloud had made,
While her large hat was keeping
Her calm blue eyes in shade;
One hand held fast the silken reins
To keep her steed in check;
The other pulled his tangled mane,
Or stroked his glossy neck.

"And as the boy brought water,
And loosed the rein, he heard
The sweetest voice, that thanked him
In one low, gentle word;
She turned her blue eyes from him,
Looked up, and smiled to see
The hanging purple blossoms
Upon the Judas-tree;

"And showed it with a gesture,
Half pleading, half command,
Till he broke the fairest blossom,
And laid it in her hand;
And she tied it to her saddle
With a ribbon from her hair,
While her happy laugh rang gaily
Like silver on the air."

But the steeds and the riders were rested, and moved on down the dusty highway and vanished. Many years passed away, but the little milk-white pony and the child returned no more. "Many summers had fled, and the spreading apple-branches a deeper shadow shed," when the news of a lordly wedding was borne on the western breeze. Amongst the eager watchers to see the bridal train pass by, once more stands Maurice:

"They come, the cloud of dust draws near;
'Mid all the state and pride,
He only sees the golden hair
And blue eyes of the bride.
Her shy and smiling eyes looked round,
Unconscious of the place,
Unconscious of the eager gaze
He fixed upon her face.

"He plucked a blossom from the tree—
The Judas-tree—and cast
Its purple fragrance towards the bride,
A message from the Past.
The signal came, the horses plunged;
Once more she smiled around;
The purple blossom in the dust
Lay trampled on the ground."

Again the slow years fleeted away, and one winter morning once more Maurice beheld the lady pass by; but grief had wrought its sign upon her and had dimmed the glory of her bright blue eyes,

"That watched with the absent spirit
That looks, yet does not see
The dead and leafless branches
Upon the Judas-tree."

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"The slow dark months crept onward
Upon their icy way,
Till April broke in showers,
And Spring smiled forth in May;
Upon the apple-blossoms
The sun shone bright again,
When slowly up the highway
Came a long funeral train.

* * * * *

"Now laid upon the coffin
With a purple flower, might be
Told to the cold dead sleeper;
The rest could only see
A fragrant purple blossom,
Plucked from a Judas-tree."

"'Mid all that homage given
To a fluttering heart at rest,
Perhaps an honest sorrow
Dwelt only in one breast:
The boyish silent homage,
To child and bride unknown;
The pitying tender sorrow
Kept in his heart alone;

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DANDELION.

(ORACLE.)

HOW often you may have passed by this common wild flower, the *Dandelion*, as a plant possessing little attraction! And yet, not only is it extremely useful for manifold culinary and medicinal purposes, but, under its presumed oracular character, many a little beating heart has it caused to throb yet more merrily, or more wearily heave; many a bright eye has it made to gleam brighter with anticipated triumph, or dim with foreboding tears; for this golden-rayed blossom, like some others of its floral sisterhood, is often selected to decide its fair questioner's fate: "He loves me," or, "He loves me not." Alas! what histories of joy or misery may the answers to those simple questions betoken!

Not only, however, do the responses of this *oracle* foreshadow the fate of our heart's affection, but to the schoolboy who, bred up amid the secrets of Nature, often tries

"To win the secret of a weed's plain heart,"

the dandelion frequently serves to tell another tale: gently plucking it from its hollow stem, he blows softly upon its feathery coronet, and away flies the ethereal spray. "One o'clock!" he shouts, and then gives another puff at his floral timepiece, and off careers another fleecy cloud: "Two o'clock!" he cries, and again repeats the experiment, until not a single tiny plume is left on the poor bald-headed flower; as many puffs as it takes to scatter the down, so many hours of the day, say the little rustics, have fleeted by. They can scarcely think, these lads and lasses, that they are aiding the operations of Nature by thus dispersing, attached to that light and pretty spray, the flower's seed. William Howitt thus charmingly alludes to the custom:

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"Dandelion, with globe of down,
The schoolboy's clock in every town,
Which the truant puffs amain,
To conjure lost hours back again."

Not only does it rest its claim to be considered an oracle upon these prophetic utterances, but also upon the fact that as its blossoms open and close at certain regular hours, it serves the solitary shepherd as a clock, and as a barometer, by predicting, by means of its feathery tufts, calm or stormy weather. Well, indeed, might Allan Cunningham exclaim:

"There is a lesson in each flower,
A story in each stream and bower;
In every herb on which you tread
Are written words, which, rightly read,
Will lead you from earth's fragrant sod,
To hope, and holiness, and God!"

Or, as Charlotte Smith hath said,

"Thus in each flower and simple bell
That in our path betrodden lie
Are sweet remembrancers, who tell
How fast the wingéd moments fly."

This flower is supposed to have derived its name from the deeply notched edges of its leaves, they having been thought to resemble the teeth of a lion, for which reason it was called "lion-toothed," or "*dent de lion.*"

Darwin, in his so strangely neglected "Loves of the Plants," speaks of the methodical habits of the dandelion under its classical name:

"Leontodons unfold
On the swart turf their ray-encircled gold;
With Sol's expanding beam the flowers unclose,
And rising Hesper lights them to repose."

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CAMPANULA.

(I WILL BE EVER CONSTANT.)

ALTHOUGH the genus of *Campanulaceæ*, or bell-flowers, is deemed emblematic of *constancy*, each of the well-known members of the graceful family has its own particular meaning. The *Canterbury Bell*, so styled because of its profusion in the neighbourhood of that city, is one of the most known of the race. It was formerly called "Farfre-in-sight," and florigraphists have variously considered it as the symbol of both *gratitude* and *constancy*. Its deep purple bells are generally very large; but there is a kind bearing bells of lesser size, and coloured blue, purple, or white. These pretty flowers look as if they were especially formed for the use of those fairy elves who formerly haunted our woodlands and meadows with their little figures. What a slight stretch of fancy is needed to imagine that these tiny trembling bells oft ring their mad merry peals for the benefit of such elves as lurk "under the blossom that hangs on the bough," and who, like their human brethren, "use flowers for their charactery!"

A great favourite in this much-admired floral fraternity is the *Venus's Looking-glass*, selected as the type of *flattery*. The mirrors of the ancients were always circular in form, and this plant is said to have received its popular cognomen from the resemblance of its round-shaped blossom to the form of a mirror, and being considered extremely pretty, it was appropriated to the Goddess of Beauty. The classics, however, tell a different tale, and relate that Venus one day dropped one of her mirrors, which possessed the quality of beautifying whatever it reflected. A shepherd picked it up; but no sooner had he gazed upon it than he forgot his favourite nymph and everything else he should have recollected, and, like another Narcissus, did nothing but admire his own charms. Cupid

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discovered how affairs stood, and, fearful of the trouble that might arise from such a silly error, broke the mirror and transformed the fragments into this bright plant, which has ever since been called Venus's Looking-glass.

There is a very pretty campanula with delicate lilac-hued flowers, that hang like bells from the stalk. It is called by the French "Nun of the Fields," probably in remembrance of some tender legend of the olden time; to us it is known as *Agrimony*, and has been adopted by floral linguists as the type of *thankfulness*, a feeling which every one must experience, not only when gazing upon this suggestive "floral apostle," but when regarding any

> "Floral bough thatswingeth,
> And tolls its perfume on the passing air;"

for, indeed, O ye flowers! although your lips are voiceless to the ear, yet to the heart ye

> "Are living preachers;
> Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book;
> Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
> From loneliest nook."

The delicate *Harebell*, the favourite of our poets and the rival of the heather in the strong love of old Scotia, belongs to this timorous group of flowers, and, on account of its tender blossoms and slender, fragile-looking stem, has been made the emblem of *love's frailty*. Its azure bell hangs lightly upon its shivering stalk and "rings to the mosses underneath." With a mien so frail, one dreads every moment to behold its beauties rent to pieces and destroyed by the rude wind; and yet, so marvellously is this little floral elf constructed, that it will often successfully brave the battle of the rough elements and outlast the ruffian breeze that lays the monster oak of a thousand years shattered upon the soil.

This is the dewy *bluebell* which Eliza Cook tells us is filled with "chaliced fragrance," and with which a thousand poets have linked their imperishable fame.

These lines, by the last-named lady, to "Bluebells in the Shade," require no introduction to our audience:

> "The choicest buds in Flora's train let other fingers twine;
> Let others snatch the damask rose, or wreathe the eglantine;
> I 'd leave the sunshine and parterre, and seek the woodland glade,
> To stretch me on the fragrant bed of bluebells in the shade.

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"Let others cull the daffodil, the lily soft and fair,
And deem the tulip's gaudy cup most beautiful and rare;
But give to me, oh, give to me, the coronal that 's made
Of ruby orchids mingled with the bluebells from the shade.

"The sunflower and the peony, the poppy bright and gay,
Have no alluring charms for me: I 'd fling them all away.
Exotic bloom may fill the vase, or grace the high-born maid;
But sweeter far to me than all are bluebells in the shade."

Eliza Cook.

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HYACINTH.

(GAME—PLAY.)

THE Oriental or garden *Hyacinth* is a native of the Levant. Culture has produced several large and splendid double varieties of these flowers; their elegantly shaped bell blossoms, towering one above another upon graceful stems, in almost unrivalled redolence and in nearly every hue of the rainbow, present a glorious spectacle. Sweet-voiced Shelley plaintively sings of

> "The hyacinth, purple, and white, and blue,
> Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew
> Of music, so delicate, soft, and intense,
> It was felt like an odour within the sense."

According to the mythologists, this fairy-like fragile flower had its orgin in the death of Hyacinthus, a Laconian youth, greatly favoured by Apollo, and much admired for his beauty. He fell a victim to the jealous rage of Zephyrus, who, in revenge for the preference manifested for him by the Sun-god, had determined to effect his destruction. Accordingly, one day when the ill-fated youth was playing at quoits with his divine friend, Zephyrus blew so powerfully upon the iron flung by Apollo that it struck the unfortunate Hyacinthus on the temple and killed him, to the intense grief of his innocent slayer. To commemorate the grace and beauty of the poor young prince, for such he was, Apollo, unable to restore him to life, caused the flower which now bears his name to spring from his blood. Thus it was that the hyacinth, so celebrated in the songs of the poets from the days of Homer downwards, became the floral hieroglyph of *play*, although one would certainly have thought that a more sober meaning could have been awarded to a bloom reputed to have had so melancholy an origin, and which still bears imprinted in indelible characters upon its bosom poor Hyacinthus' last cry of "*Ai! ai!*"

An annual solemnity, called Hyacinthia, was established in Laconia in honour of Hyacinthus. It lasted three days, during which the people, to show their grief for the loss of their darling

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prince, ate no bread, but fed upon sweetmeats, and abstained from adorning their hair with garlands as on ordinary occasions.

On the second day a band of youths entertained the spectators by playing upon the harp, upon the flute, and chanting grand choruses in honour of Apollo. Numbers came mounted upon horses richly caparisoned, singing rustic songs, and accompanied by a throng, who danced to vocal and instrumental music; maidens, selected for their beauty, splendidly attired, appeared in covered carriages, most magnificently adorned, singing hymns; whilst the others were engaged in chariot races. An immense number of victims were offered on the altars of Apollo; and their slaves, as well as their friends, were entertained with the utmost liberality by the votaries.

This flower is justly the pride of the Dutch florists, who gain immense annual profits from its culture, although during the last few years it has somewhat lost ground in public favour, by reason of the many tropical plants that have been introduced into our *flora domestica.* The credit of having reared the first *double* hyacinth is given to Peter Voerhelm, a celebrated florist of Haarlem. It is stated that he was accustomed to throw away as imperfect all the double blossoms, until a fit of illness prevented him from visiting his bulbs for some days; on renewing his floral duties, a double flower that had escaped destruction attracted his attention. He determined to cultivate it; and well it repaid him his care. Florists and customers came, saw, and purchased; but, by some strange vicissitude, this first double hacyinth, named "Mary," and the two next varieties that were produced, have been lost. For one bulb which he had raised he is said to have obtained £100. This flower, which he christened "The King of Great Britain," is now considered the originator of the oldest double variety in existence.

The common or, as old botanists style it, the English hyacinth, is frequently termed the *Harebell* by poetical writers. Browne, author of "Britannia's Pastorals," in his list of "Floral Emblems," observes that

> "The harebell, for her stainless azured hue,
> Claims to be worn of none but those are true."

The harebell is sometimes white or flesh-coloured, but much more commonly blue or violet-hued.

Under its general appellation of the hyacinth, this flower has

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received a countless number of poetical tributes; but its right to retain them is strongly disputed now-a-days, several writers maintaining that they were intended for another flower altogether, the red Martagon lily being now supposed rightfully entitled to the homage paid by ancient authors to the bloom that sprang from the blood of Hyacinthus, from the fact that its petals bear the distinguishing mark of *ai, ai,* and that it is of a deep blood-coloured hue.

The authoress of "Flora Domestica" enters warmly into the contest, and certainly makes out a very good case on behalf of her selected flower. After citing a large number of poetical witnesses, she winds up her debate by saying, "There have been great disputes and differences about the hyacinth: all were agreed that our modern hyacinth was *not* the hyacinth of the ancients; but the difficulty was to determine what *was*." And our authority then concludes by deciding that "the best arguments have been urged in support of the Martagon lily, which is now pretty generally acknowledged to be the true heir to this ancient and illustrious race."

The following tragic, if true, story was related some time since of the effect said to be produced by the powerful perfume of the hyacinth:

M. Sam relates that he was standing at a ball given at the Tuileries, talking to the great chemist, Dr. Lisfranc, when he perceived him become pale and move from his position. M. Sam, fancying that his friend had been taken ill, followed him out to the *salle des marechaux*. There having recovered his equanimity, he said, 'I have just seen a beautiful young bride waltzing with her second husband. Now, I am perfectly convinced she murdered her first husband. It had been a love match; but the young man discovered that he had made a fatal mistake, and his health visibly declined. One morning he was found dead in his bed-room, which his wife had filled with hyacinths: their poisonous emanations had evidently killed him. On being summoned to examine into the cause of his death, I perfectly remembered having related in his wife's hearing a case of poisoning produced by those very flowers, and on learning that a scandalous intrigue on her part had been the cause of his misery, I have not the slightest doubt that the wretched woman adopted this mode of regaining her liberty.'"

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MARYGOLD.

(GRIEF.)

"She droops and mourns,
Bedew'd, as 't were, with tears.'

GEORGE WITHERS.

THE classic name for this flower is *Calendula*, which some writers translate into the "flower of all the months;" a title given to it, they add, in consequence of its blossoming the whole year—a statement scarcely borne out by facts so far as England is concerned. By old English poets these plants are called "golds;" the name of the Virgin Mary was a very frequent addition in the middle ages to anything useful or beautiful, and so in course of time this flower became known as the *marygold*. In Provence they call it *gauche fer* (left-hand iron), probably from its round, brilliant disc, suggestive of a shield, which is worn on the left arm.

Why so dazzling a bloom should have become the emblem of *grief* it is difficult to say, but in many lands it is regarded as such. Although alone, however, the marygold expresses grief, by a judicious admixture with other flowers its meaning may be greatly varied. For instance, combined with roses it is symbolic of "the bitter sweets and pleasant pains of love;" whilst amongst Eastern nations a bouquet of marygolds and poppies signifies "I will allay your pain." Associated with cypress, the emblem of death, marygolds betoken despair.

Linnæus has remarked that the marygold is usually open from nine in the morning till three in the afternoon; this foreshows a continuance of dry weather: should the blossom remain closed, rain may be expected. This circumstance, and the fact of its always turning its golden face towards the giver of day, has caused this plant to be sometimes termed "the sun follower," and the "spouse of the sun."

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Chatterton, alluding to its having given in its adherence to the early closing movement, calls it

"The Marybudde, that shutteth with the light."

And Browne, in his "Britannia's Pastorals," says:

"But, maiden, see, the day is waxen olde,
And 'gins to shut in with the marygolde."

Whilst ever-watchful Shakspeare remarks in "Cymbeline," that when "Phœbus 'gins arise," the "winking marybuds begin to ope their golden eyes."

Another noteworthy property of this flower is that it lasts out all its floral compeers, and continues blooming until stopped by the frost. In her "Farewell to the Flowers in Autumn," Mrs. Sigourney acknowledges this virtue of the neglected plant:

"Coarse marygold, in days of yore I scorned thy tawny face,
But since my plants are frail and few, I 've given thee welcome place."

Keats pays more heed to the natural attractions of this flower, and sings:

"Open afresh your round of starry folds,
Ye ardent marygolds!
Dry up the moisture of your golden lids,
For great Apollo bids
That in these days your praises shall be sung
On many harps, which he has lately strung;
And then again your dewiness he kisses—
Tell him I have you in my world of blisses:
So haply when I rove in some far vale,
His mighty voice may come upon the gale."

Marguerite of Orleans, the maternal grandmother of Henry the Great of France, to express how all her thoughts and affections were directed towards Heaven, adopted for her armorial device a marygold turning towards the sun, with the motto, "*Je ne veux suivre que lui suel.*"

Chaucer frequently mentions these flowers under their ancient name of "goldes," and, in "The Knight's Tale," bestows a garland of them upon Jealousy, *yellow* being the colour deemed emblematical of that passion.

The marygold is sometimes considered the florigraphical sign of *prediction*, because it is used by our lads and lasses, as

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is the daisy by those of France, and the aster by those of Germany, to determine whether they are beloved or not by the object of their thoughts.

This flower excited more solemn reflections in the mind of George Withers, who in his usual quaint manner thus moralizes over it:

"When, with a serious musing, I behold
The grateful and obsequious marygold,
How duly every morning she displays
Her open breast when Phœbus spreads his rays;
How she observes him in her daily walk,
Still bending towards him her small slender stalk;
How, when he down declines, she droops and mourns,
Bedew'd, as 't were, with tears till he returns;
And how she veils her flowers when he is gone,
As if she scorn'd to be looked upon
By an inferior eye, or did contemn
To wait upon a meaner light than him.
When this I meditate, methinks the flowers
Have spirits far more generous than ours,
And give us fair examples to despise
The servile fawnings and idolatries
Wherewith we court these earthly things below,
Which merit not the service we bestow."

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ASTER.

(AFTER-THOUGHT.)

"Like a pleasant thought,
When such are wanted." ANON.

THE *Aster*, or *Starwort*, represents an exceedingly numerous family which derives its name from the Greek word *aster*, signifying *star*. In the language of flowers it is said to be emblematical of *after-thought*, because it begins to blow when other flowers are scarce. "It is like an after-thought of Flora's, who smiles at leaving us."

The different varieties of this flower are very numerous; and, being very showy, of almost every colour, and those colours remarkably vivid, they make a brilliant figure in our gardens in autumn.

The general favourite is the China aster, which is larger and handsomer than any of the others. Europe is indebted for this variety to Father d'Incarville, a Jesuit missionary, who, in 1730, sent some seeds of it to the royal gardens at Paris. This flower is much admired by the Chinese, who make considerable use of it in the decorations of their gardens, arranging it so as to rival the richest patterns of Persian carpets, or the most curious figures that can be devised by the artist in filigree.

The French are fond of this flower, and from the resemblance which its blossoms bear in shape, although on a much larger scale, to the daisy, call it *La Reine Marguerite*, or Queen daisy.

The *amellus* spoken of by the Greek and Latin poets is supposed to belong to the aster tribe:

"The attic star, so named in Grecian use,
But call'd amellus by the Mantuan muse,"

says Rapine; and Virgil, in his fourth "Georgic," says: "We have also a flower in the meadows, which the country people

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call 'amellus.' The herb is very easy to be found, for the root—which consists of a great bunch of fibres—sends forth a vast number of stalks. The flower itself is of a golden colour, surrounded by a great number of leaves, which are purple like violets. The altars of the gods are often adorned with wreaths of these flowers."

The *star-flower*, as the Germans call the aster, is employed by that people as a village oracle, after the manner described under the heading of daisy. Göthe, in his great tragedy of "Faust," makes a beautiful use of this superstition. It is in the well-known garden scene, where Faust is walking with the young and guileless Marguerite—a scene that Retzsch has chosen for his wildly-suggestive pencil, and L. E. L. for her plaintive pen to reproduce. The poor, lovelost girl gathers a flower, and, according to her simple method of divination, proceeds to pluck off the florets, alternately repeating the words, "He loves me," "he loves me not." On arriving at the last leaf, she joyously exclaims, "He loves me!" and Faust, in spite of himself, overpowered by her childish innocence, breaks forth, "Yes! he loves thee: let this floral token be a decree of Heaven!"

Dr. Zerffi, in his valuable notes to his edition of "Faust," says, "It is a general custom for lovers to consult flowers, as a sort of oracle, as to whether their love is returned or not. The plan adopted is simple enough. A star-flower, which seems to be the favourite, is selected, and the person consulting it repeats the words

"'*Er liebt mich von Herzen*
Mit Schmerzen,
Ja—oder nein.'

A single leaf is pulled off at each recurrence of the words *ja* and *nein*, and the answer of the oracle is yes or no, as *ja* or *nein* is pronounced on pulling the last of the leaves."

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TUBEROSE.

(DANGEROUS PLEASURES.)

THERE is a curious perversion of name in the designation of this flower, which has nothing to do with "tubes," or "roses," and is merely a corruption of its botanical title, *Polianthes tuberosa*, the latter word simply signifying tuberous, and the former word, from the Greek, expressing city-flower.

This glorious floral favourite grows naturally in India, whence it was brought into Europe in 1632. Its blossoms were originally single; and a Monsieur le Cour, a celebrated Leyden florist, first produced a double variety. He was so tenacious of the roots of this flower, that after he had propagated them in such plenty as to have more than he could plant, he caused them to be cut in pieces, to have the vanity of boasting that he was the only person in Europe who possessed specimens of them. This device could not, however, long exclude so desirable an acquisition from the gardens of Europe, and it is now common all over the world.

Its white blossom exhales the most exquisite perfume—a perfume, however, it is alleged, so powerful, that to enjoy it without danger it is necessary to keep at some distance from the plant.

Shelley, in verses as inexpressibly beautiful as the object they celebrate, calls

"The sweet tuberose,
The sweetest flower for scent that blows."

The Malayans style this floral belle, "The Mistress of the Night;" a poetical idea that the Irish Anacreon makes use of in his fantastic poem of "Lalla Rookh:"

"The tuberose, with her silvery light,
That in the gardens of Malay
Is called the Mistress of the Night,
So like a bride, scented and bright,
She comes out when the sun 's away."

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It has been prettily remarked that we must remember that Moore is speaking of the lady's habits when in her native country; in our colder clime she waits for the sunshine before expanding her perfumed petals. When worn in the hair by a Malayan lady, it informs her lover, in a manner that words could never speak half so well, that his suit is pleasing to her.

An exquisite little *jeu d'esprit* by Leigh Hunt, known as the "Albanian Love Letter," prettily carries out this idea of

> "Saying all one feels and thinks
> In clever daffodils and pinks;
> Uttering (as well as silence may)
> The sweetest words the sweetest way."

It may be found entire under the heading of "Floral Bouquets."

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BROOM.

(HUMILITY.)

"The memorial flower of a princely race."

THE *Broom* is a very ornamental shrub, with few leaves, but an abundance of brilliant and elegant flowers. There are three species with white and one with violet-coloured bloom, all the others having yellow blossoms.

Our common broom surpasses most of the foreign kinds in beauty; indeed, few shrubs are more magnificent than this evergreen, with its profusion of bright golden blossoms, melodious with the murmuring of innumerable bees. Few can gaze unmoved upon its splendid wreaths of glittering bloom,

"Yellow and bright, as bullion unalloy'd."

It is, therefore, not to be wondered at that our poets have clustered round it almost as thickly and as lovingly as the bees, or, its beauty being known, that they should have derived as abundant a supply of sweets from its sweetness as their little musical competitors, who "hunt for the golden dew."

Many a plaintive tale is associated with the broom; many a lament has been sung of the sad thoughts engendered by lingering, loving memories of "the bonny broom," by wanderers far off from their native land.

The Scotch, ever wakeful to the beauties of their native home, have long recognized the poetry of this picturesque plant, and in their songs and ballads often chant its praise:

"O, the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,
The broom of the Cowden Knows;
For sure so soft, so sweet a bloom
Elsewhere there never grows."

Burns lauds it, and well he might, for doubtless he had

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ofttimes seen it waving high over the headlong torrents of his darling Scotia, or spreading a gorgeous golden canopy down the sides of his native mountains. Hark to his pæan:

"Their groves of sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
Whose bright beaming summers exalt the perfume;
Far dearer to me yon lone glen of green breckan,
Wi' the burn stealing under the long yellow broom.

"Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,
Where the bluebell and gowan lurk lowly, unseen;
And where, lightly tripping amang the sweet flowers,
A-listening the linnet, oft wanders my Jean."

Although, in floral phraseology, the broom is typical of *humility*, it has, its presumed humbleness notwithstanding, had several adventures with royalty. History informs us that amid the stormy times of the fourteenth century this wild shrub was scarcely less distinguished as a regal flower than the royal rose herself. The English sovereign race of Plantagenet evidently derived their surname from *genêt*, the French name of this plant; but there appears a great discrepancy between the reasons assigned by different writers as to why the designation was first assumed. Skinner says that the House of Anjou derived the name of Plantagenet from a prince thereof who, having killed his brother to enjoy his principality, afterwards repented, and made a voyage to the Holy Land to expiate his crime, scourging himself every night with a rod made of the plant *genêt*. Those people who are sceptical on the point of royal repentances, more especially when they require penances as an accompaniment, may feel more inclined to give credence to the account embodied in the following popular legend, which tells us that a sprig of *genista* was first adopted as the family badge by Gefroi, Duke of Anjou, father of Henry II. He gathered that wild flower—so runs the story—when, passing through a rocky pathway, he beheld on either side bushes of yellow broom clinging with firm grasp to the huge stones, or upholding the crumbling soil; and "thus," said he, "shall that golden plant ever be my cognizance,—rooted firmly amid rocks, and yet upholding that which is ready to fall. I will bear it in my crest—amid battle-fields if need be—at tournaments, and when dispensing justice!" Thus saying, the warrior broke off a branch, and fixing it in triumph in his cap,

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returned to his castle. Not only did the duke adopt his country's most beauteous wild flower as a cognizance, but he also took the name of Plantagenet, or *planta genista*, and transmitted the same to his princely descendants, who each bore it from the time of Henry II.—called by historians the first royal sprig of *genista*, till the third Richard, last scion of the plant of Anjou.

This version of the story how the emblem of humility became the crest of a sovereign house, is corroborated by Lemon, in his "English Etymology." He thus recapitulates the tale:

"Geoffry, Count of Anjou, acquired the surname of Plantagenet from the incident of his wearing a sprig of broom on a day of battle. This Geoffry was second husband to Matild, or Maud, Empress of Germany and daughter of Henry I. of England; and from this Plantagenet family were descended all our Edwards and Henries."

It could not be expected that so romantic a story would escape the poets, and accordingly we find it embalmed in the following flowing verse:

"Time was when thy golden chain of flowers
Was linked, the warrior's brow to bind;
When rear'd in the shelter of royal bowers,
Thy wreath with a kingly coronal twined.

"The chieftain who bore thee high in his crest,
And bequeathed to his race thy simple name,
Long ages past has sunk to his rest,
And only survives in the rolls of fame.

"Though a feeble thing that Nature forms,
A frail and perishing flower art thou;
Yet thy race has survived a thousand storms,
That have made the monarch and warrior bow.

"The storied urn may be crumbled to dust,
And time may the marble bust deface;
But thou wilt be faithful and firm to thy trust,
The memorial flower of a princely race."

In 1234, when the brave Marguerite, the Queen of Louis IX. of France was crowned, that King, surnamed "the Saint," selected the broom as the badge to be worn by the members of a new order of knighthood which he created on that festive occasion. The knights of this order wore a chain composed of the blossoms of the *genêt* entwined with white *fleurs-de-lis*,

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from which was suspended a golden cross inscribed with the words *Exaltat humiles.** Attached to this order was a body-guard of one hundred nobles, who wore, embroidered on the backs and fronts of their coats, the broom, and above that, a hand holding a crown, with the inscription, *Deus exaltat humiles.*†

Some florigraphists have deemed the broom emblematic of *ardour*, doubtless from the well-authenticated fact that the spadix acquires so strong a heat as to be painful to the hand when touched.

There is one great charm, seldom commented upon, about this flower,—

"The golden broom,
Which scents the passing gale,"—

and that is its delicious aroma.

* He exalteth the humble. † God exalteth the humble.

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POPPY.

(CONSOLATION.—OBLIVION.)

THE *Poppy* is used as the floral sign of *consolation;* chiefly, it is supposed, because, as the Greek mythologists tell us, it was created by Ceres whilst in search of her daughter Proserpine, as a soother of her grief. Our old pastoral poet, William Browne, in his quaint phraseology, says:

"Sleep-bringing poppy, by the plowman late,
Not without cause, to Ceres consecrate:
For being round and full at his half-birth,
It signified the perfect orb of earth;
And by his inequalities when blowne,
The earth's low vales and higher hills were showne;
By multitude of grains it held within,
Of men and beasts the number noted bin. . . .
* * * * * * *
Or since her daughter that she loved so well,
By him that in th' infernal shades does dwell,
* * * * * * *
Fairest Proserpina was rapt away,
And she in plaints the night, in tears the day,
Had long time spent; when no high power could give her
Any redresse, the poppy did relieve her:
For, eating of the seeds, they sleep procured,
And so beguiled those griefs she long endured."

The well-known somniferous qualities of the poppy is adduced as another reason why it should be deemed symbolic of consolation, and of oblivion. That it, the producer of Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep, should be chosen as the emblem of the alleviation of our troubles, does indeed appear just. Shakspeare, Spenser, and others frequently allude to the "drowsy poppy" as productive of "the easer of all our woes." Leigh Hunt calls it the "blissful poppy," from its soothing and sleep-inducing properties; whilst Horace Smith prays:

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"Gentle Sleep!
Scatter thy drowsiest poppies from above;
And in new dreams, not soon to vanish, bless
My senses with the sight of her I love."

Mr. Davidson states that it was the custom with the Romans to offer poppies to the dead, especially to those whose manes they designed to appease; and Virgil, in his "Georgics," calling it the Lethæan poppy, directs that it be offered by way of funeral rite to Orpheus.

This same Latin writer compares the dying Euryalus, as he falls to earth with his white breast pierced by the cruel sword, to the poppy, bowing down its wearied neck when its head is overcharged with rain. And his great predecessor, Homer, used the same metaphor, if Pope's translation may be relied on; whilst Virgil's worthy successor, Ariosto, reproduced the image.

The ancient Greeks, who regarded Sleep as the great comforter of the world, gave him for his only ornament a wreath of poppies. The Romans also generally adorned the statues of Ceres, the beneficent deity, with the same flowers.

Our great neglected poet, Richard Horne, in "Orion," one of the greatest and grandest epics of modern times, introduces this symbol blossom thus:

"He approached
And found the spot, so sweet with clover flower
When they cast them down, was now arrayed
With many-headed poppies, like a crowd
Of dusky Ethiops in a magic cirque,
Which had sprung up beneath them in the night,
And all entranced the air."

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PINK.

(PURE LOVE.)

THE *Pink* is another of those beautiful blossoms made use of by florigraphists to indicate the grand passion, it being typical of *pure love.* Florists have two principal divisions of these lovely flowers—pinks and carnations. The latter is much larger and fuller leaved, but not more fragrant, than its little sister. The high rank which this extensive genus held in the estimation of the Greeks and Romans may be learned from its nomenclature. By the former people it was called the "divine flower" *(dianthus)*, the name it still retains; to the latter race it was known as *Flos Jovis*, or "Jove's Flower;" that title, according to some, being bestowed on it for its remarkable beauty; but awarded to it, others say, for its super-eminent fragrance.

The Bearded Pink is better known as the Sweet William, under which well-known designation it will be found in this volume. Of one type of this odoriferous group, the Clove Pink, the varieties are endless; all exhale the most exquisite of scents. Whilst the larger kinds are those known as carnations, the smaller are termed "gillyflowers," which is a floral name more frequently sung of by our ancient poets, from dear old Chaucer downwards, than any other. This cognomen is supposed to be a corruption of "July flower;" but that derivation has been much questioned of late. Michael Drayton calls it

"The curious choice clove July flower,
Whose kinds, hight the carnation,
For sweetness of most sovereign power
Shall help my wreath to fashion;
Whose sundry colours of one kind,
First from one root derived,
Them in their several suits I'll bind,
My garland so contrived."

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Shakspeare, ever ready to pay a floral compliment, makes Perdita say,

"The fairest flowers o' the season
Are our carnations and streaked gillyflowers."

And the readers of Spenser and Milton will find these flowers' names "as familiar in their mouths as household words." Some of our old authors frequently style them "sops-in-wine," from the fact, it is alleged, that they were employed in flavouring dainty dishes, as well as wine and other drinks; and they who maintain this theory cite a rather problematical passage of Chaucer's in support of it.

The authoress of "Flora Domestica," in her remarks upon the celebrity which these flowers have attained through their loveliness and fragrance, says in the latter they are equalled by few plants, exceeded perhaps by none. As the rose for her beauty, the nightingale for his song, so is the pink noted for its sweetness.

"And the pink, of smells divine,"

is seldom or ever forgotten when the poets would celebrate the charms of Flora.

Matthisson, the German author, tells of a pretty little incident, in which the carnation plays a part. He was near Grenoble, in France, and travelling along the road leading to Mount Cenis. By the roadside was a little chapel dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. Before the altar, which was surmounted by vases of flowers, knelt a girl, holding in her hand a bouquet of clove carnations. The German traveller alighted from his carriage, and, seating himself upon an adjacent rock, watched the fair *devotée*, whose eyes were overrunning with tears. Just as she arose from her prayers, a young man, driving some horses before him, appeared round the angle of the road, and the instant the girl perceived him she flew into his arms, and, amid smiles and tears, presented him with the bouquet of carnations, which he placed with reverential care in the bosom of his jacket. The traveller continued his journey, musing over the probable consequences of the approaching separation—perhaps the first—of these young lovers.

Such incidents are so numerous on a journey through life, that they appear almost too trivial for record; and yet they may be the most momentous events in their enactors' histories.

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FURZE.

(ANGER.)

THE *Furze* and the broom so closely resemble each other, both in form and colour, and are so frequently associated, that the former is sometimes styled by botanists *Genista spinosa* —the thorny broom. The various names by which this brilliant wild flower is known in different parts of the country often puzzles readers, and leaves them uncertain as to the identity of the plant. In the south it is called furze, whin in the east, and in the north, gorse; and that is how the confusion arises.

Furze—

"The vernal furze,
With golden baskets hung,"—

grows abundantly on all our waste lands, not even shunning the neighbourhood of our great metropolis itself; and it is recorded that Linnæus, who had never seen this plant in Sweden, where the climate is too severe for its spontaneous production, was so delighted when he first beheld a common near London bedecked with its golden blossom, that he fell on his knees, enraptured at the sight. Our lost singer, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, in some dainty lines entitled "Lessons from the Gorse," thus alludes to this story:

"Mountain gorses, since Linnæus
Knelt beside you on the sod,
For your beauty thanking God,—
For your teaching ye should see us
Bowing in prostration new.
Whence arisen, if one or two
Drops be on our cheeks, O worlds! they are not tears, but dew."

After such poetry—poetry where lurks hidden, like fragrance in the flower, more than meets the casual eye—how difficult it

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is to turn to chilly prose, and recount how the great botanist conveyed to Sweden some plants of "the prickly gorse that decks itself with ornaments of gold," and how he complained that he could never preserve it in his garden through the winter!

Even strangers who come from those sunny southern lands,

"Where the rough rocks with tender myrtles bloom,"

have exhausted the powers of their own musical language in describing their feelings of admiration whilst looking upon some wild common, fragrant with the perfume and resplendent with the lustrous beauty of that plant which, sings Keats, "buds lavish gold."

Floral caligraphists employ this inimitable blossom as the emblem of *anger*, but to the poetess quoted above it conveyed a far higher import:

"Mountain blossoms, shining blossoms,
Do ye teach us to be glad
When no summer can be had,
Blooming in our inward bosoms?
Ye whom God preserveth still,
Set as lights upon a hill,
Tokens to the wintry earth that Beauty liveth still!

"Mountain gorses, do you teach us
From that academic chair
Canopied with azure air,
That the wisest word man reaches
Is the humblest he can speak?
Ye who live on mountain peak,
Yet live low along the ground, beside the grasses meek!

Not only, indeed, do these "shining blossoms teach us to be glad," by means of their fragrance, and by reason of the glowing sea of golden light which they ofttimes display to our gratified vision, but by the numerous valuable uses to which they can be put—uses too numerous to be mentioned here.

"In calm and sunny weather," says a floral writer, "it is pleasant to hear the crackling sound produced by the explosion of the elastic seed-vessels among furze-bushes, resembling that of tiny popguns, such as fairies might be supposed to use, if those small people ever disturbed their pleasant revels with warlike deeds."

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GERANIUM.

(DECEIT.)

"These flowers are like the pleasures of the world."
SHAKSPEARE.

THERE are as many florigraphical meanings attached to this choice flower as there are varieties of it, and *they*, veritably, are numberless; but we have selected the symbol that appears to appertain to the genus in general. The name *Geranium* is derived from the Greek, and signifies a *crane*, the fruit bearing some resemblance to the form of a crane's bill and head. Indeed, the old English designation for the wild species of this flower was "crane's-bill;" but the classic form has entirely superseded it of late, as it has also consigned to oblivion its other title, when in an untamed state, of Herb Robert.

This plant is divided into three genera: *Erodium*, *Pelargonium*, and *Geranium*, respectively signifying "heron's-bill," "stork's-bill," and "crane's-bill," all of which names are derived from their blossoms' fancied resemblance to the appendages of those birds.

The Scented Geranium is considered typical of *preference*, a quality for which the softness of its leaves, the beauty of its bloom, and its fragrant odour, will most decidedly obtain it the award. It emits a delightful scent when lightly rubbed by the finger; and so accustomed are people to use this experiment, that a person approaching a geranium almost mechanically rubs or plucks a leaf for the anticipated perfume.

"And genteel geranium,
With a leaf for all that come,"

seldom fails to obtain notice and admiration, even when sur-

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rounded by the most curious or brilliant exotics; although, when it happens, as it often does, that the plant is not a scented one, the experimentalist fully comprehends why it is deemed symbolic of deceit.

The Thick-stemmed Geranium is a very singular plant. This species, Mr. Andrews tells us, was found near five feet high in the Bay of Angra Peguena, on the south-western coast of Africa, in the chasm of a white marble rock, apparently without any earth; for, on pulling up the plant, the roots, several yards in length, were naked and hard as wire, and appeared to have received nourishment solely from the moisture lodged there during the rainy season, assisted by a little sand drifted by the wind into the cavities. The heat was so intense on these rocks as to blister the soles of the feet; and yet all the geraniums there were in perfection, it being just then their flowering season.

All the most admired plants of the geranium family are natives of the Cape of Good Hope. The Scarlet Geranium, which is not only the most common, but also the most popular, of all this genus, is, strange to say, recorded in the language of flowers as the emblem of *stupidity*. It is one of the most brilliant of our floral pets, and deservedly, as Cowper remarks,

> "Geranium boasts
> Her crimson honours."

A favourite game is played at Rome, in which the leaf of the geranium is employed. This game is styled "*Far il Verde*," and seems to consist principally in obtaining forfeits from one another. Its rules are too tedious and far-fetched for English sympathies.

Herb Robert, the wild species of this flower, has received many poetic tributes: the following verses are extracted from a poem addressed to it:

> "There is a small but lovely flower,
> With crimson star and calyx brown,
> On pathway side, beneath the bower,
> By Nature's hand profusely strown.
>
> "There are its rosy petals shown,
> 'Midst curious forms and mosses rare,
> Imbedded in the dark grey stone,
> When not another flower is there."

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FUCHSIA.

(TASTE.)

THE *Fuchsia*, a native of Chili, was named after Leonard Fuchs, a noted German botanist.

Mr. Shepherd, the conservator of the Botanic Gardens at Liverpool, gives the following interesting account of the introduction of this elegant little flowering shrub into our English gardens and greenhouses.

Old Mr. Lee, a nurseryman and gardener near London, well known fifty or sixty years ago, was one day showing his variegated treasures to a friend, who suddenly turned round and exclaimed, "Well, you have not in your collection a prettier flower than I saw this morning at Wapping." "Indeed? and pray what was this phœnix like?" was the rejoinder. "Why, the plant was elegant, and the flowers hung in rows like tassels from the pendent branches, their colour the richest crimson, and in the centre a fold of deep purple." Obtaining minute direction of the spot, Mr. Lee posted off to Wapping, and on discovering the abode, he at once perceived that the plant was new in this part of the world. Entering the house, which was tenanted by a sailor's wife, he said, "My good woman, this is a nice plant; I should like to buy it." "Ah, sir! I could not part with it for any money: my husband brought it from the West Indies for me, and I promised when he went to sea again to keep it for his sake." "But I must have it!" "No, sir." "Here—(emptying his pocket)—here are gold, silver, copper." (His stock was something more than eight guineas.) "Well-a-day! but this is a power of money, sure and sure!" "'T is yours, and the plant is mine; and, my good dame, you shall have one of the first young ones I rear, to keep for your husband's sake." "Alack! you 'll promise me?" "You shall, by Jove you shall!" A coach was called, in which was safely

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deposited our florist and his purchase. His first work on reaching home was to pull off and utterly destroy every vestige of blossom and blossom bud; it was divided into cuttings, which were forced in hotbeds and bark-beds, were re-divided and sub-divided. Every effort was used to multiply the plant, and by the commencement of the next flowering season Mr. Lee was the delighted possessor of three hundred fuchsia plants, all giving promise of blossom. The two which opened first were removed into his show-house. A lady came. "Why, Mr. Lee—my dear Mr. Lee! where did you get this charming flower?" "Hem! 't is a new thing, my lady: pretty, is it not?" "Pretty? 't is lovely! Its price?" "A guinea. Thank you, my lady." And one of the two plants was at once carried off to her ladyship's *boudoir*. Scarcely had the flower reached its new domicile than a visitor arrived, saw, and admired the new floral acquisition; and learning that there was another left, ordered her carriage off at once to Mr. Lee's. A third flowering plant stood on the spot whence the first had been taken. The second guinea was paid, and the second fuchsia found its way to the residence of her second ladyship. The scene was repeated as new-comers came, saw, and were conquered by the beauty of the plant. New chariots flew to the gates of old Lee's nursery-ground. Two fuchsias, young, graceful, and bursting into healthy flower, were constantly seen on the same spot in his repository.

He neglected not to gladden the sailor's wife by the promised gift; but ere the flower season closed, three hundred golden guineas chinked in his purse, the produce of the single shrub of the good-wife of Wapping; the reward of the taste, decision, skill, and perseverance of old Mr. Lee.

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ALMOND-TREE.

(INDISCRETION.)

THIS fragrant forerunner of spring has been adopted by Western florigraphists as the emblem of *indiscretion*, on account of its flowering so early that its beautiful pink blossoms are frequently prevented from fructifying, because of the injury they sustain from the frost. With Oriental nations, however, the almond has a very different but quite as appropriate signification. The Mahommedans regard its flowers as typical of *hope*, because they bloom on the bare branches. Moore, with his usual felicity of expression, has thus availed himself of this pretty allegory:

> "The dream of a future happier hour
> That alights on misery's brow,
> Springs out of the silvery almond flower
> That blooms on a leafless bough."

Pleasant a sight to our eyes as is this tree in blossom, in Oriental climes it is seen in far greater perfection. It grows to between twenty and thirty feet high, and the blooms spread from one end of the young branches to the other, as thickly as they can grow, and before a leaf is to be seen. The Hebrew writers, who regarded the almond as a symbol of haste and vigilance, frequently refer to it. "What seest thou?" said the Lord to Jeremiah; and the prophet answered, "I see a rod of an almond-tree." Then said the Lord, "Thou hast seen well; for I will hasten my word and perform it."

The rod of Aaron, which budded and brought forth fruit, was of the almond-tree: "it budded, and brought forth buds, and bloomed blossoms, and yielded almonds." A writer on Scriptural plants, remarking on an allusion made to the almond in the twelfth chapter of that magnificent poem, Ecclesiastes, says, "The almond-tree, covered with its snow-white blossoms, is a beautiful poetic emblem of the hoary head, and

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the casting of the blossoms might further represent the shedding of the silver locks from the venerable brows of age."

The Hebrew name of this tree is "*shakad*," which means *to make haste*, or *to awake early*.

The ancient fabulists, who had some beautiful legend to account for all the phenomena of nature, ascribed the origin of the almond-tree to Phyllis, a young and beautiful Thracian queen, who became enamoured of and wedded Demophoon, the son of Theseus and Phædra, and who, on his return from the siege of Troy, had been cast by a storm upon the shores of Thrace. Recalled to Athens by his father's death, the royal consort promised to return in a month, but failing to do so, the afflicted bride gradually lost all hopes of seeing him again, and, after several unfruitful visits to the sea-shore, died of grief, and was transformed into an almond-tree. After three months' absence the truant husband returned, and, overwhelmed with sorrow, offered a sacrifice by the sea-shore to appease the manes of his luckless bride. Loving even in death, she appeared to respond to his repentance; for the almond-tree, into which she was metamorphosed, instantly put forth flowers, as if to prove by one last effort the unchangeableness of her affection.

In former times an abundance of blossom on the almond-tree was regarded as the omen of a fruitful season.

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FLOS ADONIS.

(PAINFUL RECOLLECTIONS.)

THIS emblem of *painful recollections* has received as many names as a Spanish princess. To Gerarde it was known as May-flower and red camomile; but he says, "our London women do call it rose-a-rubie." Red morocco and pheasant's eye are also amongst its cognomens, but, Adonis flower and Flos Adonis are the titles by which it is at present recognized. To the poetical Greeks it was known as the Spring-flower; by the French it is termed "drops of blood," or *gouttes de sang*, in allusion to the fable which ascribes its origin to the blood of Adonis. In all probability the flower received its classic name of Adonis from being confounded with the anemone, which it resembles. They, however, are not the only blossoms which lay claim to the same illustrious origin: the larkspur has been put forward as an aspirant for this honour, but its claim has obtained very few advocates. Moschus gives the right to the rose, as also did Bion, in his well-known "Lament for Adonis," of which the words in question are thus rendered by Mrs. Browning, in her translation of the poem:

> "She wept tear after tear, with the blood which was shed,
> And both turned into flowers for the earth's garden-close;
> Her tears to the wind-flower—his blood to the rose."

Some will have it that the identical bloom—whichever one it was, and quaint old Gerarde would persuade us that it was the Venice mallow—sprang up entirely from the tears shed by Venus. When doctors differ it is hard to come to an understanding, and therefore we will content ourselves with the reflection that whatever flower it was that came of such renowned parentage, this pretty crimson blossom most decidedly deserves

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it. In the southern corn-fields of England it is very often seen, lifting up its deep red cup amongst the green slender leaves of the barley and wheat long before their grain appears. Like its namesake the beautiful hunter, it is said to be an enemy to the corn; but its bright and transient blossoms fade quickly —as quickly, let us hope, as the recollections which they symbolize.

In Leigh Hunt's "Foliage," there is a translation from the Greek pastoral poet Theocritus, which alludes to the classic story that this favourite of Venus was allowed to revisit and spend six months of the year with her on earth, alternately with six months spent with Proserpine in the lower regions:

"Go, beloved Adonis, go,
Year by year thus to and fro."

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ARBUTUS.

(THEE ONLY DO I LOVE.)

THE *Arbutus*, or strawberry-tree, as it is frequently called in England and France, because of the resemblance of its fruit to a strawberry, is one of those rare and delightful objects on which Nature, with a lavish profusion, showers at one time bud, blossom, and fruit.

This beautiful symbol of *inseparable love* requires a whole twelvemonth to perfect its fruit, so that in the autumn of the year, when other trees and flowers are shedding their withered leaves and petals on the ground, the lovely arbutus may be seen, with its rich red strawberry-like fruit—clusters of waxen-hued blossoms, their vine-coloured stems, and its green leaves, resembling those of the bay — all flourishing in unstinted abundance, thus realizing the poetic fiction of fruit and flowers growing together.

Surely this sweet emblem of a sweeter theme passed through the mind of Thomson, when, in his "Seasons," he talked of how

> "Great Spring, before,
> Greened all the year; and fruit and blossoms blushed
> In social sweetness on the selfsame bough."

Sir Arthur Elton, it is presumed, is the author of the following truthful description of this botanical phenomenon:

> "The leafy arbute spreads
> A snow of blossoms, and on every bough
> Its vermeil fruitage glitters to the sun."

The fruit of the common arbutus is called *unedo;* and Pliny is said to have given it that name because it was so bitter that *only one* could be eaten at a time. In Spain and Italy, however, the country-people eat them, and in the early ages it

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appears to have been a common article of food. In Padua, and other Italian cities, they are still sold in the markets; whilst the English and American confectioners are reported to use large quantities of the thyme-leaved arbutus-berries as a substitute for cranberries, which fruit they resemble.

Horace has celebrated the arbutus in his odes, whilst his predecessor, Virgil, very frequently mentions it, and, in the "Æneid," describes the bier of Evander's son, young Pallas, as formed of arbutus rods and oaken twigs. Sannazaro speaks of the arbutus as employed, together with other symbolic trees and flowers, at the celebration of the festival in honour of Pales, a rural goddess of the Romans.

In Barthelemy's "Travels of Anacharsis the Younger," this tree is spoken of as growing on Mount Ida—as attaining a considerable height, and, above all, being of such virtue that serpents ceased to be venomous after feeding upon its fruit, which fruit the neighbouring peasants consider exquisitely sweet. These trees, of course, belonged to the Oriental arbutus, or *andrachne*, as it is generally called. Dallaway speaks of it as abounding in the vicinity of the far-famed Miletus, and states that the fruit resembles a scarlet strawberry both in size and flavour.

This same traveller states that it grows in wild luxuriance, amid myrtles and roses, about Belgrade—a place that Lady Mary Montague described in her charming letters as a perfect Paradise, but which modern progress has wonderfully transmogrified into something very different.

Evelyn complained sadly in his time of the neglect shown to this lovely child of Nature, and at the present day he would scarcely find much to cause an alteration in his tone.

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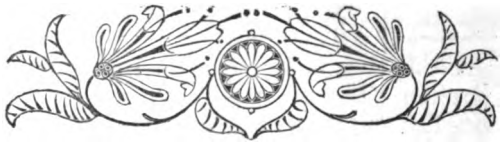

SNOWDROP.

(FRIEND IN NEED—HOPE.)

THIS first-born flower of the flowers of spring is generally deemed the emblem of *hope*, although some have regarded it as symbolic of humility, of gratitude, of consolation, of innocence, and lastly, but by no means least—of *friendship in adversity*.

In the year's earliest days, while the leafless trees and the otherwise flowerless ground are white with frost—when the sharp winds are roaring over the wold, and when the whole earth looks dead and drear—this fragile blossom, gently displacing the incumbent snow, uprears its tiny fairy bells and its tender little green leaves, looks smilingly into our admiring faces, and seems to bid our chilled hearts take courage—to remind us that "hope springs eternal in the human breast," and, as Mrs. Oakes Smith has so beautifully expressed in "The Sinless Child,"

> "And wheresoe'er the weary heart
> Turns in its dim despair,
> The meek-eyed blossom upward looks,
> Inviting it to prayer."

The classic name for this flower is *galanthus*, signifying milk flower; it is the earliest blower of all our wild blossoms—in mild seasons displaying its beauties even in January, but more frequently waiting until the following month, for which reason it is sometimes named "Fair Maid of February."

In allusion to its often uprearing its head amid the snow, as if to rival its purity and whiteness, Mrs. Barbauld has:

> "As Flora's breath, by some transforming power,
> Had changed an icicle into a flower."

Mary Robinson, a now almost forgotten poetess, has left us the following pretty verses on this little flower:

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SNOW DROP AND WINTER ACONITE.

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"The snowdrop, Winter's timid child,
Awakes to life, bedewed with tears,
And flings around its fragrance mild;
And, where no rival flow'rets bloom
Amidst the bare and chilling gloom,
A beauteous gem appears.

* * * *

"Where'er I find thee, gentle flower,
Thou still art sweet and dear to me!
For I have known the cheerless hour,
Have seen the sunbeams cold and pale,
Have felt the chilling wintry gale,
And wept and shrunk like thee."

Mrs. Robinson is correct in endowing the snowdrop with "fragrance mild;" Mrs. Barbauld styles it "the scentless plant," and, although her evidence is corroborated by these lines of Mrs. Charlotte Smith, the snowdrop has a faint perfume:

"Like pendent flakes of vegetating snow,
The early herald of the infant year,
Ere yet the adventurous crocus dares to blow,
Beneath the orchard boughs thy buds appear.

"While still the cold north-east ingenial lowers,
And scarce the hazel in the leafless copse
Or shallows show their downy powdered flowers,
The grass is spangled with thy silver drops.

"Yet when those pallid blossoms shall give place
To countless tribes of richer hue and scent,
Summer's gay blooms, and Autumn's yellow race,
I shall thy pale *inodorous* bells lament."

These poetic specimens prove not only the favour this floral "day star" finds with the poets, but also, what may be more to the present purpose, with the ladies. Women and flowers are a natural and every-day association—"sweets to the sweet;" and there does not appear anything so very singular in the fact that in the Malayan tongue the same word signifies women and flowers.

The snowdrop is dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and tradition asserts that it blooms on the second of February, or Candlemas Day—the day kept in celebration as that on which the Holy Virgin took the child Jesus to the Jewish Temple, and there presented an offering.

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COWSLIP.

(YOUTHFUL BE-AUTY.)

THIS elegant but fragile flower is one of those favourites which our olden poets so delighted to honour. The "pale *cowslip* fit for maidens' early bier," is the most appropriate emblem for *youthful beauty;* and, under that typical meaning, is frequently found associated in the songs of our minstrels with all that is fair and frail.

Milton takes advantage of the gracefulness of its drooping plume of blossoms, waving over their slender stem, to place upon the tomb of Lycidas, amid such gentle flowers as sad embroidery wear, "Cowslips wan that hang the pensive head."

Our great epicist, in his sylvan masque of "Comus," has given an exquisite song to Sabrina, in which the airy tread of that goddess "o'er the cowslip's velvet head" is most delicately expressed:

"By the rushy, fringéd bank,
Where grow the willow and the osier dank,
My sliding chariot stays;
Thick set with agate and the azure sheen
Of turkis blue and emerald green,
That in the channel strays;
Whilst from off the waters fleet,
Thus I set my printless feet,
O'er the cowslip's velvet head,
That bends not as I tread.
Gentle swain, at thy request
I am here."

The cowslip belongs to the same genus as the primrose, and is supposed to have received its name from its soft velvety texture, resembling that of a lip; but Yorkshire people call it "cowstripling," which certainly points to another origin. In some parts of Kent it is called "fairy cup," whilst in the midland and northern portions of Britain this flower of many names is known as "paigle."

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The blossoms exhale a quaint odour which some persons deem very fragrant. The roots, which are collected in March, and dried, have a strong scent of anise. It is said they impart a flavour to wine. A sweet and pleasant liquor, considered by some people to resemble Muscadel, is made from the flowers; it is slightly narcotic in its effects. Says Pope:

"For want of rest,
Lettuce and cowslip wine—*probatum est.*"

In former times, before it was considered pleasant to poison oneself with decoctions of logwood, and even worse concomitants, cowslip wine was much drunk; and many a maiden could say of this, as Christabel did of her wild-flower drink,

"It is a wine of virtuous powers;
My mother made it of wild flowers."

In some sweet, secluded, out-of-the-way country villages, a glass of cowslip wine may still be had; and many a little cottage maiden still rambles the meadows collecting its pallid blossoms to dispose of in the market for a trifle wherewith to get "a fairing."

Country folks eat the pretty crinkly leaves as a salad; and, as a substitute for mulberry-leaves, they are much recommended; so that altogether the cowslip may be considered a very useful, as well as ornamental, plant.

The colour of the flower is generally a bright yellow, dashed with deep orange, sometimes approaching to crimson.

Jachimo describes Imogen as having

"On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I' the bottom of a cowslip."

Elsewhere, Shakspeare, speaking of the Fairy Queen, says,

"The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots we see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,—
In those freckles live their savours;
I must go seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear."

These flowers furnish an abundant supply of honey to the bee, for,

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"Rich in vegetable gold,
From calyx pale the freckled cowslip born,
Receives in amber cups the fragrant dews of morn."

Ben Jonson combines this flower with another well-known wilding of Nature, and sings of

"Bright day's eyes, and the lips of cows."

Mrs. Sigourney, in her "Gossip with a Bouquet," thus suggestively introduces the emblem of *youthful beauty*.

"Good neighbour cowslip, I have seen the bee
Whispering to you, and have been told he stays
Quite long and late amid your golden cells.
Is it not business that he comes upon—
Matter of fact? He never wastes an hour.
Know you that he 's a subtle financier,
And shows some gain for every day he spends?
Oh! learn from him the priceless worth of time,
Thou fair and frail! So shalt thou prove the truth,
That he who makes companion of the wise
Shall in their wisdom share."

The Virginian Cowslip, deemed symbolic of the rather ostentatious expression, *you are my divinity*, is a very elegant plant that flowers in April and May. From the centre of a tuft of broad leaves, lying flat upon the mould, rises a single graceful shaft, surmounted by twelve pretty purple or peach-coloured inverted blossoms. Linnæus christened it by the name of "Dodecatheon, or Twelve Divinities."

This plant will endure our most severe winters, but cannot sustain the heat, and two or three days' exposure to a hot sun will, it is said, entirely destroy the offsets.

Those flowers styled "Cowslips of Jerusalem," although they much resemble the veritable cowslip in form, belong to an entirely different race. Their colours are very varied in hue, not only in the same cluster, but even on the individual blossoms their manifold shades of red and blue are continually changing.

Drayton, in his "Pastorals," introduces this flower into very honourable floral company:

"Maids, get the choicest flowers, a garland, and entwine,
Nor pinks nor pansies let there want—be sure of eglantine.

* * * * * * *

"White roses, damask, white and red, the dearest flower-de-lys,
The cowslip of Jerusalem, and clove of Paradise."

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CELANDINE.

(DECEPTIVE HOPES.)

THIS emblem of *deceptive hopes* derives its botanical name from a Greek word signifying a *swallow*, because, say some, of its coming and going with that bird; but our old florigraphists give a different reason; and according to Gerarde, it was so called from an opinion which prevailed among the country people, that the old swallows used it to restore sight to their young when their eyes were out. This idea is supported by Lyte, who, in his rare old "Herbal," speaking of the larger celandine, gravely remarks: "Chelidonium, that is to say, swallow-herbe; bycause, as Plinie writeth, it was the first found out by swallowes, and hath healed the eyes and restored sight to their young ones that have had harme in their eyes or have been blinde." In Culpepper's "Herbal" we also find this flower recommended for its virtues in restoring the eyesight. Says that veracious student of nature: "This is a herb of the sun, and under the celestial lion, and is one of the best cures for the eyes; for all that know anything in astrology know that the eyes are subject to the Arminaries. . . . Make it into an oil or ointment, which you please, to anoint your sore eyes with: I can prove it both by my own experience and the experience of those to whom I have taught it, that desperate sore eyes have been cured by this only medicine. . . . It is called *chelidonium*, from the Greek word *chelidon*, which signifies a swallow, because they say that if you put out the eyes of young swallows when they are in the nest, the old ones will recover them again with this herb. This I am confident, for I have tried it, that if we mar the very apples of their eyes with a needle, she will recover them again; but whether with this herb or not, I know not."

Notwithstanding the opinions of these time-honoured men,

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it is pretty well known now-a-days that the only benefit the sight gets from these wild blossoms is in the pleasure derived from gazing upon them.

The cheerful-looking little flower called the "lesser celandine," deemed emblematical of *joys to come*, belongs to another floral family, quite distinct from the swallow-wort or major celandine. It resembles the buttercup in colour, but is formed like a star, with heart-shaped leaves. The blossoms appear very early in spring, and at night and in wet weather fold up their petals, which instinctive precaution probably preserves them from the destructive elements. When the glossy golden flowers fall off, they are succeeded by small tubers resembling grains of wheat; these tubers grow from the bosom of the leaves, and, as the stalks lie upon the ground, grow into the earth and become the roots of new plants. The stalks often being washed bare by the heavy rains have induced the uninvestigating to report that it had rained wheat.

The glossy star-like blossoms and lustrous green leaves of this little flower seem to have rendered it a great favourite with Wordsworth, as he has repeatedly sung praises of its "bright coronet:"

"Pansies, lilies, kingcups, daisies,
Let them live upon their praises;
Long as there's a sun that sets,
Primroses will have their glory;
Long as there are violets,
They will have a place in story.
There's a flower that shall be mine,
'T is the little celandine.

* * * * *

"Ill befall the yellow flowers,
Children of the flaring hours!
Buttercups that will be seen,
Whether we will see or no;
Others, too, of lofty mien;
They have done as worldlings do,
Taken praise that should be thine,
Little humble celandine!

"Ere a leaf is on the bush,
In the time before the thrush
Has a thought about its nest,
Thou wilt come with half a call,
Spreading out thy glossy breast
Like a careless prodigal;
Telling tales about the sun,
When we've little warmth or none.

* * * * *

"Prophet of delight and mirth,
Scorned and slighted upon earth;
Herald of a mighty band,
Of a joyous train ensuing;
Singing at my heart's command,
In the lanes my thoughts pursuing;
I will sing, as doth behove,
Hymns in praise of what I love."

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DEAD LEAVES.

(MELANCHOLY.)

"Ah me! a leaf with sighs can wring
My lips asunder."

E. B. BROWNING.

NEVER did the florigraphist select from nature a more appropriate interpreter of man's innermost passions than when he chose dead leaves as representative of *melancholy*. Never did poet utter a more profound truth than he who said,

"When we are sad, to sadness we apply
Each plant, and flower, and leaf that meets the eye."

True sadness so intensifies—it might be said so exaggerates—the meaning of everything beheld through its misty veil, that we fancy all that is seen is connected with our own especial sorrow; gradually grow egotistical in our grief; and then finally—so beautifully does the machinery of this existence "work together for good"—by the very self-contemplation which appeared calculated to perpetuate our melancholy, forget it, or rather perceive that it leaves behind nothing but soothing memories. It does not require a poet to discover "that there is a lesson in each leaf;" the youth or maid whom melancholy hath marked for its own will speedily read and comprehend the silent monitor. But how different may be the purport of a single leaf! To one it may merely be a frail record of the passing pleasure of a thoughtless jest, and to another it may bear stern memories of irrecoverable happiness!—may indeed be able with sighs to wring our lips asunder!

But as Westby Gibson, the peasant bard of Sherwood, in his fine poem of "Dead Leaves," says,

"Be this as it may, the flow'r and the leaf—
The types of all that is sweet and fair—
Are symbols alike of joy and grief;"

and as such we must accept them.

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There are few who have lived and loved who will accept Coleridge's dictum, that "in nature there is nothing melancholy." It is impossible for those who have suffered—and who has not?—not to perceive evidences of sorrow, although ever counterbalanced by the sunny side in all portions of this mundane sphere. From the grief of man to the decay of the tiniest leaflet, every object in nature wears at times a melancholy hue. It is impossible for the gayest of us not to feel occasionally the shadow,—for us not to mourn for

> "The rich gleaming wreathings,—oh, where are they now?
> The bloom is departed, the beauty is shed;
> All scentless the flower, all sapless the bough,—
> Oh! the glad night is past, and the green leaves are dead."

Yet we should not nurse our melancholy; but as the dead leaves falling from their branches are but proofs of the general and continual rejuvenescent workings of nature, so should we strive to regard our losses and troubles only as proofs of the grand truth that "all things work together for good." With Jean Ingelow let us learn that

> "'T is sometimes natural to be glad,
> And no man can be always sad
> Unless he wills to have it so."

A bright-minded young poetess, whose premature loss it has already been our melancholy duty to allude to, some few years ago contributed these hopeful and appropriate lines to the pages of a contemporary:

"The withered leaves, trembling, love,
Fall to the ground;
And strewn over all, love,
Lie dying around.
Killed by the frost, love,
The flowers scattered lie;
Their brightness is lost,
And neglected they die.

"The world it looks dreary, love,
And thick falls the rain;
My heart it is weary, love,
My head throbs with pain.
My hopes thickly fall, love,
Like the leaves from a tree;
And I cannot recall
Their beauty to me.

"With thy heart I am blest, love,
So I'll brave the chill rain;
And patiently rest, love,
Till the sun shines again.
And I hope when the Spring, love,
Gives leaves to the tree,
Some flowers it will bring, love,
For you and for me."

ELLA INGRAM.

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HEART'S-EASE.

(THINK OF ME—THOUGHTS.)

"There are pansies: that 's for thoughts."

SHAKSPEARE.

THE *Heart's-ease*, as its French name of *pansy* or *pensee* intimates, is in the language of flowers symbolical of *remembrance*. It is a beautiful variety of the violet, far surpassing that flower in diversity and brilliance of colour, but possessing little, if any, of the exquisite fragrance for which that is so renowned. Although it certainly has so little in the way of perfume to recommend it, its lovely diversification and contrasts of colour, combined with the glossy velvet sheen of its petals, renders it a much-admired floral pet. It appertains to a very extensive family, and is found in many portions of the globe; it grows wild in Japan, Languedoc, Italy, and in our own country, where it is supposed to be indigenous. A very pretty pale yellow variety may often be discovered nestling amid the corn.

"There are pansies: that 's for thoughts."

says Shakspeare, and availing himself of the usual licence of poets, the great bard describes the pansy as originally milk-white, until it got struck by a shaft which that little unbreeched rogue Cupid had aimed at Diana, so that it is now "purple with love's wound."

Mrs. Siddons is said to have been much enamoured of this blossom, and to have used it for edgings to all the borders of her flower-beds. The purchases of these "bright mosaics" were so frequent, that her servant who obtained them for her was known to the surrounding nurserymen by the *soubriquet* of "Heart's-ease."

An amusing story is related in connection with this flower. In 1815, a curé of a small French town gave his pupils as a

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theme for their next exercise the *viola tricolor*, or heart's-ease, and supplied them with the following passage out of Rapin's Latin poem, "The Gardens," as a motto:

"*Flosque Jovis varius, folii tricoloris, et ipsi*
Par violæ."

This circumstance coming to the ears of the mayor, he, with the usual sagacity of such officials, "smelt a rat," and, to make all sure, had the innocent curé apprehended and brought before his worship for examination. Imagine the poor teacher's astonishment when he found what a ludicrous translation of the inoffensive quotation awaited him. The mayor had thus ingeniously construed the words: *Flos Jovis* (Jove's flower) was evidently intended for the flower of the exiled Napoleon; *folii tricoloris* denoted the national three-coloured cockade; whilst *et ipsi par violæ* most decidedly alluded to *le père le violette*, as the ex-emperor was affectionately styled by his partisans, who generally wore those blossoms in their button-holes!

This floral pet, having received much attention from the feminine world, has been very appropriately designated "the ladies' flower," a name which is not the most fanciful that it has acquired, for, to quote once more our great dramatist, maidens call it "love in idleness."

"Three-pretty-faces-under-one-hood" is another of its pretty titles.

A few years since the heart's-ease was a humble little flower quite unknown to floral fame: in the year 1812, however, Lady Mary Bennett, then residing at Walton-on-Thames, entertained a *penchant* for the flower, and had a small garden planted entirely with it. Desirous of pleasing her, the gardener selected the seed of the choicest varieties, and to his pleasurable astonishment, on germinating, the seedlings displayed the most marvellous diversity of beauty and style. Milton's "pansy freaked with jet," and even Shakspeare's purple "love in idleness," were far outshone by these pampered children of Nature. Their breeder proudly displayed his triumphs to fellow-florists, and in a little while the heart's-ease ranked amongst the flowers of fashion. Such are the effects of education!

That quaint old impostor, Culpepper, says, "This is that

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herb which such physicians as are licensed to blaspheme by authority, without danger of having their tongues burned through with a hot iron, called an 'herb of the Trinity.' It is also called by those that are more moderate," he adds, "'Three-faces-in-a-hood;' 'love-in-idleness;' 'call-me-to-you;' and in Sussex we call them 'pancies.'"

Our old writers had many different methods of spelling this flower's name, and Ben Jonson's mode comes nearer the French sound than does the modern style of orthography. He says,

"Now the shining meads
Do boast the paunse, lily, and the rose,
And every flower doth laugh as zephyr blows."

Dryden, translating one of Virgil's "Pastorals," introduces the pansy amongst sweet plants in general, but apparently only to depict its want of fragrance.

"Pansies to please the sight, and cassia sweet to smell,"

he sings; but, though the smaller varieties are scentless, some of the larger ones have a pleasant perfume—scarcely so powerful, however, even to the most sensitive nostrils, as Drayton would have us believe:

"The pansy and the violet here,
As seeming to descend
Both from one root, a very pair,
For sweetness do contend.

"And pointing to a pink to tell
Which bears it, it is loth
To judge it; but replies, for smell,
That it excels them both.

"Wherewith displeased they hang their heads,
So angry soon thy grow,
And from their odoriferous beds
Their sweets at it they throw."

Milton introduces this little favourite into the wreaths brought to Sabrina by the grateful shepherds:

"The shepherds at their festivals
Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays,
And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream,
Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils."

Heart's-ease is not so modern an appellation for this flower as is generally supposed. Bunyan, in his "Pilgrim's Progress," represents the guide as saying to Christiana and her children, of a boy who was singing beside his sheep, "Do you hear him? I will dare to say this boy leads a merrier life, and wears more

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of that herb called heart's-ease in his bosom, than he that is clothed in silk or purple."

Probably no flower has ever been endowed with so many loving names as has this one. In short, as Leigh Hunt—one of its most intense admirers—observes, "The Persians themselves have not a greater number of fond appellations for the rose, than the people of Europe for the heart's-ease. . . . The modern Latin name for it is *Flos Jovis*, or Jove's flower—a cognomen rather too worshipful for its little sparkling delicacy, and more suitable to the greatness of an hydrangea, or to the diadems of a rhododendron.

"'Jove's own flower, that shares the violet's pride,
Its want of scent with triple charms supplied.'

"The name given to it by the Italians is *flammola*, the 'little flame,' at least, this is an appellation with which I have met, and it is quite in the taste of that ardent people. The French call it a *pensée*, 'a thought.' 'There are pansies,' says poor Ophelia: 'that's for thoughts.' Drayton, in his world of luxuries, the 'Muses' Elysium,' where he fairly stifles you with sweets, has given, under this name of it, a very brilliant image of its effect in a wreath of flowers. The nymph says,

"'Amongst these roses in a row,
Next place I pinks in plenty,
These double daisies then for show;
And will not this be dainty?
The pretty pansy then I 'll tye,
Like stones some chain enchasing;
The next to them, their near ally,
The purple violet placing.'

"Another of its names is 'love-in-idleness,' under which it has been again celebrated by Shakspeare, to whom we must always return for anything and everything: his fairies make potent use of it in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream.'

"Besides these names, this tricoloured violet is also called, in various country places, 'Jump-up-and-kiss-me-quick;' 'the herb Trinity;' 'three-faces-under-a-hood;' 'kiss-me-behind-the-garden-gate;' and 'cuddle-me-to-you,' which seems to have been altered by some nice apprehension into the less vivacious request of 'call-me-to-you.'"

Leigh Hunt continually finds occasion to laud his favourite. Thus, in his "Feast of Poets," he entwines it with the vine

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and the bay, in order to form a suitable wreath for Tom Moore's acceptance at the hands of Apollo. In his notes to the poem he says, "For my part, to whom gaiety and companionship are more than ordinarily welcome on many accounts, I cannot but speak with gratitude of this little flower—one of many with which fair and dear friends have adorned my prison-house, and the one which outlasted all the rest."

This same enthusiastic poet, in his "Descent of Liberty," after depicting several floral beauties, finishes the picture with the pansy:

> "And as proud as all of them
> Bound in one, the garden's gem,
> Heart's-ease, like a gallant bold,
> In his cloth of purple and gold."

When, in his "History of the Months," after enumerating various blossoms, he comes to his invariable pet, he is unable to pass it by without bestowing some endearing name upon it, and so calls it the "sparkler,"—a name which it so truly deserves, that it might well be added to those it now bears, in which it already surpasses a Spanish grandee.

It is said somewhere that the heart's-ease is sacred to Saint Valentine. It must be confessed to be a choice worthy of that amiable and very popular saint; for the flower, like love, is painted in the most brilliant colours, is full of sweet names, and grows alike in the humblest as well as the richest soils. Another point of resemblance, too, may be added: that where it has once taken root, it so pertinaciously perpetuates itself, that it is almost impossible to eradicate it.

The celebrated Quesnay, founder of the Economists, was styled his *thinker* by Louis XV., whose physician he was. The French monarch, in order to manifest the great regard he had for this nobleman, devised for him a coat of arms bearing three flowers of the *pensée*.

Miss Pratt, alluding to the symbolism of this flower, remarks that whilst its familiar name of heart's-ease renders it a pleasing emblem to us, to our Gallic brethren its name of "thought" presents a sad one. "May they be far from thee," is a motto affixed to the little painted group of pansies mingled with marygolds, called *soucis*, cares, which is sometimes given as an offering of friendship by a French lady.

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BASIL.

(HATRED.)

THIS plant derives its name from a Greek word signifying *royal.* It is generally called "sweet basil;" and why so odoriferous a herb should have become the symbol of *hatred* it is difficult to imagine. Some say because, at times, the ancients represented Poverty by the figure of a female covered with rags, and seated by a plant of basil.

These sweet-scented herbs are chiefly natives of the East Indies, where their seeds are deemed efficacious against the poison of serpents. In Persia, where it is called *rayhan,*

"The basil tuft that waves
Its fragrant blossom over graves,"

is generally found in churchyards.

We read, in Maillet's "Letters," that the Egyptian women go, at least two days in the week, to pray and weep at the sepulchres of the dead; and the custom there is to throw upon the tombs a sort of herb, which the Arabs call *rihan,* and which is our sweet basil. By the Hindoos the basil is highly venerated; they call it "holy shrub," and have named after it a sacred grove of their Parnassus, on the banks of the Yamuna.

In a beautiful poem by Shelley, this plant is alluded to as a token flower:

"Madonna, wherefore hast thou sent to me
Sweet basil and mignonette?
Embleming love and health, which never yet
In the same wreath might be.
Alas, and they are wet!
Is it with thy kisses or thy tears?
For never rain or dew
Such fragrance drew
From plant or flower."

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It has been suggested as the reason for Boccaccio's selecting the basil to shade the terrible relic which Isabella so lovingly preserved, that it might have formerly been the custom in Italy to use it in decorating tombs and graves; but it is more probable that the author of the "Decameron," obtained the allusion to the herb where he got so many of his stories from —the East.

Keats and Barry Cornwall have both contributed, by their exquisite poetical rendering of the story, to make it familiar to English readers.

The latter, unlike Boccaccio, does not make the unhappy heroine preserve her lover's head, but his heart, which she has enwrapped and embalmed. Keats more closely follows his Italian authority, and makes Isabella bury the head under the fragrant herb—telling how she

> "Hung over her sweet basil evermore,
> And moisten'd it with tears unto the core.
>
> "And so she ever fed it with thin tears,
> Whence thick, and green, and beautiful it grew,
> So that it smelt more balmy than its peers
> Of basil tufts in Florence; for it drew
> Nurture besides, and life, from human fears,
> From the fast-mouldering head there shut from view;
> So that the jewel safely casketed
> Came forth, and in perfumèd leaflets spread."

Some people have tried to connect the name of this plant with the fabulous basilisk, which was supposed to kill with a single glance—whence arose the common saying, that "*Hate* has the eye of a basilisk."

Culpepper, in his quaint old "Herbal," declares that basil is a cure for venomous bites and stings, besides effecting several other wonderful things. "Hilarious," he states, "a French physician, affirms upon his own knowledge, that an acquaintance of his, by common smelling to it, had a scorpion bred in his brain!"

This veracious botanical, medical, and astrological authority furthermore states that "something is the matter; this herb and rue will never grow together—no, nor near one another; and we know rue is as great an enemy to poison as any that grows."

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FORGET-ME-NOT.

"Hope's gentle gem, the sweet forget-me-not."

COLERIDGE.

"The sweet forget-me-nots that grow for happy lovers."

TENNYSON.

A BEAUTIFUL little flower, whose name enfolds no hieroglyphic secret, but whose beloved face of heavenly blue is suggestive of its sorrowful meaning, is the *Forget-me-not.* The German legend that accounts for the poetical appellation by which this tiny floral pet is known, runs thus: "A knight and his betrothed were walking on the banks of the Danube, when the lady espied a bunch of the *Myosotris palustris* (as this blossom is termed by Linnæus) floating away down the stream; and, expressing a wish to possess it, with chivalrous promptitude the mail-clad gallant plunged into the river and grasped the flower; but, alas! encumbered by the weight of his armour, he was unable to remount the slippery bank. Finding himself, despite all his exertions, sinking fast beneath the waters, with a last effort he flung the blossoms ashore to his agonized mistress, crying, ere he sank for ever, 'Forget me not!'"

With such a romantic tragedy attached to it, it is not to be wondered at that this little flower should have been inundated with poetical tributes. Göthe, in one of his melodious lyrics —the spirit of which Lord Francis Gower has well caught and translated into English—addresses the forget-me-not as

"Still the loveliest flower,
The fairest of the fair
Of all that deck my lady's bower,
Or bind her floating hair."

This flower recalls to mind another event connected with the days of chivalry, otherwise than the melancholy one from which it

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takes its suggestive title. When Lord Scales, brother to Elizabeth Woodville, wife of Edward IV., tilted against a French knight of Burgundy, the ladies of the Court playfully presented him with a collar of gold, brilliantly enamelled with these little blossoms, as a fitting reward for an English knight's emprise of arms either on horseback or on foot. This historical incident proves the admiration in which this simple wild flower was held even in olden times.

The forget-me-not flourishes in great luxuriance on the banks of a beautiful rivulet in the vicinity of Luxembourg; and one particular portion of this stream, facing the sunny south, is known by the title of "The Fairies' Bath." Hither in the summer come the young city maidens to hold their merry meetings and dances upon the bloomy sward; and, should any modern Actæon presume to peep through the leafy branches, he may behold them innocently diverting themselves by wreathing garlands of, and crowning each other with, the blue-petalled forget-me-nots that line the brooklet's banks.

In many parts of France this little flower is carefully cultivated for transplantation to the city markets, where its appealing looks readily procure purchasers for it.

The following verses, entitled "Forget me not," appeared some few years ago:

"Dear girl, I send this spray of flowers—
All withered now, once brightest blue—
To call to mind those happy hours,
Those happy hours I pass'd with you.
Forget me not! though others win
The glorious right to call thee 'theirs;'
Forget me not! that might have been
The answer to my fervid prayers.

"For I have had thy hand in mine,
And once our ways in life seem'd blended;
And once I thought our loves might twine,
But now, alas! that dream is ended.
Forget me not! for I am lonely,
And stranded on Life's desert shore;
Forget me not!—I ask that only—
For now our paths may meet no more.

"Could I but think you don't forget,
Though all my hopes of life should perish,
I 'd pass them by without regret,
So that *that* thought I still might cherish.

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Forget me not! 't is all I ask,
And though thy hand may be another's,
I 'll wear upon my face a mask
Of smiles to hide the grief it covers.

"Let, then, these wither'd flowers recall
Each broken link of Mem'ry's chain;
And from the Past's dim haunted hall
Those happy hours bring back again.
Forget me not! mine only love—
Ah! would indeed that you were *mine!*
Forget me not! my long-lost dove,
In dreams my heart will beat next thine!"

JOHN INGRAM.

"It is said," remarks Miss Pratt, in her "Flowers and their Associations," "that after the battle of Waterloo an immense quantity of forget-me-nots sprang up upon different parts of the soil, enriched by the blood of heroes. . . A poet might say," adds the lady, "that the appearance of such a flower in this memorable spot seemed to ask that we should not soon forget those who perished on the field."

This little floral pet, which Coleridge aptly calls

"That blue and bright-eyed flow'ret of the brook,
Hope's gentle gem, the sweet forget-me-not,"

is greatly beloved by the Germans, who are very fond of growing it upon the graves of their deceased darlings. When it is taken from its native brook, however, and planted in a dry situation, its looks alter considerably, but withal it continues a pretty blossom.

Tennyson, in his poem of the "Miller's Daughter," when he would "make a garland for the heart," asks Alice

"To sing that other song I made,
Half-anger'd with my happy lot,
The day when in the chestnut shade
I found the blue forget-me-not."

And Alice sings,

"Love that hath us in the net,
Can he pass, and we forget?
Many suns arise and set,
Many a chance the years beget,
Love the gift is love the debt.
Even so.

"Love is hurt with jar and fret,
Love is made a vague regret.
Eyes with idle tears are wet,
Idle habit links us yet.
What is love? for we forget!
Ah! no, no!"

Agnes Strickland relates that Henry of Lancaster during

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his exile adopted this blossom as his emblem, with the motto *Souveigne vous de moi.*

The following lines appeared in the "New Monthly Magazine" some years ago, and were addressed to a young lady, who, on the author handing her into a carriage, held out at the window a bouquet which he had presented to her, and which was chiefly composed of forget-me-nots:

"I culled each flow'ret for my fair,
The wild thyme and the heather bell;
And round them twined a tendril rare—
She said the posy pleased her well.
But of the flowers that deck the field,
Or grace the garden of the cot,
Though others richer perfumes yield,
The sweetest is forget-me-not.

"We roamed the mead, we climbed the hill,
We rambled o'er the breckan brae;
The trees that crowned the mossy rill,
They screened us from the glare of day.
She said she loved the sylvan bower,
Was charmed with ev'ry rural spot;
And when arrived the parting hour,
Her last words were 'forget me not!'"

The subject more than the treatment of this simply lay has secured it a place in this floral casket; but a brighter and more precious gem shall now be set herein. This pathetic and original poem, entitled "Can you forget me?" was contributed to a contemporary annual by L. E. L. Although it does not especially mention the emblem of which this chapter treats, its appropriateness will assuredly be unquestioned.

"Can you forget me? I, who have cherish'd
The veriest trifle that was memory's link;
The roses that you gave me, although perish'd,
Were precious in my sight; they made me think
You took them in their scentless beauty stooping,
From the warm shelter of the garden wall:
Autumn, while into languid Winter drooping,
Gave its last blossoms, opening but to fall.
Can you forget them?

"Can you forget me? I am not relying
On plighted vows—alas! I know their worth.
Man's faith to woman is a trifle, dying
Upon the very breath that gave it birth.

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But I remember hours of quiet gladness,
When if the heart had truth, it spoke it then,
When thoughts would sometimes take a tone of sadness,
And then unconsciously grow glad again.
Can you forget them?

* * * * * *

"There is no truth in love, whate'er its seeming,
And heaven itself could scarcely seem more true;
Sadly have I awakened from the dreaming,
Whose charmed slumber, false one, was of you.
I gave mine inmost being to thy keeping,
I had no thought I did not seek to share;
Feelings that hushed within my soul were sleeping,
Waked into voice to trust them to thy care.
Can you forget them?

"Can you forget me? This is vainly tasking
The faithless heart where I, alas! am not.
Too well I know the idleness of asking—
The misery—of why I am forgot!
The happy hours that I have pass'd while kneeling,
Half-slave, half-child, to gaze upon thy face—
But what to thee this passionate appealing?
Let my heart break—it is a common case.
You have forgotten me!"

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APPLE-BLOSSOM.

(PREFERENCE.)

AN experienced florigraphist has styled the *Apple-blossom* the emblem of *preference*, because, not only is it a very lovely flower, but, as the predecessor of fine and useful fruit, it may be preferred to the rose itself. The *apple* singly is deemed typical of *temptation*, undoubtedly from the curious legend which connects it with the first transgression and fall of man, a legend which figures alike in most of the ancient mythologies of which any vestiges are extant. Many believe the golden fruit of the Hesperides—

> "The fruits of blooming gold,
> Beyond the sounding ocean: the fair trees
> Of golden fruitage,"

the obtaining of which was one of the twelve labours appointed for Hercules—to have been nothing more than apples; but modern opinion inclines to the idea that oranges were the dragon-guarded dainties. The Thebans worshipped Hercules under the name of Melius, and offered apples at his altars. This custom was said to have originated in the following manner: The river Asopus having on one occasion overflowed its banks to such an extent as to render it impossible to bring across it a sheep which was to be sacrificed to Hercules, some youths, recollecting that an apple bore the same name as a sheep —*mēlon*—offered an apple, with four little sticks stuck in it to resemble legs, as a substitute for a sheep; and after that period the pagans always considered the apple as especially devoted to Hercules. This tree was highly reverenced by the Druids, not only on account of its fruit, but, and chiefly, for the reason that they believed it and the oak were the only trees on which the mistletoe grew. In consequence of its reputed sanctity, therefore, the apple was largely cultivated by the earliest in-

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habitants of this island of whom any records exist; and Glastonbury, that town so frequently alluded to in floral history, was known as the "apple-orchard," from the quantity of that fruit grown there previous to the Roman invasion.

Many ancient rites and ceremonies connected with this holy tree are still practised in different portions of the country. In certain parts of Devonshire, on Twelfth-night or Old Christmas-eve, the farmer, accompanied by his men, takes a large pitcher of cider into the orchard, and there, after reverently saluting some of the largest trees, they proceed to the one reputed to be the best bearer of fruit, and, encircling it, they raise their voices like the bards of yore, and as they dance round it, chant this toast three times:

"Here's to thee, old apple-tree!
Hence thou may'st bud, and whence thou may'st blow!
And whence thou may'st bear apples enow!
Hats full! caps full!
Bushel, bushel, sacks full,
And my pockets full too! Hurra!"

Many country folks believe that if they neglected this custom —evidently a relic of paganism—the trees would bear no fruit during the ensuing year.

In the Scandinavian mythology this tree played an important part. In the "Edda," the goddess Iduna is related to have had charge of the apples which had the power of conferring immortality, and which, in consequence of their miraculous property, were especially retained for the gods to eat when they felt themselves growing old. The evil spirit, Loke, carried off Iduna and the wonderful apple-tree, and hid them away in a forest where the deities were unable to find them. The results of this spiteful theft were that everything went wrong, both in the realms mundane and divine. The gods grew old and infirm, and, becoming enfeebled in mind and body, were no longer able to regulate the affairs of the earth; and mortals, no longer having any one to look after them, fell into evil ways, and became a prey to the evil spirit. Affairs grew worse daily, until the gods, combining the remains of their strength, overcame Loke, and compelled him to restore the stolen apple-tree.

Many curious customs connected with this fruit are fast dying out, and ere long will be talked of as relics of the past.

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Roasted apples formed an important item in the delicious compound which, under the title of wassail-bowl, was such a famed beverage with our ancestors. The ludicrous practice of "bobbing" for apples on Allhallow-e'en, on All Saints Day, and at other specified times, is nearly obsolete. Formerly, the first day of November was dedicated to the titular saint of fruit and seeds, and was called *La Mas Ubhal*, or the "day of the apple." This name being pronounced *lamasool*, got corrupted, says Vallance, into Lamb's Wool, the name given in some parts to a bowl of spiced ale containing roasted apples, and which is drunk on the last night in October. An ancient charm, practised by village maidens, was, on a certain particularized night, to take a candle and go alone into a room, look into a looking-glass, and eat an apple in front of it, when she would behold in the glass the reflection of her husband *to be*, peeping over her shoulder.

It was once usual for apples to be blessed by priests on the 25th of July; and in the manual of the church of Sarum is preserved an especial form for this purpose.

The Romans highly valued this tree for its ornamental effect, deeming, and with justice, that the earliness and beauty of its blossoms, as also the brilliant hues of its fruit, rendered it a desirable addition to the splendour of their gardens. The author of the "Poetry of Gardening" pleads hard for their re-admission into the flower-garden, remarking truthfully that those who have seen the hanging orchards of Lanark,—

"Clydesdale's apple-bowers,"

in the end of the merry month of May, or the tamer beauties of the cider counties of England, may well regret the edict of modern taste, that banishes such beautiful nosegays from the spring, *because* of their almost equal beauties in autumn. Surely we might, with the best effect, recall from the slovenly orchard, and the four unpoetical walls of the kitchen-garden some of those fruit-trees which graced the gardens of antiquity.

L. E. L. did not overlook the beauty of the apple-blossom, as these lines testify:

"Of all the months that fill the year,
Give April's month to me,
For earth and sky are then so filled
With sweet variety!

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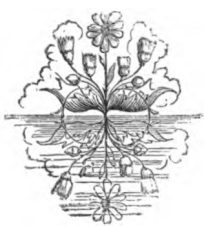
"The apple-blossoms' shower of pearl,
Though blent with rosier hue—
As beautiful as woman's blush,
As evanescent too.

"On every bough there is a bud,
In every bud a flower;
But scarcely bud or flower will last
Beyond the present hour.

"Now comes a shower cloud o'er the sky,
Then all again sunshine;
Then clouds again, but brightened with
The rainbow's coloured line.

"Ay, this, this is the month for me!
I could not love a scene
Where the blue sky was always blue,
The green earth always green."



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ACANTHUS.

(THE ARTS.)

"A woven acanthus wreath divine."

TENNYSON.

THE *Acanthus* is a native of hot countries, and, being unable to endure the variableness of this climate, is only permitted entrance into this floral bouquet on account of its classic and artistic associations.

This elegant representative of the arts was a great favourite with the Greeks, who frequently made use of its graceful form for architectural and other ornamental purposes: as is well known, it makes the principal decoration of the Corinthian column; the idea of which is reported by tradition—that unwearied tattler—to have been suggested to Callimachus, a famous architect, by the accidental sight of a basket overgrown by acanthus with a tile on it.

The story tells us that a basket containing some treasured relics, and covered with a tile, had been placed by mourning friends upon a young girl's grave, as a kind of *memento mori;* an acanthus plant grew up beneath the basket, and its leaves spread all round, but, impeded by the tile, curled gracefully back. The architect, passing by the tomb, was attracted by the elegance of the untrained decoration, and, having some columns to design for an edifice in Corinth, imitated the form of the basket for the pillars, and formed the capitals in the manner of the curved acanthus. Thus, indeed, Vitruvius records the legend.

The discerning Greeks continually availed themselves of the "woven acanthus wreath," to adorn their buildings, their furniture, their ornaments, and even their clothes; and in this they were subsequently imitated by their Roman conquerors. Theocritus, speaking of a pastoral prize cup, says,

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"All about the cup a crust was raised
Of soft acanthus."

Virgil very frequently alludes to this plant, and mentions it as forming the pattern embroidered on a mantle belonging to that immortal beauty, Helen of Troy; elsewhere, the same author styles it "the smiling acanthus," and says it is one of those plants which the earth produces without culture. He likewise tells us that the handles of Alcimedon's cup were enwreathed with acanthus, and finally places it amongst the herbs and flowers that grew in the garden of an acquaintance of his, "An old Corycian swain . . . lord of few acres, and those barren too," but which, by dint of hard labour, the worthy ancient turned into a perfect terrestrial Paradise. Right well has this plant been chosen as an emblem of the arts, for, like Genius their creator, the more obstacles that are placed in its way, the more vigorously does it grow, and the more gracefully do its leaves curve, as if exalted and invigorated by the opposition which it encounters.

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EVENING PRIMROSE.

(SILENT LOVE.)

"Love us as emblems, night's dewy flowers."

Mrs. HEMANS.

THE *Evening Primrose*, emblematic of *silent love*, does not unclose her cup of paly gold until her lowly sisters are rocked into a balmy slumber, and until

> " The moon
> Lifts up Night's curtains, and with visage mild
> Smiles on the beauteous Earth, her sleeping child."

This pallid yellow blossom and her favourite midnight haunts are thus interestingly described in a botanical paper of an old number of the " Family Friend," and the description is too pretty to be deemed inappropriate to our purpose: " She loves to look the pale moon in the face, and often in the witching hour of deep midnight, when stars keep their watch on high, you may see the hospitable plant surrounded by such insects as avoid the light of day—warmly-coated moths, and beetles of various kinds, which resort to her for their nightly banquet. Associated with much poetry and many legends, this favourite flower grows luxuriantly, and attains to the height of several feet in a wild part of the Vale of Clwyd, on the roadside between Denbigh and Ruthin, as also in many sites of historic interest in various parts of Britain . . . but nowhere so abundantly as in the Vale of Clwyd, with its rushing stream, and trees swaying in the wind, discovering, as the branches wave and bend, the tower of old Ruthven in the clear cold moonbeams. Those towers look well when seen from the lone spot where grows the evening primrose: time has laid them

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waste, and the halls are roofless. . . . Here, then, in one of the wildest parts of Denbighshire, the evening primrose unfolds her large and fragrant flowers. Often, too, when the nights are dark, and not the slightest breath of air is stirring, her petals emit a mild phosphoric light, and look as illuminated for a holiday. Every part is consequently rendered visible; and he who does not fear to be out in her wild and lonely growing-place, may see a variety of nocturnal ephemera and insects hovering around the lighted petals or sipping at the vegetable fountains, while others rest among the branches, or hurry up the stems as if fearing to be too late. The phosphorescent light thus kindled answers, without doubt, the purpose of a lamp, to guide the steps or flight of innumerable living creatures that love the night; and this is the more essential, because flowers of all kinds are generally closed."

The evening primrose is dedicated by Roman Catholics to St. Elizabeth, Queen of Portugal. It has not elicited so many poetical addresses as its sister of the day, yet has not been quite overlooked. Keats mused thus on

> "A tuft of evening primroses,
> O'er which the mind may hover till it dozes;
> O'er which it well might take a pleasant sleep,
> But that 't is ever startled by the leap
> Of buds into ripe flowers."

In these lines the observant poet has alluded to a singular floral phenomenon appertaining to this plant. The petals of its flower open in a remarkable way. The upper extremities of the calyx are furnished with little hooks, by means of which the blossom is held together before expansion. The divisions of the calyx, or cup, open gradually at the lower part, and show the yellow flower, which continues for some time closed at the upper part, by the hooks. The blossom suddenly expands about half-way, and then stops; then gradually dilates, until finally it completes its expansion with a violent explosion. Half an hour is sometimes required to complete this singular operation, which may be witnessed any summer evening, about six o'clock being the general time of the flower's opening; and soil and weather permitting, its periodic movements vary very slightly. It has a faint agreeable odour, which is alluded to in these lines:

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"Let every pale night-scented flower,
Sad emblem of passion forlorn,
Resign its appropriate hour
To enhance the rich breath of the morn.

"All that art or that nature can find,
Not half so delightful would prove,
Nor their sweets altogether combined
Half so sweet as the breath of my love."

The large-flowered evening primrose, typical of *inconstancy*, is a native of Virginia. Notwithstanding its unstable character, it is a great favourite with florists.

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THYME.

(ACTIVITY.)

"The bees on the bells of thyme."

SHELLEY.

"PUN-PROVOKING *Thyme*," as Shenstone wittily calls this herb of classic fame, has been made the symbol of *activity*, because its fragrant flowers are ever busy with "the murmuring hum of innumerable bees." In his poem of "The Bees," Rucellai even goes so far as to say that "Nature made it on purpose for them to make honey of."

In the days of chivalry, when activity was deemed almost as desirable a quality as courage, ladies were accustomed to embroider their knightly lovers' scarves with the figure of a bee hovering about a sprig of thyme, a gentle hint that those who would enjoy the sweets of love should not neglect the constant attentions which it demands.

The fragrance of thyme is proverbial, and a stroll in the morning over

"Airy downs and gentle hills,
O'er grass with thyme bespread,"

causes the delicious odours to rise round one in clouds of perfume, and makes one no longer wonder that the Fairy King's musical hounds should forsake the richest garden blooms, in order to hunt for the golden dew in the flowery tufts of thyme. Well may Armstrong direct those in search of health to spots where

"Thyme, the loved of bees, perfumes the air."

How invigorating to ramble across fields begemmed and odoriferous with the crisp elastic tufts of this bonnie plant! or,

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in the sunny summer-time, to recline upon some such scented "bank whereon the wild thyme blows" as Shakspeare wist of! When the Greeks wished especially to compliment an author upon the Attic elegance of his style, they said it "smelt of thyme," because the aromatic flavour of their honey, of which they were so fond, was said to be produced by the bees that had fed upon that herb, with which Mount Hymettus was covered.

Wild thyme still grows in richest profusion over the hills and glens of Greece.

When Shelley wished to portray the magical effects of Pan's music upon surrounding nature, he could not have made the god utter anything more expressive than that

> "The bees on the bells of thyme
> * * * * * *
> Were as silent as ever old Tmolus was,
> Listening to my sweet pipings."

Lord Bacon appears to have entertained a great fondness for the fragrance of these delicious herbs, and, in his exquisite "Essay on Gardening," bids us "set whole alleys of them, to have the pleasure, when you walk or tread," of inhaling the perfume which your foot crushes out of their bloom. And again, he remarks, "I like also little heaps in the nature of mole-hills (such as are in *wild* heaths) to be set with wild thyme."

Lemon Thyme, although preferable for culinary purposes, is not so odoriferous as the uncultivated kind.

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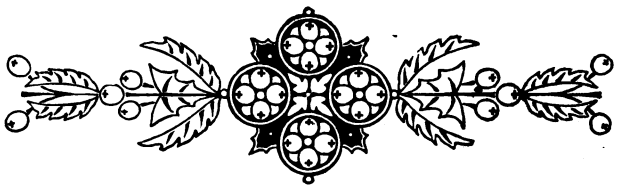

CYPRESS.

(MOURNING.)

"The cypress is the emblem of mourning."

SHAKSPEARE.

IN every country and from the earliest ages the *Cypress* has been ever deemed the emblem of *mourning;* and the reason is not difficult to imagine. Where the gloomy foliage of this doleful-looking tree meets the view, that sympathetic bond which unites man with nature excites melancholy feelings, and makes the beholder intuitively aware that the sombre shadows trailing round these impenetrable branches are really associated with the saddening thoughts he entertains.

No one can be surprised that our earliest ancestors selected so doleful a looking tree to symbolize their grief, or even that it is still used as a funereal sign. Ancient writers, ever ready to seize upon and convert to their own purposes the peculiarities of nature, were not long in fashioning a pretty fable to account for the dismal hue of the cypress. According to Ovid, this tree was named after Cyparissus, an especial favourite of Apollo. This feeling youth, having accidentally slain his darling stag, was so sorrow-stricken that he besought the gods to doom his life to everlasting gloom; and they, in compliance with his request, transformed him into a cypress-tree.

"When, lost in tears, the blood his veins forsakes,
His every limb a grassy hue partakes;
His flowing tresses, stiff and bushy grown,
Point to the stars, and taper to a cone.
Apollo thus: 'Ah! youth, beloved in vain,
Long shall thy boughs the gloom I feel retain:
Henceforth, when mourners grieve, their grief to share,
Emblem of woe, the cypress shall be there."

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CYPRUS.

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And emblem of woe the tree has been ever since. Lucan tells us of

"The cypress by the noble mourner worn."

Virgil invariably introduces it into the burial rites of his heroes; he describes "the sweet cypress" as "sign of deadly bale." Tasso, who also designated this tree "the funereal cypress," remarks that at Dudon's burial,

"Of cypress sad a pile his friends compose,
Under a hill o'ergrown with cedars tall;
Beside the hearse a fruitful palm-tree grows
(Ennobled since by this great funeral),
Where Dudon's corpse they softly laid in ground."

Statius also alludes to its being thus used at burials; and in the Italian Arcadia, the shepherd bids his friend perform the last pious offices for him, and "make me a tomb amongst cypresses." Spenser, lamenting the loss of Sir Philip Sidney, requests

"Instead of garlands, wear sad cypress now;"

and again, in his "Faërie Queen," amongst other gloomy emblems, he says,

"There mournful cypress grew."

Shakspeare several times alludes to its ominous character; and in the Second Part of "Henry VI.," the Earl of Suffolk, when invoking curses upon his enemies, would have

"Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress-trees."

Cowley, in his lines to the memory of Mrs. Hervey, refers to its mythological origin as well as its inauspicious reputation.

In turning to modern poets, one finds no lack of references to the melancholy omen of this tree. Sir Walter Scott leads the sad procession with a doleful song:

"O lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress-tree."

Byron beautifully terms it that

"Dark tree! still sad when other's grief is fled,
The only *constant* mourner o'er the dead."

Robert Montgomery deemed its associations too sombre even for death:

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"And oft the living, by affection led,
Were wont to walk in spirit with their dead,
Where no dark cypress cast a doleful gloom,
Nor blighting yew shed poison o'er the tomb;
But, white and red with intermingling flowers,
Green myrtle fenced it, and beyond their bound
Ran the clear rill with ever-murmuring sound."

Shelley does not overlook the melancholy customs connected with the cypress, and makes us dread the fate of that unwept, lovely youth whom no mourning maidens decked

"With weeping flowers, or votive cypress wreath,
The lone couch of his everlasting sleep."

Last, but not least of the tuneful quire who hang *their* votive wreaths upon the dark urn of the buried Past, is Eliza Cook, and in her thoroughly symbolic poem of "The Wreaths," she enters thus poetically into the typical spirit of this funereal plant:

"Who wears the cypress, dark and drear?
The one who is shedding the mourner's tear:
The gloomy branch for ever twines
Round foreheads graved with Sorrow's lines.
'T is the type of a sad and lonely heart,
That hath seen its dearest hopes depart.
Oh! who can like the chaplet band
That is wove by Melancholy's hand?"

By the Greeks and Romans the cypress was consecrated to the Fates, the Furies, to Pluto and Proserpine, and was planted by them around graves.

The tree still retains its melancholy interest, and as a cemetery decoration is yet used in all countries pretending to civilization. In Mahommedan "Cities of the Dead," as they poetically style their places of burial, the cypress is ever prominent, and is frequently planted not only at the head and foot, but often upon the grave itself. Large groves of these trees are carefully cultivated, in order to supply mourners with them when required. Even in Japan the cypress expresses a similar sombre idea as with Europeans, and the native churches there are said to be generally surrounded by alleys of cypresses.

When death was in the dwelling, the ancients were accustomed to place cypress either before the house or in the vestibule, so that no person about to perform any sacred rites

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might enter a place polluted with a dead body. It has been stated that the cypress was selected for these melancholy occasions, because this tree, being once cut down, never springs up again; but, as Evelyn very justly observes, this view would render it an improper emblem for a Christian country. "The use of evergreens," he remarks, "is yet not uncommon amongst us; but they are supposed to be significant of immortality, at the same time that their balsamic scent guards the attendants against the infection to be apprehended."

It has been noticed by a distinguished floral writer, that those various plants used upon these sad occasions are almost invariably fragrant and powerful, although not always sweet-scented, as for instance, yew, rosemary, basil, and others.

The fragrance of the cypress is an old theme with the poets —those illustrators of all natural secrets. Homer alludes to this pleasant odour, when in the fifth book of his "Odyssey" he describes the cave of Calypso; and Theocritus talks of "odorous cypresses." Virgil, and other later poets, repeatedly call it "the sweet cypress." The balsamic scent of its timber formerly caused it to be held in great repute, and chips of it were, as Evelyn remarks, frequently used to flavour wine with. Miller says, "This tree is recommended by many learned authors for the improvement of the air, and as a specific for the lungs, as sending forth quantities of aromatic scents; wherefore many of the ancient physicians of the Eastern countries used to send their patients who were troubled with weak lungs to the island of Candia, which at that time abounded with these trees."

This island is yet famous for its cypresses, and there, as also in Malta, they are much used for buildings—a purpose for which their marvellous durability eminently fits them. The bridge built by Semiramis over the Euphrates was of this wood; and so satisfied was Plato with its hardness and imperishableness, that he had the laws engraved upon tablets of cypress in preference to brass itself. Pliny relates that the statue of Jupiter in the Capitol, made of this wood in the year of Rome 661, was sound in his time; whilst, in proof of the immense age which the tree attains, he says that some then in Rome were more ancient than the city itself. Several fine lofty cypresses are said to be still growing in the gardens

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of a palace in Grenada, that were large trees in the reign of Ardeli, the last Moorish monarch in Spain. These famous trees are known as *Los Cypresses de la Reina Sultana*, or the Queen's Cypresses, because under their shade the slandered princess was accused of having entertained her lover, Abencerrage.

Evelyn goes into a long description of the manifold purposes to which the seeming imperishable wood of this tree has been put. "It was used for harps and divers other musical instruments," he remarks, "it being a sonorous wood, and therefore employed for organ-pipes; resisting the worm, moth, and all putrefaction to eternity. What the uses of this timber are," he adds, "the Venetians sufficiently understood, who did every twentieth year, and oftener (the Romans every thirteenth), make a considerable revenue of it out of Candy; and certainly a very gainful commodity it was, when the fell of a plantation of cypresses was reputed a good portion for a daughter, and the plantation itself called *Das filiæ*. But there was in Candy a vast wood of these trees belonging to the Republic, by malice or accident, or perhaps by solar heat, set on fire, which—beginning *anno* 1400—continued burning for seven years before it could be extinguished, being fed for so long a space by the unctuous nature of the timber. . . . . Formerly the valves of St. Peter's Church were formed of this material, which lasted from the great Constantine to Pope Eugenius IV.'s time—eleven hundred years—and then were found as fresh and entire as if they had been new. But this Pope would needs change them for gates of brass, which were cast by the famous Antonio Philarete: not, in my opinion, so venerable as those of cypress."

Thucydides states that the Athenians buried their heroes in coffins of this wood; whilst the apparently indestructible chests in which the Egyptians placed their mummies are of the same material, and they have doubtless lain in their resting-places for thousands of years. Vitruvius and Martial have celebrated the durability and beauty of this timber: the wild cypress especially was admired for this latter quality; its roots were deemed incomparable for their crisped undulations. It was in great request amongst the Romans for beds and tables, and, as such, Lucan is supposed to have alluded to it in his "Pharsalia."

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It has been observed that no other tree blends so well with stone buildings. Byron tells of

"The cypress saddening by the sacred mosques;"

and Dallaway describes the Seraglio at Constantinople, as encircled with embattled walls, with its domes and kiosques clustered in splendid confusion, and intermixed with gigantic cypresses, rising in the sea from an elevation which Nature seems to have intended for the seat of dominion over the whole world.

Homer and Virgil frequently refer to the wood of this tree being used for building purposes; and they, and many other ancient and modern poets, allude to its pyramidal form, but none more beautifully than Shelley:

"Thence to a lonely dwelling, where the shore
Is shadowed with steep rocks, and cypresses
Cleave with their dark green cones the silent skies,
And with their shadows the clear depths below."

Kirchmann says that its use amongst the ancients was a sign that the house was *funesta*, or afflicted with death, for the reason that slips from it will not grow; whilst Horace observes that of all the trees you plant, none will follow its brief master but the hated cypress. Evelyn desires his readers not to "despair of the resurrection of a cypress subverted by the wind, for some have redressed themselves; and one (as Tiphilinus mentions) rose the next day, which happening about the reign of the Emperor Vespasian, was esteemed a happy omen!"

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St. John's Wort.

(SUPERSTITION.)

"I must gather the mystic St. John's wort to-night,
The wonderful herb whose leaf will decide
If the coming year shall make me a bride."

From the German.

THIS bright yellow blossom, with its glittering golden stamens, is very well known by its generic name of *hypericum*, but as the floral symbol of *superstition*, its old English appellation of *St. John's wort* seems most appropriate. In the earliest records of the wonderful properties assigned to this world-renowned emblem, it is styled *fuga dæmonum*, or *devil's flight*, because the virtue was ascribed to it of frightening away "auld Hornie," and all his mischievous crew, of defending folks from spectres, and of generally putting all evil-disposed apparitions to the rout. "For the same reason," says one florigraphical authority, "it was also called *sol terristris*, or the 'terrestrial sun,' because the spirits of darkness were believed to vanish at the approach of that luminary." To the peasantry of France, and of the less educated countries of Germany, this flower is still endowed with marvellous qualities; and on the nativity of St. John the Baptist—that is to say, on the 24th of June—it is customary for the villagers to gather and hang over the cottage doors and windows some of these blossoms, in the belief that its sanctity will deter malevolent spirits from entering the abode, and will also propitiate their patron saint in favour of the inmates.

In Scotland this plant is still carried about as a charm against witchcraft and enchantment; and in some out-of-the-way parts the people fancy that it cures ropy milk, which, they suppose, is under some malignant influence. Sir Walter Scott's ballad, "The Eve of Saint John," is a good illustration

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of the strong superstitious feeling with which this noted day was formerly regarded.

Miss Pratt, in one of her charming botanical works, alluding to the customs yet practised upon St. John's Day, remarks that "in Lorraine no persuasions will induce the peasant to cut down his grass until the arrival of this day, however the sun may have prepared it for the scythe; while it matters not that the season be retarded, no event is allowed to delay the commencement of haying at this period."

It is generally believed in the Levant that on the anniversary of this sacred day the plague will disappear from the country, and more than one sad disappointment has not served to eradicate the persuasion from the Greek mind.

In many continental places rural festivities and customs, similar to those practised on Allhallow's-eve by the Scotch, are celebrated on this day. So wide-spread and deep-rooted a superstition as is this undoubtedly points to a very ancient but common origin—one, indeed, far older than that supposed by Miss Pratt, who deems these practices were founded on a strange misapprehension of the Scriptural words which likened St. John to a burning and shining light. That lady, in support of her theory, instances the blazing bonfires which—like those of Baal—were formerly built upon the vigil of the saint, and round which danced youths and maidens, wreathed with vervain and St. John's wort—as even were the Druidic worshippers of times long anterior—bunches of which symbolic flowers they flung into the flames, at the same time that they fervently invoked St. John, and besought Heaven to render the coming year more bountiful with good gifts, and more sparing of sorrows, than the one departing had been. "In London," Miss Pratt remarks, "in addition to the bonfires, the festival was signified by every man's door being shaded with green birch, long fennel, St. John's wort, orpine, white lilies, and other typical plants, and ornamented with garlands of beautiful flowers."

Another remarkable quality ascribed to this plant by our ancestors was the power it possessed of curing all sorts of wounds, and in this belief, doubtless, originated its name of *tutsan*, an evident corruption of its French cognomen, *la toute saine*, or all-heal. The common perforated St. John's wort was

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also formerly called "the balm of the warrior's wound," and "the herb of war," in allusion not merely to its presumed healing powers, but also to the little dots on the leaves, which look like small holes. As the poet sings,

> "Hypericum was there, the herb of war,
> Pierced through with wounds, and marked with many a scar."

The utility of this plant in the cure of wounds was not altogether imaginary, and although more powerful agents have now taken its place, it is still used in some medicines on account of its balsamic qualities, and its flowers still supply a fine purple dye with which oils and spirits are coloured.

The authoress of "Flora Domestica" says that, as the flowers rubbed between the fingers yield a red juice, the plant has also been styled amongst fanciful medical writers *sanguis hominis*, or human blood. Some species of the hypericum are noted for their remarkable fulness of blossom, and as such they have obtained the notice of Cowper:

> "Hypericum, all bloom, so thick a swarm
> Of flowers, like flies, clothing its slender rods,
> That scarce a leaf appears."

After this profusion of blossom has died away, the plant bears a number of reddish-tinted berries, with an odour which has been aptly compared to that of rosin.

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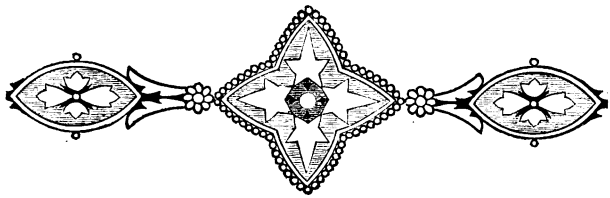

MARVEL OF PERU.

(TIMIDITY.)

"As sacred as the light
She fears to perfume, perfuming the night."

EDGAR A. POE.

THE *belle of the night*, as the gallant French have prettily named this sweet emblem of *bashful love*, was christened the *Marvel of Peru*, because of the wonderful diversity of colours in the flowers; although Rousseau, in his "Letters on Botany," avers that it obtained this attractive title from the fact that when it was first brought over from the New World, as people were then fond of designating America, everything was represented as marvellous. "Strange stories," he remarks, "were related of the plants and animals they met with; and those which were sent to Europe had pompous names given to them. One of these is the marvel of Peru, the *only* wonder of which," he remarks, "is the variety of colours in the flower."

Despite the sneers of J. J., this night beauty has other claims upon our admiration besides the astonishing variation of its colours—a variation, however, that of itself is anything but contemptible; for frequently from the same roots may be seen blossoms

"Changing from the splendid rose,
To the pale violet's dejected hue."

But what renders this bashful little floral gem a favourite flower, especially in England, is the fact that it is one of those "plants which wake when others sleep," of which only a very few retain their nocturnal watchfulness in these colder climes, whatever may be their habits in their native tropics. Rare, indeed, amongst us, are those plants of which the poet sings:

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> "Thy flower, her vigil here hath kept
> [illegible] care:
> Though round her [illegible] sleep,
> She watchfully hath [illegible], and wept
> Unto the dewy air."

This true marvel is really one of those flowers which, alone and unobserved, in maidenly shame, seem to wait for the veil of night ere they give way to their feelings and exhale them in sweet aromas. They are, indeed, those timid blooms of night which weep for joy when

> "Soft incense, such
> As steals from herbs 'midst pleasant fields in June,
> Freights the night air."

The ordinary marvel of Peru bedecks itself with a profusion of gay blossoms, which it continually replenishes, in mild seasons retaining its beauty from the beginning of July to the end of October. In warm weather the flowers do not unclose till the evening; but when the days are cooler, and the sun obscured, the timid little blooms keep open the whole day.

The Forked Marvel is a native of Mexico, and its blossoms, which are smaller than those of the other varieties, do not vary in their colour, which is a purple red. It is known in America as the "four-o'clock flower," because of the flower's opening at that time of the day.

The sweet-scented varieties of these flowers have white blossoms, and they, as do the other kinds, remain closed during the day, and keep

> "Their odour to themselves all day,
> But when the sunlight dies away,
> Let the delicious secret out
> To every breeze that roams about."

The odour of these flowers, however, is not admired by every one, since it is of musk, to which many have a decided antipathy.

Mrs. Hemans has left us debtors for the following exquisite discourse with "Night-scented Flowers:"

> "Call back your odours, lonely flowers,
> From the night-wind call them back;
> And fold your leaves till the laughing hours
> Come forth in the sunbeam's track.

"The lark lies couched in her grassy nest,
And the honey-bee is gone,
And all bright things are away to rest;
Why watch ye here alone?

"Nay, let our shadowy beauty bloom
When the stars give quiet light,
And let us offer our faint perfume
On the silent shrine of night.

"Call it not wasted, the scent we lend
To the breeze when no step is nigh:
Oh! thus for ever the earth should send
Her grateful breath on high!

"And love us as emblems, night's dewy flowers,
Of hopes unto sorrow given,
That spring through the gloom of the darkest hours,
Looking alone to heaven."

Phillips has observed that however timid these flowers may appear in the sunshine, at eventide they endure the strongest artificial light as unrepiningly as other *belles* who "shine at the same hour with this emblem of timidity."

Had he been acquainted with its symbolism, what comforting aid could not this little garden blossom have afforded the bashful lover of whom Gerald Massey sweetly sings:

"Yet she weeteth not I love her;
Never dare I tell the sweet
Tale but to the stars above her,
And the flowers that kiss her feet."

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ROSEMARY.

(REMEMBRANCE.)

"There's rosemary for you: that's for remembrance."

SHAKSPEARE.

NUMBERLESS quotations from our older poets might be given to prove that our forefathers invariably adopted *Rosemary* as the symbol of *remembrance;* and as it was once believed to possess the power of improving the memory, and was frequently employed as a means of invigorating the mental faculties, it is presumed, and with some show of probability, that it thus became the emblem of that quality with which it was so frequently associated. Perdita, in the "Winter's Tale," says:

"For you there's rosemary and rue; these keep
Seeming and savour all the winter long:
Grace and remembrance be with you both!"

And then, in Hamlet, as if determined to prove his acquaintance with floral symbolism, Shakspeare makes Ophelia say:

"There's rosemary for you: that's for remembrance.
Pray you, love, remember."

Michael Drayton, in his "Pastorals," also alludes to this emblem in similar terms:

"He from his lass him lavender hath sent,
Showing her love, and doth requital crave;
Him rosemary his sweetheart, whose intent
Is that he her should in remembrance have."

Highly esteemed as this plant was because of its being considered "a comforter of the brain," and a strengthener of mental faculties—and for these reasons deemed typical of that fidelity and devotion to the gentler sex which is presumed to have been a prominent characteristic of the days of chivalry—rose-

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mary was also still more prized as a decoration at bridals and other domestic occasions. It was worn at weddings, remarks Miss Kent, to signify the fidelity of the lovers.

> "Will I be wed this morning,
> Thou shalt not be there, nor once be graced with
> A piece of rosemary,"

remarks one of the characters in "Ram Alley;" and in the "Noble Spanish Soldier" we read:

> "I meet few but are stuck with rosemary: every
> One asked me who was to be married."

It is not only from the pages of poets and literary men generally, however, that these allusions may be culled. Robert Hacket, a whilom celebrated doctor of divinity, in a sermon, which was published in 1607, under the title of "A Marriage Present," thus expatiates upon the powers of rosemary: "It overtoppeth," he says, "all the flowers in the garden boasting man's rule. It helpeth the brain, strengtheneth the memorie, and is very medicinable for the head. Another property of the rosemary is, it affects the heart. Let this *rosmarinus*, this flower of men, ensign of your wisdom, love, and loyaltie, be carried, not only in your hands, but in your hearts and heads."

Rosmarinus, as this plant is botanically styled, signifies the "dew of the sea," and is so called because of its fondness for the sea-beat shores, whence its perfume often greets the mariner as he sails by. Formerly the plant was styled *Rosmarinum coronarium;* "that is to say," observes Lyte, "rosemarie whereof they make crowns and garlands." Frequently, entwined with laurel and myrtle, rosemary was formed into chaplets, with which the principal personages at feasts were crowned. In his "Garden of Flowers," Parkinson, after recounting the numerous symbolic and other uses to which bay-leaves are put, remarks that "Rosemary is almost of as great use as bayes, as well for civil as physical purposes; for civil uses, as all doe know, at weddings, funerals, &c., to bestow among friends."

Respecting its employment at funerals, Mr. Martyn observes that in some parts of England, in his time, it was still customary to distribute it among the company, who frequently threw sprigs of it into the grave. Slips of it were also some-

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times placed within the coffin; and in some secluded villages these innocent customs are still practised. This plant is likewise often planted near or upon graves, to which practice Kirke White thus mournfully refers:

"Come, funeral flower! who lovest to dwell
With the pale corse in lonely tomb,
And throw across the desert gloom
A sweet decaying smell;
Come, press my lips, and lie with me
Beneath the lowly alder-tree,
And we will sleep a pleasant sleep,
And not a care shall dare intrude,
To break the marble solitude,
So peaceful and so deep."

Moore parallels not only this funereal imagery, but also alludes to its perfuming the desert gloom:

"The humble rosemary,
Whose sweets so thanklessly are shed
To scent the desert and the dead."

In the days of yore, rosemary was in great request at Christmas-tide for decorative purposes: the roast beef was crested with bays and rosemary; the flaming tankards were flavoured with sprigs of it, and the liquor stirred with it, in order, as our ancestors fancied, to improve its flavour. One of the mummers attendant upon Father Christmas, who personated New Year's Gift, was represented by a man wearing a blue coat, and holding in his hand a sprig of rosemary. The silvery leaves of this plant mingled well with the glossy holly and yellow-green mistletoe, in decking rooms and churches. Herrick alludes to all these evergreens in the following lines, as also to the custom of replacing them, after a certain time, by others typical of festivals occurring later in the year:

"Down with the rosemary, and so
Down with the baies and mistletoe;
Down with the holly, ivy, all
Wherewith ye deck the Christmas hall;
No one least branch leave there behind,
For look how many leaves there be
Neglected there—maids, 'tend to me—
So many goblins ye shall see."

The common rosemary is supposed to have been introduced into England by the monks, in the gardens of whose monas-

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teries it occupied, on account of its presumed curative powers, a respected position, and received constant care. It was considered very ornamental, and its silvery foliage was a favourite decoration of the garden walls. In Queen Elizabeth's time it grew all over the walls of the gardens at Hampton Court Palace; but now is banished from the flower to the kitchen-garden, and there, indeed, lingers half-neglected. Shenstone thus expresses his indignation at the disrespect paid to rosemary in modern times:

"And here, trim rosemarine, that whilom crown'd
The daintiest garden of the proudest peer,
Ere, driven from its envied site, it found
A sacred shelter for its branches here,
Where, edged with gold, its glittering skirts appear.
Oh, wassail days! Oh, customs meet and well!
Ere this was banished from its lofty sphere:
Simplicity then sought this humble cell,
Nor ever would she more with thane and lordling dwell."

It is a common saying now-a-days, that "in those gardens where the rosemary flourishes the lady rules the roast," or, in other words, "the grey mare is the better horse of the twain."

This plant is often cultivated in cottage-gardens for the bees to resort to, the honey which they extract from it being considered very excellent. The far-famed honey of Narbonne is said to derive its superiority from the abundance of rosemary-bushes in the neighbourhood. The Narbonne almost equals in fame that of Mount Ida, of which Jupiter was so fond.

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CORN.

(ABUNDANCE.)

"How good the God of harvest is to you,
Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields."

THOMSON.

CORN, which is the generic name applied to all kinds of grain suitable for food, is found in nearly every portion of the globe, and yet botanists assure us that it is nowhere to be found in its primitive state, or that any of the various plants which, under the term of *cerealia*, are comprehended in this precious family, will flourish without culture.

Corn, more particularly wheat, is the most valuable of all natural productions; and the country whose soil bears plenteous crops of this in-every-way appropriate symbol of *abundance*, can afford to disregard the pretensions of all rival nations which found their claims to wealth merely upon the strength of their mineral riches.

Ceres was the Goddess of Corn, as indeed her name signifies. She was usually represented as a beautiful woman, crowned with ears of corn, a wheatsheaf at her side, and the Cornucopia, or horn of plenty, in her hand. In commemoration of the abduction of her daughter Proserpine by Pluto, a festival was annually held about the beginning of harvest, and another celebration in remembrance of the search for her at the time of sowing the corn. During the search of Ceres for her daughter, the earth was left quite uncultivated; but on her return she gave instructions to her favourite, Triptolemus, how to cultivate the ground and superintend corn and harvests. Ovid thus describes the affair in his "Metamorphoses:"

"She halts at Athens, dropping like a star,
And to Triptolemus resigns her car.
Parent of seed, she gave him fruitful grain,
And bade him teach to till and plough the main;
The seed to sow, as well in fallow fields,
As where the soil manured a richer harvest yields."

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The matchless wealth of ancient Egypt is supposed to have arisen from its corn. It may be learnt, from the interesting history of Joseph, as well as from the narrative of the ten plagues, how famous Egypt was in those days for its wheat. Some, indeed, believe that country to have been the parent of this species of grain, and certainly the earliest historic allusions to it are in connection with that land, whence, it is conjectured, it spread along the shores of the Mediterranean. Under the wise administration of Joseph, Egypt was able to supply neighbouring nations, in a time of wide-spread famine, with the requisite corn, and in later ages served as a vast granary for the Roman and Eastern empires. The belief that their subjects would not be able to subsist without Egyptian grain is said to have induced the Roman emperors to protect the Nile's fruitful home. This same river, however, which enabled Egypt to feed Rome and Constantinople, the then two most populous cities in the world, sometimes reduced its own inhabitants to the direst extremities; and, as it has been remarked, it is astonishing that the wise foresight which, in fruitful years, had made provision for seasons of sterility, should not have taught the wise politicians to adopt similar precautions against the contingency of the failure of the Nile. Pliny, in his eulogy on the Emperor Trajan, paints in glowing but undoubtedly exaggerated colours, not merely the extremity to which Egypt was reduced by a famine in the reign of that prince, but also the magnificent help which he rendered it. "The Egyptians," says this Latin author, "who gloried that they needed neither sun nor rain to produce their corn, and who believed they might confidently contest the prize of plenty with the most fruitful countries of the world, were condemned to an unexpected drought and a fatal sterility, from the greater part of their territories being deserted and left unwatered by the Nile, whose inundation is the source and standard of their abundance. They then implored that assistance from their prince which they had been accustomed only to expect from their river. The delay of their relief was no longer than that which employed a courier to bring the melancholy news to Rome; and one would have imagined that this misfortune had befallen them only to display with greater lustre the generosity and goodness of Cæsar. It was an ancient and general opinion

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that our city could not subsist without provisions drawn from Egypt. This vain and proud nation boasted that, though conquered, they nevertheless fed their conquerors; that, by means of their river, either abundance or scarcity were entirely at their own disposal. But we have now returned the Nile his own harvests, and given him back the provisions he sent us. Let the Egyptians be, then, convinced by their own experience, that they are not necessary to us, and are only our vassals. Let them know that their ships do not so much bring us the provision we stand in need of, as the tribute which they owe us. And let them never forget that we can do without them, but that they can never do without us. This most fruitful province had been ruined, had it not worn the Roman chains. The Egyptians, in their sovereign, found a deliverer and a father. Astonished at the sight of their granaries filled without any labour of their own, they were at a loss to know to whom they owed this foreign and gratuitous plenty. The famine of a people, though at such a distance from us, though so speedily stopped, served only to let them feel the advantage of living under our empire. The Nile may, in other times, have diffused more plenty in Egypt, but never more glory upon us."

Despite this splendid harangue in favour of foreign despotism, for it was neither more nor less than that, Egypt had every reason to be proud of her productiveness in respect to corn; and that both Rome and Constantinople well knew. It was the accusation brought against St. Athanasius, of his having threatened to impede in future the importation of corn into the latter city from Alexandria, which so greatly incensed the Emperor Constantine against him, that sovereign being well aware how much his capital had to rely upon the grain exported thither from Egypt.

It has been said that an entire straw symbolized *union*, and the breaking of a straw *rupture*. The antiquity of this latter emblem is traced back to a very early period, and from an event recorded by ancient French chroniclers as occurring in 922, in the reign of Charles the Simple, was evidently a customary and well-comprehended mode of procedure at that time. That monarch, defied by his most powerful vassals, and threatened by foreign foes, summoned a meeting of his

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barons at the Champ de Mai, at Soissons. When there, his unruly chieftains, only rendered more audacious by his concessions and promises, boldly upbraided him for his incapacity, and vehemently declared that they would no longer submit to the government of such a king. As a token that they renounced their allegiance, they advanced to the foot of the throne, and angrily breaking the straws which they held, flung them on the ground, and retired; by this act manifesting that all compacts between him and them were broken.

There is a very suggestive story told of an Arab having lost his track in the desert, and, after having passed two days without food, of his having arrived at an oasis frequented by caravans. Starvation stared him in the face: he searched carefully for any vestiges of food, when, to his delight, he perceived a small leathern bag lying on the sand. He believed it contained flour—the staff of life. "God be praised!" he exclaimed, "I am saved!" Hastily untying the bag, he eagerly examined its contents. "Alas!" he cried, "unfortunate wretch that I am! it is only gold-dust!"

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TULIP.

(A DECLARATION OF LOVE.)

THE gaudy *Tulip* has gathered round its vividly gay petals quite a galaxy of anecdotes, more or less reliable. It is sometimes marked in the English language of flowers as indicative of *vanity*, but more generally under its Oriental signification of a *declaration of love*. Its original home is presumed to be Persia, and its name is considered a corruption of the Persian word for turban, to which article of attire it bears no little similitude; a resemblance of which Moore, more than once, has availed himself in his poem of "Lalla Rookh."

Busbeck, the Emperor of Germany's ambassador to the Sultan, in the middle of the sixteenth century, was greatly attracted by the gay colours of this flower, and on his return to his native land, carried some of the bulbs with him. They soon became great favourites with the florists. They were imported into Italy, in 1577 into England, some few years later into France, and ere long were domiciled in nearly every European climate.

Beckman, in his "History of Inventions," gives an account of how, in 1634, one of the most singular manias that has ever deranged the human mind broke forth in Holland. All classes were infected with an extraordinary desire to possess rare specimens of the tulip: not, indeed, in most instances, for love of the flower, but rather with a view to participate in the pecuniary speculations to which it gave rise. For a single bulb, which the Dutch florists had grandiloquently styled *Semper Augustus*, £400, a handsome carriage and pair of horses, with harness complete, is recorded to have been given; it is said that £1,200 was the purchase-money of another; while engage-

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ments to the amount of £5,000 were entered into for a third root of a very peculiar species!

To such an extent did this mania at length extend, that one person, who had possessed an income of more than £3,000 per annum, was reduced to poverty in a few months through speculating in these flowers. A *connoisseur* in these valuables, possessing a very magnificent specimen, heard that there existed one of a similar kind at Haarlem. He journeyed to that city, purchased the rival blossom at an enormous outlay, and as soon as it became his, crushed it to pulp with his foot, crying out in ecstacy, "Now my tulip is unique!"

Some still more ludicrous stories are related in connection with this singular mental epidemic; for instance, one tale runs that whilst the mania was at its height, a sailor, going into a merchant's counting-house, saw a bulb which he mistook for an onion; he popped it into his pocket, and took it off to aid him in relishing a red herring which he had got for dinner. The merchant, missing the bulb, which was that of a high-priced tulip, suspected the sailor, rushed after him, and caught him—just finishing his meal off the ill-flavoured onion! The poor sailor, who for once had dined like a prince, expiated his mistake by a six months' imprisonment.

Another unfortunate offender was a gentleman who called on a florist, and being shown into the conservatory, beguiled his leisure by pealing the several coats off a bulb that he found there, and by then cutting the remainder into shreds. Ere long in comes the proprietor, and to his dismay sees the fragments of the root, which proved to be that of a Van Eyck, then deemed one of the most precious of all tulip varieties! In vain the unintentional criminal expostulated; the enraged owner dragged him before a magistrate, who fined him 4,000 florins for his freak, and sent him to prison until he procured securities for the amount.

To such an extent did this floral gambling spread that, it is stated, the city of Haarlem derived ten millions sterling from it during the three years that it existed. Of course the invariable panic came at last. Government was appealed to to impede its course, but in vain. Down came the aërial fortunes with a crash, ruining hundreds of innocent people, and shaking the national credit to its very foundations. This

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mania has been attributed to Lipsius, but he was perfectly guiltless of the gambling portion of it, having merely proffered high prices for the best flowers.

These disasters, however, have not eradicated from the minds of the Dutch their love for the tulip; they still have a great partiality for it, and, some few years ago, Herr Vanderninck paid as much as £640 for a single bulb of a new species. The English are not free from the tulipomania: from £5 to £10 is no uncommon price for new and choice varieties; in 1836, at a sale of a Mr. Clarke's tulips at Croydon, £100 was given for a single bulb, the "Fanny Kemble." And our tulip-fanciers are not altogether unsuspected of still experimentalizing for that philosopher's stone of gardening, a black tulip.

The *furore* which the tulip had excited in Holland caused it to become a popular flower in other countries; and under careful cultivation it multiplied so rapidly, that, in 1740, the Baden Durlach Garden at Karlsruhe contained no less than 2,159 kinds, and Count Pappenheim's gardens, at one time, more than 5,000 varieties!

There is a bulb of the tulip species in Assyria, which sleeps through the long summer drought, then wakens again to life, and prematurely puts forth blossoms when the early rains of October invigorate the soil; but, like too many earthly anticipations, the flower is smitten by the snow or blasted by the wintry winds, and seems to perish; by-and-bye, however, spring resumes its sunny reign, and these blooms once more make their appearance, with all that vivid beauty of colour, and those variety of forms, which are so glowingly depicted on the canvas or described in the pages of Eastern poets.

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SYCAMORE.

(CURIOSITY.)

THIS tree is frequently mentioned in Scriptural story, and has, indeed, been made the emblem of *curiosity* from an incident related in the New Testament. Amongst the crowd which witnessed the triumphal entry of Christ into Jerusalem was a publican named Zaccheus; and he, in order to obtain a better view of the Messiah, climbed up into a sycamore which stood by the way.

The Scriptural sycamore is a large tree resembling the mulberry in its leaf and the fig in its fruit; hence it is presumed its name (from two Greek words) is derived: *sycos*, a fig-tree, and *moros*, a mulberry-tree. It is a wide-spreading tree—attains a considerable height, and exhibits a trunk of large dimensions. To the ancients it was known as "the wisest of trees," because it buds late in the spring, and thus avoids the nipping frost.

In former ages its fruit appears to have constituted an important item of the diet of the Egyptians; and, even now-a-days, travellers inform us that in some parts of Egypt it is a common article of food with the people, who are said to think themselves well off when they have a piece of bread, a couple of sycamore figs, and a pitcher filled with water from the Nile.

It is good evidence in behalf of the value which these trees bore in the eyes of the Egyptians that the Psalmist, when recording the plagues wherewith the Lord visited that people, says, "He destroyed their sycamore-trees with frost."

It is probable that these trees were carefully cultivated in Canaan from a very remote age. The prophet Amos is described as "a gatherer of sycamore fruit,"—that is, he was a dresser of sycamore-trees. In David's reign, it is stated that an officer was appointed to tend "the olive-trees and the sycamore-trees that were in the low plains."

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In an anonymous but meritorious volume, entitled "Verses by a Poor Man," there is a pretty poem about trees, and the emblem of curiosity is thus introduced:

"I love the shady sycamore,
With its leaves so large and round,
That lie, in dull November hours,
Thick spotted on the ground."

"The shady sycamore," with its large and spreading branches bedecked with their always-green foliage, affords a pleasant retreat from the sun, so that it is commonly planted, by the inhabitants of Egypt and Palestine, along the roadside, and in the immediate vicinity of towns and villages, where it may often be seen stretching its arms over the houses, screening the fainting inhabitants from the glowing heat of summer.

The wood of this tree, notwithstanding its coarse-grained and spongy appearance, is said to be very durable—an opinion probably derived from the fact that the coffins in which the ancient Egyptian mummies are discovered are made of sycamore. Bruce affirms that some of this wood, which he buried in his garden, perished in four years: it has, therefore, been conjectured, and with much likelihood, that the preservation of the mummy-chests arises either from a particular preparation, or else from the dryness of the climate and the sandy soil of Egypt.

This tree requires much attention in order to render its fruit edible, and this fruit whilst growing undergoes divers operations, for, if left to itself, it would become exceedingly bitter.

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HOLLYHOCK.

(AMBITION.)

"The fallen hollyhock."

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

THE emblem of that crime by which Wolsey tells us the angels fell is the tall and stately *Hollyhock*. A few years ago it was often designated the "garden mallow," and, indeed, belongs to the mallow family. From the fact that it is known in France as *Rose d'outre Mer*, or "rose from beyond the sea," it has been surmised that it was first introduced into Europe from Syria by the Crusaders. Sometimes it is styled the "China rose," because large numbers of roots have been imported from that country, with whose inhabitants its showy bloomage makes it a great favourite.

In some parts of France this symbol of *ambition* is used to show the divisions of gardens and vineyards, in the same way that privet is in England. Phillips, in his "Flora Historica," strongly recommends that it be thus employed here, and indulges in the prophecy that some day "the hollyhock will be planted in the hedges of our fields, and the whole appearance of the country be much improved by relieving the uniformity of fences. Considerable benefit," he adds, "would at the same time be received by those cottagers who have the prudence to give attention to the hive, since the late season at which the hollyhock flowers gives the bees an opportunity to make a second season for collecting their sweets."

The blossom is said to furnish a very large quantity of bee honey—a fact which did not escape Horace Smith's poet eye:

> "And from the nectaries of hollyhocks
> The humble bee, e'en till he faints, will sip."

These proud towering flowers supply many other valuable requisites besides the storing of hives, but their economic uses

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cannot be discussed here: what is not apart from our plan, however, is reference to their showy splendour—a splendour that is doubly prized because it does not "put forth such blaze of beauty as translates to dullest hearts its dialect of pride," until full-hearted summer has carried off all her other floral favourites. Then does the stately stem of the hollyhock shoot up above the fading and faded blossoms, and bedecks itself with gallant bouquets of roses—roses of every tint and every hue, from the palest blush to the deepest crimson, from flaky white to the deepest orange; and, sometimes bursting forth purplish black, or glossy brown, looks, as Jean Ingelow poetically asserts,

"Queen hollyhock, with butterflies for crowns."

The author of the "Poetry of Gardening" thinks that for ornamenting lawns there is nothing to surpass the old-fashioned hollyhock. "This," he remarks, "is the only landscape flower we possess—the only one, that is, whose forms and colours tell in the distance; and so picturesque is it, that perhaps no artist ever attempted to draw a garden without introducing it, whether it was really there or not. By far the finest effect," adds this writer, "that combined art and nature ever produced in gardening, were those fine masses of many-coloured hollyhocks clustered round a weather-tinted vase, such as Sir Joshua delighted to place in the wings of his pictures. And what more magnificent than a long avenue of these floral giants, backed by a dark thick hedge of old-fashioned yew? Such an avenue," remarks the same author, "was once to be seen in the fulness of its autumn splendour in a garden of a deep lawyer, at Granton, near Edinburgh. It was," he concludes, "the most gorgeous mass of colouring we ever beheld!"

This essayist, who manifests a great partiality for the pompous flower, elsewhere depicts "a vase of large dimensions and bolder sculpture, backed by the heads of a mass of crimson, rose, and straw-coloured hollyhocks that spring up from the bank below," as a triumph of poetical gardening.

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LOTUS.

(ELOQUENCE.)

"The lotus-flower, whose leaves I now
Kiss silently,
Far more than words can tell thee, how
I worship thee!"

MOORE.

OF the various flowers dedicated to religious purposes by the nations of antiquity, none occupy a more prominent position than the *Lotus*, a species of water-lily. Its sacred blossom was deemed emblematical of *mystery* by the symbol worshippers of China, India, and Egypt, and, as a natural consequence, was frequently used for architectural adornment by their priests, who always found it advantageous to enshroud the performance of their religious rites under an impenetrable veil of symbolism and secrecy. The Egyptians moreover consecrated the flower of the lotus to the sun, their God of Eloquence, and represented the dawn of day by a youth seated upon its blossom. Herodotus and Theophrastus bear testimony to the high antiquity of the Egyptian reverence for this lily, and M. Savary assures us that, even at the present day, the degenerate races dwelling upon the banks of the Nile are still animated by the same feelings of worship and veneration towards it. It is also revered at the present time in Hindostan, Thibet, and Nepaul, where they believe that in its sacred bosom Brahma was born.

The Indian Lotus is famous for its roseate colour, for its powerful fragrance, and because it is in its blossom, which is somewhat larger than the English water-lily, that the Hindoos feign their Cupid Manmadin, whom they picture pinioned with flowers, was first seen floating down the sacred Ganges.

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Poor L. E. L. founded one of her passionate lyrics on this fable. She represented the youthful deity as

> "Seated on a lotus-flower,
> Gathered in a summer hour;
> * * * * *
> Grasping in his infant hand
> Arrows in their silken band,
> Each made of a signal flower,
> Emblem of its varied power."

This lily is thus introduced in the "Sacontala," in reference to the art of palmistry, or chirognomy, as practised by the Brahmin priesthood. "What!" exclaims a predictive Brahmin, "the very palm of his hand bears the mark of empire, and while he thus eagerly extends it, shows its lines of exquisite network, and grows like a lotus expanded at early dawn, when the ruddy splendour of its petals hides all other tints in obscurity."

The use of the lotus' elegant form in decorative architecture was spoken of above, and one of our authorities thus confirms the fact: "This is the sublime, the hallowed symbol that eternally occurs in Oriental mythology; and, in truth, not without substantial reason, for it is itself a lovely prodigy: it contains a treasure of physical instruction, and affords to the enraptured botanist exhaustless matter of amusement and contemplation. No wonder, then, that the philosophizing sons of Mizraim adorned their majestic structures with the spreading tendrils of this vegetable, and made the ample-extending vase that crowns its lofty stem the capital of the most beautiful columns."

The sacred images of the Indians, Japanese, and Tartars are almost invariably represented as seated upon the leaves of the lotus, as is also the Chinese deity, Puzza.

The Egyptian divinity Osiris is likewise portrayed with his head decorated with this sacred flower; indeed, the same symbol is found recurring in every part of the Northern hemisphere to which symbolic religion has penetrated.

The courtiers of the Emperor Adrian endeavoured to persuade him that his deceased favourite Antinous had been metamorphosed into a lotus; but the Roman sovereign, who erected a temple to his youthful friend's memory, wished it to

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be believed that he had been changed into a constellation. Naturalists have differed greatly respecting the nature of the ancient Egyptian lotus, some even asserting that it was a thorny shrub, and others saying that it was only a man's name; but the evidence of several writers of antiquity is so precise, that there cannot be the slightest doubt of its lily origin. It is described by Herodotus as "the water-lily, that grows in the inundated lands of Egypt. The seed of this flower, which resembles that of the poppy, they bake and make into a kind of bread. They also use the root of this plant, which is round, of an agreeable flavour, and about the size of an apple." Theophrastus describes it in similar terms in his "History of Plants," as also does Pliny. It was formerly styled the "Lily of the Nile," from its growing in abundance on the banks and about the marshes which formed the delta of that river.

It is the *Nymphœa lotus* of Linnæus; is a stately and majestic plant, rising above the surface of the water at sunrise; folding its petals and sinking beneath it at sunset. It has a calyx like that of a large tulip, and diffuses an odour similar to that of the lily.

A writer of an erudite article on "Floral Symbols," which appeared in "Eliza Cook's Journal," and to which we are indebted for several valuable allusions, suggested that "the wonderful physical peculiarities in the growth of this plant rendered it an appropriate symbol of a worship of the most degrading and immoral character."

Alas! that man should so far divert these lovely "floral apostles" from their intended typifying purposes of love and innocence, and thus cause them to

"Weep without woe, and blush without a crime!"

In Japan, however, the lotus is typical of *purity*, and is, with the flower of the motherwort, borne aloft in vases at funeral processions.

Moore, in a note to "Lalla Rookh," respecting little looking-glasses which certain Asiatic maidens wear upon their thumbs, remarks that the lotus is the emblem of *beauty;* but the lines which he adduces in confirmation of this idea serve better to illustrate the symbolism of *silent eloquence.* Two lovers are supposed to be holding mute intercourse before their parents:

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"He with salute of deference due,
A lotus to his forehead prest;
She raised her mirror to his view,
Then turned it inward to her breast."

Moore also alludes to the poetical legends of the Hindoo youthful God of Love being first seen "seated on a lotus-flower." He tells us of Selim, that

"He little knew how well the boy
Can float upon a river's streams,
Lighting them with his smile of joy;
As bards have seen him in their dreams
Down the blue Ganges, laughing, glide
Upon a rosy lotus wreath,
Catching new lustre from the tide
That with his image shone beneath."

The floral home of this flower, consecrated in India to love, is thus spoken of by one well acquainted with the Ganges and its banks: "The rich and luxuriant clusters of the lotus float in quick succession upon the silvery current. Nor is it the sacred lotus alone which embellishes the wavelets of the Ganges: large white, yellow, and scarlet flowers pay an equal tribute; and the prows of the numerous native vessels navigating the stream are garlanded by long wreaths of the most brilliant daughters of the parterre. India may be called a Paradise of flowers: the most beautiful lilies grow spontaneously upon the sandy shores of the rivers, and from every projecting cliff some shrub dips its flowers in the wave below."

Jayadeva alludes to the blue lotus when he sings, "Whose wanton eyes resemble blue water-lilies agitated by the breeze;" and Moore follows up the simile thus:

"His breath is the soul of flowers like these,
And his floating eyes—oh! they resemble
Blue water-lilies, when the breeze
Is making the stream around them tremble."

Poor Edgar Poe did not omit to notice Love's floral cradle, and in his most musical, most melancholy rhyme, sang of

"The nelumbo-bud that floats for ever
With Indian Cupid down the holy river."

And, in his beautiful Paradise, "Al Aaraaf," places the

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"Valisnerian lotus, thither flown
From struggling with the waters of the Rhone;"

remarking in a foot-note, that "there is found in the Rhone a lily of the Valisnerian kind. Its stem will stretch to the length of three or four feet, thus preserving its head above water in the swellings of the river; and further, it is said to sink quite below the surface during the night."

An opportunity of embalming this wonderful record of Nature in his flowing verse is thus taken by Moore:

"Those virgin lilies, all the night
Bathing their beauties in the lake,
That they may rise more fresh and bright
When their beloved sun's awake."

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JUNIPER.

(PROTECTION.)

THIS plant became the emblem of *protection*, from the circumstance of the prophet Elijah having been sheltered from the persecutions of King Ahab by a juniper of the mountains. Says the Psalmist, "Thou hast been a shelter for me, and a strong tower from the enemy."

The Italian name for the juniper is *Ginebro*, which Ariosto, by the licence usually permitted to poets, assumed to be a convertible term with Ginevra, the name of his ladye-love; and accordingly, in his Seventh Sonnet, he found occasion to immortalize her memory under a floral fancy, as did his great compatriot Petrarch, when coupling the name of his adored Laura with the laurel — that "Petrarch pale," whom Mrs. Browning has so gloriously sculpt in that magnificent Pantheon, "The Vision of Poets," as he

> "Who from his brain-lit heart hath thrown
> A thousand thoughts beneath the sun,
> Each perfumed with the name of ONE.
>
> "Tasso, bard and lover,
> Whose visions were too thin to cover
> The face of a false woman over,"

determined to follow in the footsteps of his illustrious countryman, has also left us two sonnets adapted to a similar purpose.

Noble emblem this with which to cheer the heart of our best beloved! this symbol of the protection which they may find in the security of our love—that asylum from the cruel wrongs of a careless world. How beautifully has Moore, in one of his melodies, expressed this sentiment! a sentiment which embodies the wild, passionate, unselfish ardour of love—of love pure and uncontaminated with the taint of earth:

> "Come, rest in my bosom, my own stricken deer:
> Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here;
> Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'ercast,
> And a heart and a hand all thy own to the last.

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"Oh! what was love made for, if 't is not the same
Through joy and through torment, through glory and shame?
I know not, I ask not if guilt 's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.

"Thou hast called me thy angel in moments of bliss,
And thy angel I 'll be 'mid the horrors of this;
Through the furnace unshrinking thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee and save thee—or perish there too!"

Such is the love which woman gives to man—Heaven grant it be rewarded!

In the "Decameron" of Boccaccio, there is a passage intended to illustrate the particularly magnificent manner in which his heroes and heroines passed their voluntary exile in a country retreat; and not the least sign of their grandeur was the fact of their having the room where they met strewed with flowers of the juniper; for, in those "good old days," as they are so absurdly styled, even when Elizabeth was queen, carpets were a luxury unknown in the mansions of the richest in the land, and folks had no better covering for their floors than dried leaves and rushes.

Brooks, in his travels in Norway and Sweden, informs us that the custom of strewing the floors with juniper in lieu of carpets is still general in those countries. In one part of his travels in Norway, he remarks, "On entering my little chamber, I was agreeably surprised to find everything exceedingly neat and clean. The floor was strewed, as is the custom, with tops of the juniper, which diffused a delightful fragrance around, in the most agreeable manner inviting sleep."

Virgil, as rendered by Dryden, represents the shelter of the juniper as anything but desirable:

"Now let us rise, for hoarseness oft invades
The singer's voice who sings beneath the shades:
From juniper unwholesome dews distil."

This ominous character of its shade is further corroborated by old Fairfax, in his translation of Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered," —although, singular to relate, the original offers nothing to warrant the aspersion:

"Sweet juniper, whose shadow hurted sore."

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CAMELLIA JAPONICA.

(SUPREME LOVELINESS.)

EVERYBODY will willingly acknowledge the *Camellia*, or Rose of Japan, to be one of the most lovely floral beauties ever introduced into this country; but, alas! despite its *supreme loveliness*, this flower, unlike its European rival queen, the rose, has no fragrance!

This beautiful blossom, deemed in the poetical *Blumensprache*, or language of flowers of our Teutonic cousins, as expressing *Thou art my heart's sovereign*, was first introduced into Europe in 1639, and derives its name from a Jesuit monk, Joseph Kamel, or, as it is generally Latinized into, Camellus. It has been justly observed, that had this superb bloom been Greek, Italian, or English, there would have been a great deal said of it by our poets; and doubtless it does figure largely in the poetry of Japan. Unfortunately for our quotations, but perhaps fortunately for their own comfort, the Japanese have hitherto preserved most of their good things to themselves, and so, for the present, can live unscathed by the fire of European criticism.

Did Jean Ingelow have these magnificent floral pets in her poet mind when she sang:

> "These are buds that fold within them,
> Closed and covered from our sight,
> Many a richly-tinted petal,
> Never looked on by the light"?

And did this same gifted poetess mean that it was the richly-tinted petals of these stars of evening, which uttered their "songs without words" to some admired human flower, at those intoxicating hours when a sound of revelry was faintly heard floating out of the heavily-scented ball-room into the still more fragrant silence of the conservatory?—

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"And that they whose lips do utter
Language such as bards have sung,
Though their speech shall be to many
As an unknown tongue."

Let not, O fair maiden! the presentation of one of these bright blossoms be to you incomprehensible; do not let the donor of such a complimentary gift deem that he is addressing you in an unknown tongue. Every one, indeed, should be able to interpret the symbolism of these lovely flowers, which, as Mrs. Sigourney says,

"Put forth such blaze of beauty as translates
To dullest hearts their dialect of love."

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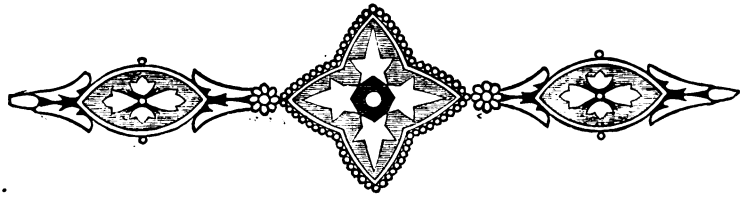

POLYANTHUS.

(CONFIDENCE.)

THE *Polyanthus* is twin-sister to the *Auricula*, and both of them belong to the primrose clan. The former is the hardier, but less admired, of the twain, and will survive the coldest and wettest seasons. Like all the plants of its genus, it is an early blower, being one of the first flowers that welcome in the spring.

"The polyanthus of unnumbered dyes," as Thomson calls it in his "Seasons," is asserted to be merely a variety of the field-primrose, produced by the skill of the gardener. It was known, however, to the ancients by the name of "Paralysis," and was believed to have sprung from the ashes of a youth of that name, who pined to death for the loss of Melicerta, who, to escape the mad fury of Anthamas, King of Thebes, plunged into the sea and was drowned.

The *Auricula*, significant of a *whisper*, was formerly known to botanists as *Auricula ursi*, or "bear's ear," from the shape of its leaves: it was also formerly spoken of as "mountain cowslip." Perhaps there is no flower that has received more tender care from cultivators than the auricula: they have waited upon and watched over it like a mother over her infant; and wonderful are the effects education has produced upon it. In its original state it is either yellow or white, and the skill of the florist has brought it to its present rich hues of brown or purple, sometimes edged with green or centred with gold. Thomson talks of

> "Auriculas, enrich'd
> With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves."

The author of "Flora Domestica" states that this plant has

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a singular propensity for meat, and that a good part of its bloom is actually owing, like an alderman's, to this consumption of flesh. Juicy pieces of meat are placed about the root, so that it may in some measure be said to live on blood. This undoubtedly lessens its charms in some eyes—its florid aspect somehow becomes unnatural; and the "shining meal," with which Thomson says it is "enriched," being no longer associated with vegetation, makes it look like a baker covered with flour, and just come out from a dinner in his hot oven. Keats evidently describes either the polyanthus or auricula in this passage of "Endymion:"

> "Oft have I brought thee flowers, on their stalks set
> Like vestal primroses, but dark velvet
> Edges them round, and they have golden pits."

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HOLLY.

(FORESIGHT.)

"I, in this wisdom of the holly-tree can emblems see."

SOUTHEY.

IF ever any production of nature testified to the superintending care of a Supreme Being, it is the *Holly;* that evergreen bush which "outdares cold winter's ire," and with its shining green foliage and brilliant red berries, forms such a cheerful contrast with the general lifelessness of the British landscape in winter. In frost, in snow, in sun or rain, its glossy leaves are ever seen beaming brightly, inspiriting dreary hearts to renewed hopes and exertions.

This tree, apart from its slow growth, is admirable for the formation of hedges. As soon as it attains any size, it constitutes an impenetrable fence against all kinds of intruders, animal or human. Its leaves are a favourite food with some creatures, but the sharp prickles with which those on the lower branches are provided repel all depredators: it is strange to observe that the leaves upon the upper portion of the tree, and which are out of the reach of assailants, dispense with their thorns, and, as if conscious of their security, grow perfectly smooth. This remarkable adaptation of nature to the law of self-preservation is noticed by Southey, in his address to the holly-tree, a simple poem that will be read and admired long after all his ponderous epics have been consigned to oblivion:

"O reader! hast thou ever stood to see
The holly-tree
The eye that contemplates it well perceives
Its glossy leaves
Ordered by an Intelligence so wise,
As might confound the atheist's sophistries.

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"Below a circling fence its leaves are seen
Wrinkled and keen;
No grazing cattle through their prickly round
Can reach to wound;
But as they grow where nothing is to fear,
Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves appear.

"I love to view these things with curious eyes,
And moralize;
And in this wisdom of the holly-tree
Can emblems see
Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant rhyme,
One which may profit in the after-time.

* * * * * * *

"And as when all the Summer trees are seen
So bright and green,
The holly-leaves their fadeless hues display
Less bright than they;
But when the bare and wintry woods we see,
What then so cheerful as the holly-tree?

"So serious should my youth appear among
The thoughtless throng;
So would I seem among the young and gay
More grave than they;
That in my age as cheerful I might be
As the green winter of the holly-tree."

Of the various evergreens which the English use at Christmas for decorating their houses and churches, none is such a favourite, and is deemed so throughly emblematic of that festive season, as the much-admired holly. Like all widely-spread customs, the practice of decking places with evergreens appears to be a relic of considerable antiquity, and one that evidently symbolized far more than it does now-a-days. As with so many of our emblematic plants, the races of antiquity ascribed several wonderful properties to the holly-tree: the disciples of Zoroaster, the fire-worshippers, believed that the sun never shadowed it; and the followers of that philosopher still remaining in Persia and India, are said to throw water impregnated with holly-bark in the face of a new-born child.

During the great festival of the Saturnalia, which occurred about the period of the present Christmas, it was customary among the Romans to send holly-boughs to their friends, as typical of their good wishes. Pliny states that branches of this tree defend houses from lightning, and men from witchcraft. The early Roman Christians, despite the interdiction

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of their priests, appear to have used the holly in ornamenting their churches at Christmas, and undoubtedly this custom, which they derived from heathen nations, they have transmitted to their descendants. The earliest English record of this pleasant practice is supposed to be found in a carol in praise of holly, written in the time of Henry VI., and beginning with this stanza:

> "Nay, ivy, nay, it shall not be, I wys;
> Let holly hafe the mastry, as the maner is.
> Holly stand in the halle, fayre to behold;
> Ivy stand without the dore; she is full sore a-cold."

In some of the southern portions of the United States the leaves of the holly-bush are used as a substitute for tea. The American Indians are said to regard them as a panacea; and at certain seasons of the year they hasten in large numbers to the sea-coast, where the bush flourishes best. Making a fire on the ground, and suspending a cauldron of water above it, they throw a great quantity of these leaves into the vessel, and then, sitting in a circle round the fire, they begin to imbibe large draughts of the liquid, which is served out in a wooden bowl: very shortly this produces vomiting. For two or three days the process is repeated, and then, every one carrying a bundle of the leaves away with him, they return home.

"This plant," says Miller, writing some years ago, "is supposed to be the same as that which grows in Paraguay, where the Jesuits make a great revenue of the leaves, an account of which is given by M. Frezier."

Evelyn in his garden at Sayes Court had a magnificent hedge of holly, which he glowingly described as "at any time of the year glittering with its armed and varnished leaves; the taller standards, at orderly distances, blushing with their natural coral. It mocks," he added, "the rude assaults of the weather, beasts, or hedge-breaker;" but, alas for human foresight!—the impregnable hedge could not resist a sovereign's folly. The Czar, Peter the Great, during his stay in England, having taken up his residence at Mr. Evelyn's house in order to be near the Deptford dockyard, is recorded to have enjoyed the puerile amusement of being wheeled in a barrow through the dense holly hedges which had afforded their owner so much innocent pride. Under such onslaughts the gardens

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as may be readily imagined, and as poor Evelyn pathetically observes, were ruined.

It is stated that in some parts of the country there is a singular custom of beating the feet, when afflicted with chilblains, with a branch of holly, from some lingering superstitious idea of its curative powers. It is to be hoped that the upper or thornless portion of the tree is used, otherwise, as our authority naïvely observes, the castigation is little likely to produce any other effect than that of irritating a part already too much inflamed and susceptible.

Apart from its beauty, and the pleasurable feelings it engenders by decking the wintry prospect with its lively-hued foliage and brilliant scarlet berries, the holly has other associations which render it, in England at least, the most beloved of all plants. Neither the luxuriant rose or the modest violet produces such tender feelings in the Briton's heart. How many happy memories, how many gentle feelings, will the sight of a sprig of this beloved plant excite! What an ever-susceptible chord of human sympathy will a vision of this bright holly cause to vibrate, even in hearts long silent to such music! Long, long may Christmas, crowned with this emblem of its vitality, knit in bonds of loving brotherhood man to fellow-man! and long let us behold, with Gay,

> "Christmas, the joyous period of the year!
> Now with bright holly all the temples strow,
> With laurel green and sacred mistletoe."

In "Poor Robin's Almanack" for 1695, the custom of decorating dwellings with evergreens is quaintly introduced:

> "With holly and ivy,
> So green and so gay,
> We deck up our houses
> As fresh as the day;
> "With bays and rosemary,
> And laurel complete;
> And every one now
> Is a king in conceit."

But there is an English poet to whom we may always turn for a Christmas wreath, a poet who is never a-weary of singing the joys—real and ideal—of that transitory epoch in the tedious years—those bright oases, in what to so many are deserts of time, when it does indeed appear as if "peace and goodwill towards all men" is the general feeling in Christian nations. And that poet is—need it be said?—Eliza Cook. Hark how she carols of the Christmas holly:

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"The holly! the holly! oh, twine it with the bay—
Come, give the holly a song;
For it helps to drive stern Winter away,
With his garments so sombre and long.
It peeps through the trees with its berries of red,
And its leaves of burnish'd green,
When the flowers and fruits have long been dead,
And not even the daisy is seen.
Then sing to the holly, the Christmas holly,
That hangs over peasant and king;
While we laugh and carouse 'neath its glittering boughs,
To the Christmas holly we 'll sing.

"The gale may whistle, and frost may come
To fetter the gurgling rill;
The woods may be bare and the warblers dumb—
But the holly is beautiful still.
In the revel and light of princely halls
The bright holly-branch is found;
And its shadow falls on the lowliest—falls
While the brimming horn goes round.
Then drink to the holly, &c.

"The ivy lives long, but its home must be
Where graves and ruins are spread;
There 's beauty about the cypress-tree,
But it flourishes near the dead;
The laurel the warrior's brow may wreathe,
But it tells of tears and blood.
I sing the holly—and who can breathe
Aught of *that* that is not good?
Then sing to the holly, &c."

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FOXGLOVE.

(INSINCERITY.)

THE *Foxglove* typifies *insincerity* because of the invidious poison which lurks within its bright blossom. In France and Germany, and in some parts of England, it is known as "Finger-flower," because of the resemblance it bears to the finger of a glove, a resemblance which the poets have not failed to take advantage of. William Brown describes Pan as seeking gloves for his mistress:

> "To keep her slender fingers from the sunne,
> Pan through the pastures oftentimes hath runne
> To pluck the speckled foxgloves from their stem,
> And on those fingers neatly placed them."

It was the age of conceits and quaint fancies when these gallant gentlemen wrote, and so we pardon their artificial fantasies as a humour of the age. Cowley, like his compatriot, found a finger for this bonny bloom:

> "The foxglove on fair Flora's hand is worn,
> Lest while she gathers flowers she meet a thorn."

The tall purple foxglove is one of the most stately and yet most lovely of British plants; its elegantly-mottled and inversely conical bells are well worthy the attention of the entomologists, as a variety of tiny beings are attracted by the shelter, or by the rich repast which the blossoms afford, to continually resort to them, and

> "Bees that soar for bloom
> High as the highest peak of Furness Fells,
> Will murmur by the hour in foxglove bells."

The campanular shape of these attractive flowers seems as inviting to the pens of modern poets as was its finger-like form to those of yore; and so we find not only Wordsworth, but

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also Charlotte Smith and Eliza Cook, alluding to its "bells." The former poetess invites the bee to

"Explore the foxglove's freckled bell;"

and the latter woos the south wind to ring

"A fairy chime
Upon the foxglove bells."

The common foxglove varies in colour from a Roman purple to a violet hue, and is found of a cream colour, orange-tawney, blush-colour, and white. It is a pity these plants are poisonous, for they are extremely beautiful, particularly those kinds which are of a deep rose. They are all speckled within the bell, which adds still more to their richness. Tennyson truly styles them "the foxglove's dappled bells."

This elegant plant was well known to the ancients for its medicinal qualities, and during the middle ages its celebrity as a vulnerary became proverbial in Italy, of which country the iron-coloured species is a native. Modern botanists have claimed it as an important remedy in pulmonary complaints:

"The foxglove-leaves, with caution given,
Another proof of favouring Heaven
Will happily display:
The rabid pulse it can abate,
The hectic flush can moderate,
And, blest by Him whose will is fate,
May give a lengthen'd day."

Poets frequently presuming upon their intimate acquaintance with Nature, term her children by any name that 's sweet, and often electing amongst themselves what certain things certain blooms shall typify, have christened the finger-flower "emblem of pride:"

"Foxglove and nightshade, side by side,
Emblems of punishment and pride."

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PIMPERNEL.

(CHANGE.)

"More bitter far than all
It was to know that love could change and die."
A. A. PROCTER.

THE scarlet *Pimpernel* shares with the common red poppy the honour of being the only instances of bright scarlet blossoms amongst our British wild flowers, flowers of that vivid hue generally requiring the tropical sun to warm them into life.

This bright little emblem of *change* does not unfold its brilliant petals until eight o'clock in the morning, and refolds them towards noon: this habit has obtained for it the cognomen of "the poor man's weather-glass;" whilst for its usefulness in foretelling the approach of rain, it is frequently known as "the shepherd's warning." Few who have passed a portion of their life in the country but are acquainted with this property of the pretty little pimpernel. Whenever its tiny scarlet blossoms are seen folding up their delicate petals, it may be deemed a certain indication of approaching rain; and as such a sign Darwin notices it:

"Closed is the pink-eyed pimpernel;
In fiery red the sun doth rise,
Then wades through clouds to mount the skies;
'T will surely rain, we see 't with sorrow,—
No working in the fields to-morrow."

Should rainy weather endure for several days, the pimpernel is said to lose its sensibility, and fails to foretell the coming change.

This flower was said to have derived its ancient name of *Centunculus*, from *cento*, "a covering," because it spreads itself so profusely over cultivated fields; but more recently that appellation has been transferred to the chaffweed. It was also

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known formerly as *Anagallis*, which signifies "a laugh;" and Pliny said that, when taken inwardly, it promoted mirth. This was probably the reason why poets styled it "the cheerful pimpernel."

There is a blue variety of this little blossom, as also a rose-coloured one, but this latter is very rare. A pure white kind, with a beautiful purple centre, is sometimes met with in Wales.

Doubtless it was some such symbol floweret as this frail emblem of change which Holmes pictured in his "mind's eye" when he sang:

"Some years ago, a dark-eyed maid
Was sitting in the shade—
There 's something brings her to my mind
In that young dreaming maid—
And in her hand she held a flower,
A flower whose speaking hue
Said, in the language of the heart,
'Believe the giver true.'

"And as she looked upon its leaves,
The maiden made a vow
To wear it when the bridal wreath
Was woven for her brow.
She watch'd the flower, as, day by day,
The leaflets curled and died;
But he who gave it never came
To claim her for his bride.

"Oh, many a Summer's morning glow
Has lent the rose its ray,
And many a Winter's drifting snow
Has swept its bloom away;
But she has kept that faithless pledge
To this her Winter hour,
And keeps it still, herself alone,
And wasted like the flower."

How appropriate are the following words of Adelaide Procter to this frail emblem of a frailer joy:

"Like hopes, perfumed and bright,
So lately shining, wet with dew and tears,
Trembling in morning light,
I saw them change to dark and anxious fears
Before the night!"

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CLOVER.

(I PROMISE.)

THE white *Clover*, or Shamrock, is the national emblem of Ireland, and claims an equal place in history with England's rose, or Scotland's thistle. This symbol of their loved Emerald Isle is worn by Irishmen on the anniversary and in commemoration of St. Patrick's landing near Wicklow, in the beginning of the fourth century of the Christian era. The patron saint is reported to have explained to his disciples the mysteries of the Trinity by means of a clover-leaf, or *trefoil.*

This emblem of *promise* has received innumerable tokens of their regard for its good qualities from the poets of ill-fated Hibernia, but patriotism, more than love or friendship, is the symbolism portrayed. Moore, in one of his melodies, couples the shamrock of Ireland with the olive of Spain; but most assuredly the association is only possible in song. The following rollicking, anonymous verses are thoroughly characteristic of the sons of Hibernia, and portray to some extent the love they bear, and the typical uses that they make of, the white clover:

"Brave sons of Hibernia, your shamrocks display,
For ever made sacred on St. Patrick's day;
'T is a type of religion, the badge of our saint,
And a plant of that soil which no venom can taint.

"Both Venus and Mars to that land lay a claim,
Their title is own'd and recorded by fame;
But St. Patrick to friendship has hallowed the ground,
And made hospitality ever abound.

"Then with shamrocks and myrtles let 's garnish the bowl,
In converse convivial and sweet flow of soul,
To our saint make oblations of generous wine—
What saint could have more?—sure 't is worship divine!

"Tho' jovial and festive in seeming excess,
We 've hearts sympathetic of others' distress.
May our shamrocks continue to flourish, and prove
An emblem of charity, friendship, and love.

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"May the blights of disunion no longer remain,
Our shamrock to wither, its glories to stain;
May it flourish for ever, we Heaven invoke,
Kindly shelter'd and fenced by the brave Irish oak!"

Bees delight in the sweet-scented blossoms of what Tennyson aptly calls the

"Rare 'broidery of the purple clover,"

and obtain a plentiful supply of honey from its blushing lips: during the autumn months the cheering hum of these "musical hounds of the fairy king," as hither and thither they busily flit over their floral forest, and "hunt for the golden dew," is a most delightful, gladsome melody.

Walter Thornbury, one of our most picturesque writers—a poet who paints pictures with words better than many of our artists do with colours—has the following dainty lyric, representative of "In Clover:"

"There is clover, honey-sweet,
Thick and tangled at our feet;
Crimson-spotted lies the field,
As in fight the warrior's shield:
Yonder poppies, full of scorn,
Proudly wave above the corn.
There is music at our feet
In the clover, honey-sweet.

"You may track the winds that blow
Through the corn-fields as they go;
From the wheat, as from a sea,
Springs the lark in ecstacy.
Now the bloom is on the blade,
In the sun and in the shade.
There is music at our feet
In the clover, honey-sweet.

This little plant is endowed with several strange properties, not the least singular of which is the fact that if moorlands in the north of England, and some parts of North America, are turned up for the first time, and strewed with lime, white clover springs up in abundance, typifying to the wondering farmer promise of future bounteous crops. No satisfactory solution of this circumstance has yet been propounded. The spontaneous coming up of this flower is deemed an infallible indication of good soil. Every one knows all the wonderful things and brilliant future promised to the finder of a four-leaved shamrock! Dear reader, may you be that favourite of Fortune!

The Druids held the clover in great repute, deeming it, it is supposed, a charm against evil spirits. Hope was depicted by the ancients as a little child standing on tiptoe, and holding one of these flowers in his hand. What an exquisite allusion to promised pleasures was that!

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ACACIA.

(FRIENDSHIP.)

THE tree generally called the *Acacia* in this country is the *Robinia*, or *pseudo-acacia;* but the veritable symbol of *friendship* is the honey-locust-tree, or three-thorned acacia. A native of North America, remarkable for its brilliant green foliage, it has been consecrated by the Indians, who dwell in the still unsurveyed forests, and ramble over the yet boundless prairies, to the deity of *chaste love*, and as the emblem of that delicate passion it is sometimes even used by our own floriographists. The blossoms are small, and too nearly the colour of the leaves to produce any striking effect; but the pod which succeeds them, being upwards of a foot in length and of a dark brown colour, contrasts curiously with the vivid hue of the foliage. The trunk and branches are armed with large red thorns, which present a very singular appearance. The Indians point their arrows with these thorns, and make their bows of this tree's incorruptible wood, whilst they use its blossoms as "token flowers, to tell what words can ne'er express so well."

There is a tree growing in Oriental climes called the Egyptian acacia, but it is really a mimosa; a valuable and fragrant gum, much used as incense in religious ceremonials, is obtained from it. This tree is supposed to be the shittah-tree of the Old Testament. Its timber is styled *shittim*, which some translate as "incorruptible wood." In the fifteenth chapter of Exodus it is recorded that the Ark of the Lord was made of *shittim* wood, overlaid, within and without, with pure gold, and having a crown of gold round about it; and in the following chapter, we read that the staves were made of this same tree, as were also the boards of the tabernacle, and the woodwork of the altar on which the offerings were presented.

This latter was the tree which Nourmahal alluded to in the lay with which she charmed her beloved Selim's ear:

"Fly to the desert, fly with me,
Our Arab tents are too rude for thee;
But, oh! the choice what heart can doubt,
Of tents with love or thrones without.

"Our rocks are rough, but smiling there
Th' acacia waves her yellow hair,
Lonely and sweet, nor loved the less
For flowering in a wilderness.

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"Our sands are bare, but down their slope
The silvery-footed antelope
As gracefully and gaily springs,
As o'er the marble courts of kings.

"Then come—thy Arab maid will be
The loved and lone acacia-tree,
The antelope whose feet shall bless
With their light sound thy loneliness.

"Then fly with me,—if thou hast known
No other flame, nor falsely thrown
A gem away that thou hadst sworn
Should ever in thy heart be worn.

"Come, if the love thou hast for me
Is pure and fresh as mine for thee,—
Fresh as the fountain underground
When first 't is by the lapwing found.*

"But if for me thou dost forsake
Some other maid, and rudely break
Her worship'd image from its base,
To give to me the ruin'd place;

"Then fare thee well,—I 'd rather make
My bower upon some icy lake
When thawing suns begin to shine,
Than trust to love so false as thine."

Thus passionately sung the "light of the harem," in "Lalla Rookh."

The pseudo-acacia is known also as the robinia, and was thus named by Linnæus in honour of Robin the botanist, who—somewhat more than a century ago—introduced the tree into France from America. There are two species of this acacia cultivated in Europe: their foliage is of a peculiarly brilliant green, and their pea-shaped blossoms droop in elegant clusters like those of the laburnum. Their beauty, however, is fleeting, scarcely lasting for a week, but during their short-lived existence exhaling a sweet perfume. One of these species bears white bloom; but the favourite of the twain bears, as its name implies, rose-coloured flowers.

In a well-known "Language of Flowers," this latter tree—the rose acacia—is adopted as the type of *elegance*, because, remarks the editor, "the art of the toilet cannot produce anything fresher or more elegant than the attire of this pretty shrub. Its drooping branches, its gay green, its beautiful bunches of pink flowers, resembling bows of ribbon—all give it the appearance of a fashionable female in her ball-dress."

In Bürger's *Blumensprache*, the acacia, as in most native and foreign floral languages, stands as the symbol of *friendship*.

Under its name of locust-tree, Holmes uses the acacia as a symbol of mourning:

"When damps beneath and storms above
Have bowed these fragile towers,
Still o'er the grave yon locust-grove
Shall swing its Orient flowers."

* The *hudhud*, or lapwing, is supposed to have the power of discovering water underground.

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HEATH.

(SOLITUDE.)

WHEN sorrow takes possession of the wounded heart; when love or fortune has proved unkind; when the best laid schemes are gone astray, what medicine can minister so well to the mind diseased as *solitude*, of which this fairy flower is the token? Yes, gentle reader; when grief or trouble assail you for awhile, forsake the common herd; go forth, and commune with Nature—with Nature, and with Nature's God, and be assured that you will return to your daily duties with a reinvigorated soul—with a mind strengthened and "prepared for any fate;" and trust that

> "Not vainly may the heath-flower shed
> Its moorland fragrance round your head."

But although solitude, dear friend, is a good tonic, taken in small doses and at rare intervals, beware of too great indulgence in its attractions, or you may find the physic prove a poison after all; and, to quote Professor Blackie, you will learn to sigh,

> "Alone, alone, and all alone!
> What could more lonely be?"

To many, wandering, perchance, in foreign lands, the *Heath* is endowed with a thousand tender recollections of the past—the past that never comes again; and Scottish Highlanders, so acutely sensible are they to the associations of home, have been seen to weep like children, when in their distant exile they have beheld a bunch of simple heather. Grant thus gives expression to this feeling of fondness displayed by the sturdy Scot for his native plant:

> "Flowers of the wild, whose purple glow
> Adorns the dusky mountain's side,
> Not the gay hues of Iris' bow,
> Nor garden's gorgeous, varied pride,
> With all its wealth of sweets, could cheer
> Like thee, the hardy mountaineer.

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"Flower of his dear-loved native land!
Alas! when distant, far more dear!
When he from cold and foreign strand
Looks homeward through the blinding tear,
How must his aching heart deplore
That home, and thee, he sees no more!"

And well may the Highlander value this lovely little blossom, for not only does it brighten the bleak hill-sides of his mountainous home, but it also supplies many a needed household deficiency. In olden times it formed an important ingredient in his favourite drink, and even now is so used in some outlying districts: a fine orange dye is produced from its tops, boiled with alum; strong durable ropes are manufactured from its fibres; and, though last, not by any means least, its warm elastic sprays form a sweet soft bed, whereon he may repose his wearied limbs:

"Of this, old Scotia's hardy mountaineers
Their rustic couches form; and there enjoy
Sleep which, beneath his velvet canopy,
Luxurious idleness implores in vain."

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

Well does Withering remark, when speaking of the heath, that as the ancients were wont to repose on the leaves of poetic trees, not doubting their power of inspiration—as the *Agnus cactus* was fabled to compose the troubled mind, the laurel to excite poetic fire, or the bay to suggest martial visions—why may not the heather couch equally refresh the weary limbs of the rough mountaineer, and awaken noble sentiments in minds scarcely less imaginative than those of the ancient Greeks, and nothing lacking in credulity?

The Highland heath-bed is thus described in Sir Walter Scott's novel of "Rob Roy:" "I remarked that Rob Roy's attention had extended itself to providing us better bedding than we had enjoyed the night before. Two of the least fragile of the bedsteads, which stood by the wall of the hut, had been stuffed with heath, then in full flower, so artifically arranged that the flowers, being uppermost, afforded a mattress at once elastic and fragrant. Cloaks, and such bedding as could be collected, stretched over this vegetable couch, made it both soft and warm."

The heath has, within the compass of a few years, risen from

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neglect to splendour. Every one remembers that Pope marks it with contempt, at the same time that he celebrates the colour of the flowers :

"E'en the wild heath displays its purple dyes."

Until within the last few years, scarcely half a dozen varieties were known, and now they are reckoned by hundreds. They are all beautiful, and the flowers range in hue from a purple-tinged rose to pure white.

Eliza Cook has entwined some of her ever-happy lines around this sweet symbol of solitude :

"Wild blossoms of the moorland, ye are very dear to me;
Ye lure my dreaming memory as clover does the bee;
Ye bring back all my childhood loved, when freedom, joy, and health
Had never thought of wearing chains to fetter fame and wealth.
Wild blossoms of the common land, brave tenants of the earth,
Your breathings were among the first that helped my spirit's birth;
For how my busy brain would dream, and how my heart would burn,
Where gorse and heather flung their arms above the forest fern.

* * * * * * * *

"Who loved me then? Oh, those who were as gentle as sincere,
Who never kiss'd my cheek so hard as when it own'd a tear.
Whom did I love? Oh, those whose faith I never had to doubt;
Those who grew anxious at my sigh and smiled upon my pout.
What did I crave? The power to rove unquestion'd at my will;
Oh, wayward idler that I was!—perchance I am such still.
What did I fear? No chance or change, so that it did not turn
My footstep from the moorland coast, the heather, and the fern.

"Methinks it was a pleasant time, those gipsy days of mine,
When youth with rosy magic turn'd life's waters into wine;
But nearly all who shared those days have pass'd away from earth,
Pass'd in their beauty and their prime, their happiness and mirth.
So now, rich flow'rets of the waste, I 'll sit and talk to ye,
For memory's casket, fill'd with gems, is open'd by your key;
And glad I am that I can grasp your blossoms sweet and wild,
And find myself a doter yet, a dreamer, and a child."

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CLEMATIS.

(ARTIFICE.)

THIS pleasing flower, called frequently Virgin's-bower or Traveller's Joy, has unfortunately been adopted as the emblem of *artifice*, because, some say, beggars, in order to excite pity, make false ulcers—which, however, sometimes produce real ones—in their flesh by means of its twigs.

Its specific name of *Clematis* is derived from the Greek word *klema*, signifying a small branch of a vine, because most of these plants climb like a vine, rambling over everything.

"O'errun
By vines and boundless clematis,"

as Procter says in some of his delightful verses.

"Traviler's joie is this same plant termed," says Gerarde, "as decking and adorning waies and hedges where people travell; virgin's-bower, by reason of the goodly shadowe which they make with their thick bushing and climbing, as also for the beautie of the floweres, and the pleasant scent and savour of the same; and by country folks, 'old man's beard,' from the hoary appearance of the seeds, which remain long on the hedges."

Loudon, however, considered that the name of virgin's-bower was probably given to this flower—introduced into England in 1569—with the intention of conveying a compliment to Queen Elizabeth, who liked to be styled and alluded to as the "Virgin Queen."

One species of clematis is known as Ladies'-bower, "from its aptness," says old Gerarde, "to make bowers or arbours in gardens." Keats, in his luscious poem of "Endymion," describes such a bower "for whispering lovers made," wherein a youth is sleeping:

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"Round him grew
All tendrils green, of every bloom and hue,
Together intertwined, and trammel'd fresh:
The vine of glossy sprout; the ivy-mesh,
Shading its Ethiop berries; and woodbine
Of velvet leaves, and bugle blooms divine;
Convolvulus in streaked vases flush;
The creeper mellowing for an Autumn blush;
And virgin's-bower, trailing airily,
With others of the sisterhood."

The profusion of elegant sweet-scented blossom with which the clematis decks itself during the sunny summer, as the autumn approaches gradually gives place to long, feathery, downy seeds, and these, in graceful pensile tufts, hang like drapery on the autumnal hedges, enlivening the roadsides long after flowers have vanished—not unfrequently remaining until the commencement of December. It seems unjust that so welcome a plant, which lingers so lovingly with us long after all its floral friends have sought the land of shadows, should be deemed the representative of artifice; but the florigraphists have so willed it, and by their decision we must abide. The long feathery down attached to the seeds is made use of by field-mice to render their nests soft and warm, and hence they are frequently found at the entrance to their holes, where

"Oft the little mouse,
Eludes our hopes, and, safely lodged below,
Hath formed his granaries."

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AMARANTH.

(IMMORTALITY.)

"Immortal amaranth."

MILTON.

MOST poetical of all flowers in meaning is the *Amaranth.* Christened by the Greeks "never-fading," because of the lasting nature of its bloom, it has been selected as the symbol of *immortality*, and as such it has ever been associated with Death, significant that *that* is the portal through which the soul must pass in its search after the undying blossoms of Eternity. Milton assigns crowns of amaranth to the angelic multitude assembled before the Deity:

"To the ground
With solemn adoration down they cast
Their crowns inwove with amaranth and gold.
Immortal amaranth—a flower which once
In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,
Began to bloom; but soon for man's offence
To heaven removed, where first it grew, there grows
And flowers aloft, shading the font of life,
And where the river of bliss, through midst of heaven
Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream:
With these that never fade the spirits elect
Bind their resplendent locks enwreath'd with beams;
Now in loose garlands thick thrown off, the bright
Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,
Impurpled with celestial rosy smile."

Well may the amaranth's splendour be lauded, for, as Miller truthfully confesses, "there is not a handsomer plant than this in its full lustre." The author of "Flora Domestica," describing the purple variety, says it resembles clover raised to an immense pitch of colour and sprinkled with grains of gold. And this same lady is our authority for the following paragraph:

"The flowers gathered when full-grown and dried in the shade will preserve their beauty for years, particularly if they are not exposed to the sun. A friend of the writer's possesses

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EVERLASTING AND YEW.

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some amaranths, both purple and yellow, which he has had by him for several years, enclosed with some locks of hair in a little marble urn. They look as vivid as if they were put in yesterday."

Homer describes the Thessalians as wearing crowns of these funereal flowers at the entombment of Achilles; and Spenser and Milton both class the amaranth as amongst "those flowers that sad embroidery wear," the brilliancy of its glowing colours notwithstanding. The most admired species of this plant is a native of the West Indies, and is called the "tricolor," on account of its variegated hues of crimson, green, and gold. The Spaniards call it "the parrot," the feathers of which gaudily-plumed bird Gerarde considers its flowers resemble. At the floral games held at Toulouse—as a brilliant compliment to the deserver of immortality—a golden amaranth was awarded as prize for the best lyric composition.

In 1633, Queen Christiana of Sweden gave an entertainment in honour of Don Antonio Pimentel, the Spanish ambassador. She appeared on this occasion in a dress covered with diamonds, and was attended by a splendid train of nobles and ladies. At the conclusion of the ball she stripped her attire of the diamonds, and distributed them among the company, and at the same time presented her favourite nobles with the insignia of a new order of knighthood, consisting of a riband and medal, with an amaranth in enamel, encircled with the motto, *Dolce nella memoria.*

One of the most popular species of the amaranth is the "Love-lies-bleeding." The origin of this singular appellation is not known, but it has been suggested that the following verses of Moore's account for it. The daughter of O'Connor is lamenting over the tomb of Connocht Moran:

"A hero's bride! this desert bower,
It ill befits thy gentle breeding:
And wherefore dost thou love this flower
To call 'my-love-lies-bleeding'?

"This purple flower my tears have nursed;
A hero's blood supplied its bloom:
I love it, for it was the first
That grew on Connocht Moran's tomb."

In Portugal and other warmer climes than ours, they adorn

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the churches at Christmas-time with the amaranth, as an emblem of that immortality which their faith bids them look forward to: to the lover it is ever a symbol of undying love.

Shelley introduces this flower into his poem of "Rosalind and Helen," as suitable to wear in a chaplet; thus he says:

"Whose sad inhabitants each year would come
With willing steps, climbing that rugged height,
And hang long locks of hair, and garlands bound
With amaranth flowers, which, in the clime's despite,
Filled the frore air with unaccustomed light.
Such flowers as in the wintry memory bloom
Of one friend left, adorned that frozen tomb."

There is a passage in "Don Quixote," in which are depicted some Spanish ladies clad like beautiful shepherdesses, except that their bodices and petticoats were of fine brocade, their habits of rich golden tabby; they wore their hair, which rivalled the sun's rays in brightness, hanging loose about their shoulders, and their heads were crowned with garlands of green laurel and the scarlet blossoms of the amaranth interwoven.

The people of the Batta country, in Sumatra or Tamara, when undisturbed by war, are said to lead a lazy, inactive life, passing the day in playing on a kind of flute, crowned with garlands of flowers, of which the Globe Amaranth is the favourite. Moore notes this partiality in his ever-blooming rhyme:

"Amaranths such as crown the maids
That wander through Tamara's shades."

Although the amaranths are chiefly natives of America, and very few are supposed to grow naturally in Europe, yet Sir William Jones speaks of them in terms that would imply that they grew wild in Wales:

"Fair Tivy, how sweet are thy waves gently flowing,
Thy wild oaken woods and green eglantine bowers,
Thy banks with the blush-rose and amaranth glowing,
While friendship and mirth claim their labourless hours."

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MANDRAKE.

(RARITY.)

"The fleshly mandrake's stem,
That shrieks when plucked at night."

MOORE.

OUR ancestors attributed all kinds of wonderful properties to the *Mandrake;* and, even now, in the countries of which it is a native, it is deemed typical of all kinds of dreadful things. There appears to be, however, some little doubt as to what plant the ancients really meant when they spoke of the *mandragora*, and to which they ascribed such marvellous virtues; but, at all events, it is certain that the root that passes under that name in England, and which—in order to gratify the superstitious fancies of the ignorant—quacks contrive to contort into some resemblance to the human form, is only the briony, the veritable emblem of *rarity*, growing no nearer than the south of Europe.

Amongst Oriental races the mandrake, probably on account of its fœtid odour and venomous properties, is regarded with intense abhorrence; the Arabs, Richardson says, call it "the devil's candle," because of its shiny appearance in the night; a circumstance thus alluded to by Moore in his "Lalla Rookh:"

"Such rank and deadly lustre dwells,
As in those hellish fires that light
The mandrake's charnel leaves at night."

There is an old, deeply-rooted superstition connected with this ominous plant, which we have reason to believe is not yet altogether eradicated from the minds of the uneducated, that the mandrake grows up under the gallows, being nourished by the exhalations from executed criminals; and that when it is pulled out of the ground it utters lamentable cries, as if possessed of sensibility:

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"The phantom shapes—oh, touch them not- -
That appal the murderer's sight,
Lurk in the fleshly mandrake's stem,
That shrieks when pluck'd at night."

So says Moore in verse, only repeating what many have said gravely in prose.

Another terrible quality imputed to this wretched plant was that the person pulling it out of the ground would be seriously injured by its pestilential effects, some even averring that death speedily resulted from them; in order, therefore, to guard against this danger, the surrounding soil was removed, and the plant fastened securely to a dog, so that when the animal was driven away he drew up the root, and paid the penalty of the deed.

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SPEEDWELL.

(FIDELITY.)

"Those flowers of an azure as pure as the sky."

ANON.

THESE beautiful little symbols of *fidelity* are sometimes called by their older name of *Veronica*, an abridgment of *Vera-icon*, an appellation compounded out of Latin and Greek, and signifying *true image*. This singular designation of the *Speedwell* arose from one of those quaint semi-religious superstitions of the middle ages, with which European traditionary literature has been so deeply imbued. The legend records that the handkerchief of St. Veronica received the impression of the Saviour's face, as He used it to wipe away the perspiration from His countenance when bearing His cross to the place of crucifixion; and from some fancied resemblance in the blossom of this flower to the sacred relic, it was named after its sainted owner. The flowers of the speedwell are flesh-coloured, white, or blue, but the latter hue is most admired. The lovely little blue Rock Speedwell is frequently called forget-me-not, but has no real claim to that memorable title: it is probably the hopeful-looking little floweret which Germans are so fond of planting upon graves, and to which these lines refer:

"Meet offerings they are to the kind and the good,
Those flowers of an azure as pure as the sky;
And these are they gathered in mournfullest mood,
Or planted and tended with many a sigh.
Where friendship reposes, or love is asleep,
Their beauty is decking the lowly green sod;
While heart-stricken mourners come hither to weep,
Over her who has left them to rise to her God."

The Germander Speedwell is a native of Europe and Japan. "Few of our wild flowers," remarks Mr. Martyn, "can vie in

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elegance and beauty with this. In May and June every hedge-bottom and grassy slope is adorned with it." Were these the beaming little blossoms that Shelley mentally beheld when he sang:

> "Where, like an infant's smile over the dead,
> A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread"?

But these bright blue emblems are not meant merely for fidelity to our departed dear ones. They are given us to love, admire, and make use of, to typify our feelings towards a nearer one and a dearer one than all other; and as such, fair reader, may you sincerely present and accept them.

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NARCISSUS.

(SELF-LOVE.)

THE white or poetical *Narcissus* is aptly adopted as the florigraphical sign of *egotism*, inasmuch as, according to the mythologists, it owes its origin to a beautiful youth of Bœotia, of whom it had been foretold that he should live happily until he beheld his own face. One day, when heated by the chase, Narcissus sought to quench his thirst in a stream; in so doing he beheld the reflection of his own lovely features, of which he immediately became enamoured, and, doubtless as a retribution for having slighted the charms of the nymph Echo, the conceited lad was spellbound to the spot, where he pined to death, and was metamorphosed by the gods into the flower that now bears his name. When the Naiads had lamentingly prepared the funeral pile for the beautiful youth, his body was missing;

> "Instead whereof a yellow flower was found,
> With tufts of white about the button crown'd;"

and ever since is seen

> "Narcissus fair,
> As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still."

The poetic Narcissus has a snow-white flower, with a yellow cup in the centre, fringed on the border with a brilliant crimson circlet. It is sweet-scented, and flowers in May. The cup in the centre is supposed to contain the tears of the ill-fated Narcissus. Keats terms it "a lovely flower:"

> "A meek and forlorn flower, with nought of pride."

And Shelley gives it yet kinder and more flattering words in his description of the various flowers growing with the sensitive plant: in that terrestrial garden grew

> "The pied wind flowers and the tulip tall,
> And Narcissi, the fairest among them all,
> Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess,
> Till they die at their own dear loveliness."

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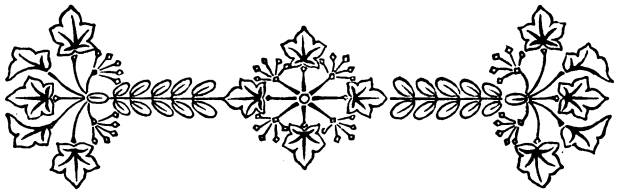

DAFFODIL.

(UNREQUITED LOVE.)

THE yellow-coloured species of the Narcissus is generally known as the *Daffodil*, and by this cognomen the beauteous flower is more frequently addressed by the poets. By the early writers it was regarded as a member of the lily family, and it has even been conjectured that its name is nothing but a corruption of Dis's lily, as it is supposed to be the flower that dropped from Pluto's chariot when he was carrying off Proserpine to the infernal regions. Jean Ingelow, in the beautiful poem of "Persephone," thus introduces this flower into a resuscitation of the antique fable:

"She stepped upon Sicilian grass,
Demeter's daughter fresh and fair,
A child of light, a radiant lass,
And gamesome as the morning air.
The daffodils were fair to see,
They nodded lightly on the lea.

* * * * *

"Lo! one she marked of rarer growth
Than orchis or anemone;
For it the maiden left them both,
And parted from her company.
Drawn nigh, she deemed it fairer still,
And stooped to gather by the rill
The daffodil, the daffodil.

"What ailed the meadow that it shook?
What ailed the air of Sicily?
She wondered by the brattling brook,
And trembled with the trembling lea.
'The coal-black horses rise—they rise:
O mother, mother!' low she cries.

* * * * *

"'O light, light!' she cries, 'farewell;
The coal-black horses wait for me.
O shade of shades, where I must dwell,
Demeter, mother, far from thee!
Oh, fated doom that I fulfil!
Oh, fateful flower beside the rill!
The daffodil, the daffodil!'"

Chaucer, the fountain-head of English poetry, alludes to this story in his quaint old language, and Shakspeare, who had a loving word for all things lovely, introduces it into his "Winter's Tale," in this exquisite manner:

"O Proserpina,
For the flowers now that, frighted, thou lett'st fall
From Dis's wagon: daffodils
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty."

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The daffodil was a great favourite with many of the Elizabethan poets, who have left several laudatory verses upon its charms; but the most admired—and deservedly so—appears to be Herrick's sweet address to daffodils:

"Fair daffodils, we weep to see
Ye haste away so soon;
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attained his noon:
Stay, stay,
Until the hastening day
Has run
But to the even-song,
And, having pray'd together, we
Will go with ye along.

"We have short time to stay as ye,
We have as fleet a Spring,
As quick a growth to meet decay
As you or anything:
We die
As your hours do, and dry
Away,
Like to the Summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found again."

Ancient writers did not omit to pay this sweet flower its due meed of praise, although, on account of its narcotic properties, they regarded it as the emblem of *deceit;* for, although as Homer assures us, it delights heaven and earth with its odour and beauty, yet, at the same time, it produces stupor and even death. It was consecrated to the Eumenides, Ceres, and Proserpine, therefore Sophocles calls it the garland of the great goddesses; and Pluto, by the advice of Venus, employed it to entice Proserpine to the lower world.

Virgil speaks of the cup of this flower as containing the tears of Narcissus, and Milton, ever ready for a classic allusion, bids

"Daffodils fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureat hearse where Lycid lies."

Amongst Eastern races the daffodil is much esteemed, the Persians designating it "the golden," and the Turks "the golden bowl."

The *Jonquil,* another flowering bulb of the Narcissi family, was originally imported into England from Constantinople. It is held as an emblem of *desire* by the Turks, a people of whose floral language such an interesting account is contained in the fascinating letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montague.

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IRIS.

(A MESSAGE.)

THE *Iris*, typical of a *message*, claims the whole world as her country, different members of the family dwelling in every quarter of the globe. Some of the species have very large flowers, and, from their colours being very vivid, and several uniting in the same blossom, are extremely showy. The Persian Iris is the most esteemed for the beauty and fragrance of its flowers: a few of them will perfume a whole room. Their colours are a mixture of pale sky-blue, purple, yellow, and sometimes white. It is from their brilliant and diversified hues, resembling those of the rainbow, that they have been named after the messenger of the gods. It is well known that the fair Iris was the bearer of good news only.

The Chalcedonian Iris has also very large flowers, and is deemed the most magnificent of them all; but the petals are very thin, and hang in a kind of slatternly manner, making it appear to some persons less handsome than others which are smaller. This flower is termed by old writers the Turkish *Flower-de-Luce.*

The common Yellow Iris is generally called the Flag. This, and several of its kindred, have valuable medicinal and mercantile uses, whilst the seeds are the best substitute for coffee hitherto discovered. The juice is sometimes used as a cosmetic for removing freckles, and a most lovely colour for painting is prepared from its blossom.

Many of the African kinds of this flower, Mr. Martyn tells us, "are eaten both by men and monkeys."

Although the iris is not deemed a lily, the French have given it the name of one: it is the veritable *fleur-de-lis* which figured in the former arms of France.

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The conjectured origin of this name is thus detailed by the Abbé la Pluche in his "*Spectacle de la Nature:*"

The upper part of one leaf of the lily, when fully expanded, and the two contiguous leaves, beheld in profile, have a faint likeness to the top of the *flower-de-luce;* so that the original *flower-de-luce,* which often appears in the crowns and sceptres in the monuments of the first and second races of kings, was most probably a composition of these three leaves. Lewis VII. engaged in the second crusade; distinguished himself, as was customary in those times, by a particular blazon, and took this figure for his coat of arms; and as the common people generally contracted the name of Lewis into "Luce," it is natural to imagine that this flower was, by corruption, distinguished in process of time by the name of *flower-de-Luce.*

Some antiquarian Dryasdusts object to this floral origin of the French arms, and are of opinion they represent three toads, and that these, becoming odious to the people, were gradually transmogrified into the lilies of France!

The German peasantry are fond of cultivating a *fleur-de-lis,* sometimes called Iris Germanica, on the roofs of their cottages. In alluding to this custom, in an old "Language of Flowers," it is stated that "when the wind waves its beautiful flowers, and the sun gilds their petals, tinged with gold, purple, and azure, it looks as if light flames were playing on the top of those rustic dwellings."

The flag is prettily pictured by Charlotte Smith as

> "Amid its waving swords, in flaming gold
> The iris towers."

This plant is spoken of in Exodus as affording a hiding-place for the infant Moses; but it is impossible to decide upon its identity with the common English flag, to which Shakspeare and many of our older poets so frequently advert in their writings.

The *fleur-de-lis,* deemed typical of a *flame,* or as denoting "*I burn,*" is thus beautifully presented by the author of "Christ's Victorie:"

> "The flowers-de-luce and the round sparks of dew
> That hung upon their azure leaves, did show
> Like twinkling stars that sparkle in the evening blue."

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VIOLET.

(MODESTY.)

"The violet is for modesty."

BURNS.

VIOLETS, considered by some, including Scotia's shepherd bard, typical of *modesty*, by others are deemed emblematic of *faithfulness;* and the latter have the support of one of Shakspeare's contemporary poets:

"Violet is for faithfulness,
Which in me shall abide;
Hoping likewise that from your heart
You will not let it slide."

The rank which this timid little blossom holds in floral caligraphy is a very exalted one; indeed, the rose excepted, there is not a flower that "tolls its perfume on the passing air," which is so generally admired and belauded. From Homer down to Tennyson, not a famous poet but has linked its sweetness with his own, and many are the lovely ideas its beauty and fragrance have suggested.

"The violet was as proud a device of the Ionic Athenians," says a well-known author, "as the rose of England and the lily of France. In all seasons it was to be seen exposed for sale in the market-place at Athens, the citizens being successful in rearing it in their gardens even when the ground was covered with snow."

These Greeks, who peopled the petals of every blossom and the ripples of every rill with the graceful offspring of their fancy, designated this floweret Ion, which name some enterprising etymologists believe to be a derivation of Ia, the daughter of Midas and the betrothed of Atys, whom, they say, to conceal her from Apollo, Diana transformed into a violet. Other mythological accounts state that Jupiter caused the first

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sweet violets to spring from the earth as food for persecuted Io, whilst she was hiding, under the form of a white heifer, from the fury of Juno.

Others derive the origin of its name from the word *via*, a "wayside," whence its perfume often greets the wanderer. Lorenzo de Medici, in a sonnet addressed to Venus, suggests that the admired flowerling sprang from her empurpled blood; but we know not what authority he had beyond the usual licence of poets for thus tampering with classic fable.

The Latin race did not neglect this minstrel's darling; and it has been remarked that if the far-famed roses of Pæstum, which bloomed twice in the year, and of which "now a Virgil, now an Ovid sang," did arrest the voyager on his course by their delicious odours, those odours might also have received some of their sweetness from these flowers; for those gardens of Pæstum equally boasted of their violets; "which," as Rogers says in a note to a passage in his "Pleasures of Memory," "were as proverbial as the roses, and mentioned by Martial." How changed is that renowned place! All that now remains of its ancient glory are its flowers, and still

> "The air is sweet with violets running wild,
> 'Mid broken sculptures and fallen capitals."

The Romans, who much used a wine made from the violets, seemed to think that they could never have enough of its perfume; and they are censured by Horace for neglecting their fruitful olive-groves for beds of violets, myrtles, and "all the wilderness of sweets."

The poetry, the romance, and the scenery of many a clime is closely associated with this enthralling floweret: it is found in almost all parts of the world, and even in Persia—"the garden of Gul"—it disputes the palm of supremacy with the rose. It is supposed to have been discovered first in Europe, but now perfumes the songs of all literatures and the gardens of all climes. Apart from its beauty and fragrance, it is highly esteemed for its medicinal virtues, and the finest sherbet of the Mahommedans is said to be concocted of violets and sugar. Lane gives his testimony to the delicious flavour of this drink, and Tavernier says that it is drunk by the Grand Signor himself.

One tradition asserts that Mahomet said, "The excellence

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of the extract of violets above all other extracts is as the excellence of me above all the rest of the creation: it is cold in summer, and it is hot in winter;" whilst another legend hath that "the excellence of the violet is as the excellence of El Islam above all other religions."

Arabic and Persian poets oft and o'er pluck similes from the petals of this perfumed blossom. Ebu Abrumi, an Arabian poet, uses a very trite comparison when he likens blue eyes weeping to violets bathed in dew. Amongst our English poets who have illustrated this image is Elizabeth Browning:

"Dear violets, you liken to
The kindest eyes that look on you
Without a thought disloyal."

And in the following lines on a faded violet, Shelley embodies the same pretty fancy:

"The colour from the flower is gone,
Which like thy sweet eyes smil'd on me;
The odour from the flow'r is flown,
Which breathed of thee, and only thee!

"A wither'd, lifeless, vacant form,
It lies on my abandoned breast,
And mocks the heart which yet is warm,
With cold and silent rest.

"I weep—my tears revive it not;
I sigh—it breathes no more on me;
Its mute and uncomplaining lot
Is such as mine should be."

The same poetic comparison is employed by Shakspeare in the "Winter's Tale:"

"Violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath."

The frequent allusions made to "the nodding violet" by the great dramatist causes it to be regarded as his favourite flower; and that, in the eyes of many, will not be one of its slightest charms. There is no more exquisite passage in the whole range of English poesy than that in "Twelfth Night," where the Duke, listening to plaintive music, desires

"That strain again; it had a dying fall:
Oh, it came o'er my ear like the sweet South,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour."

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Many are the passages in which the bard of Avon employs his beloved flower as the type of *modesty* and *maidenhood.* Indeed, poets are continually using this retiring blossom to emblemize those qualities.

"Steals timidly away,
Shrinking as violets do in Summer's ray,"

says the author of "Lalla Rookh." Keats delighted to paint little secluded sylvan bowers "where violet-beds were nestling;" and the following lines, by the Rev. John Moultrie, give a pretty picture of the sort of place where these sweet flowers may be found:

"Under the green hedges after the snow,
There do the dear little violets grow,
Hiding their modest and beautiful heads
Under the hawthorn in soft mossy beds.

"Sweet as the roses, and blue as the sky,
Down there do the dear little violets lie,
Hiding their heads where they scarce may be seen;
By the leaves you may know where the violet hath been."

Bernard Barton, in "Poetic Vigils," speaks of the "unobtrusive worth and meek content" of these modest blossoms, prompting them to bless the passer-by with fragrance, and in mute eloquence express their timid thoughts. In her "Gossip with a Bouquet," Mrs. Sigourney first addresses herself to "you, meek violet, with your eyes of blue." The venerable and venerated Barry Cornwall, whose beautiful lyrics are sweet as the hopes of youth and the memories of old age, has continually expressed his love for "violets, whose looks are like the skies," and in the following stanza even assigns it the first rank in Flora's fragrant Court:

"The king told Gyges of the purple flower;
It chanced to be the flower the boy liked most:
It has a scent as though Love, for its dower,
Had on it all his odorous arrows tost;
For though the rose has more perfuming power,
The violet—haply 'cause 't is almost lost,
And takes us so much trouble to discover—
Stands first with most, but always with a lover."

This same delicate poet, whose songs seem almost too sweet for singing, has favoured us with this fairy lyric to the violet:

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"I love all things the seasons bring,
All buds that open, birds that sing,
All hues from white to jet;
All the sweet words that Summer sends
When she recalls her flowery friends,
But chief—the violet.

"I love—how much I love!—the rose,
On whose soft lips the south wind blows
In pretty, amorous threat;
The lily paler than the moon,
The odorous, wondrous world of June,
Yet more—the violet!

"She comes, the first, the fairest thing
That Heaven upon the earth doth fling,
Ere Winter's star has set:
She dwells behind her leafy screen,
And gives, as angels give, unseen,
So, love—the violet.

"What modest thoughts the violet teaches,
What gracious boons the violet preaches,
Bright maiden, ne'er forget!
But learn, and love, and so depart,
And sing thou, with thy wiser heart,
'Long live the violet!'"

Quaint old Paracelsus, who has been so much misunderstood, not only by his own, but by many successive generations of scoffers, once propounded a division of plants according to their particular odours, and presuming the possibility of such an arrangement, few, if any, flowers could claim a higher place than the modest violet.

It has been justly remarked that if we miss in our native plants something of the gorgeousness of more tropical flowers, we are more than compensated by the variety and delicacy of their perfume: the scented airs floating over a fragrant "bank of violets, stealing and giving odour," would amply repay the loss of all the gaudy floral treasures of the vaunted tropics.

At the floral games instituted at Toulouse, in 1323, by a lady named Clemence Isaure, whilst the gallant troubadours were in the heyday of their glory, a golden violet—"the glorious flower which bore the prize away"—was the recompence annually awarded to the author of the best poem. The fair founder of the renowned pastimes is represented as sending, during a weary imprisonment, her chosen flower, the violet, to her knight, that he might wear the emblem of her constancy.

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These games, discontinued during the French Revolution, were revived in 1808, and, although necessarily shorn of much of their ancient glory, are still celebrated with considerable splendour: they attained their 556th anniversary this year.

"The Golden Violet" prize was the theme of one of poor L. E. L.'s pathetic stories. She tells us she deemed that

> "No flowers grew in the vale,
> Kissed by the dew, wooed by the gale—
> None by the dew of the twilight wet,
> So sweet as the deep blue violet."

And expresses the wish that

> "When the grave shall open for me—
> I care not how soon that time may be—
> Never a rose shall grow on that tomb,
> It breathes too much of hope and bloom;
> But there be that flower's meek regret,
> The bending and deep blue violet."

Whilst the first Napoleon was in exile, this little blossom was adopted by his followers as an emblem: he was styled *Le Pére la Violette*, and a small bunch of violets hung up in the house, or worn by a Frenchman, denoted the adherence of the wearer to his fallen chieftain's cause.

The White Violet, which is not invariably scentless, as is sometimes erroneously presumed, is emblematic of *candour*, although some authors adopt it as the representative of *innocence*.

Caroline Bowles, speaking of various sorts of violets growing in her garden, says,

> "The more fragrant white,
> E'en from that very root, in many a patch
> Extended wide, still scents the garden round."

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PRIMROSE.

(YOUTH.)

"The primrose I will pu', the firstling of the year."

BURNS.

THE *Primrose*, emblematical of *youth*, has received innumerable deservedly warm encomiums from our poets, but none sweeter than those popular lines of Robert Herrick:

"Ask me why I send you here
This firstling of the infant year;
Ask me why I send to you
This primrose all bepearl'd with dew;
I straight will whisper in your ears,
The sweets of love are wash'd with tears.

"Ask me why this flower doth show
So yellow, green, and sickly too;
Ask me why the stalk is weak
And bending, yet it doth not break;
I must tell you, these discover
What doubts and fears are in a lover."

This pretty lyric is only one out of many which go to prove that their quaint old bard was not altogether unacquainted with the natural language of flowers. Shakspeare, who was as conversant with this florigraphical system as he was with every other mode of exciting human interest, thus daintily introduces this delicate blossom into his pathetic drama of "Cymbeline," as typical of the youthful dead:

"With fairest flowers,
Whilst Summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lack
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose."

Again, in the "Winter's Tale," the grand dramatist still more explicitly portrays his knowledge of its symbolic character:

"The pale primroses,
That die unmarried ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength."

Milton also styles this vernal bloom "the pale primrose." It has already been seen described by Herrick as "the firstling

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of spring;" thus also does Burns term it in "The Posie," and thus also did Linnæus appropriately name it in his botanical system; whilst in his native Swedish it is known as *Maj-nycklar*, or the "key of May." Its English appellation is derived from *primus*—"the first"—and happily expresses one of its charms. If we value the autumn flowers because they are the last, because they are soon to leave us, still more do we delight to welcome the blossoms of spring.

This fragile flower is known classically as *Paralisos*, and was thus styled in commemoration of a youth so named, who pined away with grief for the loss of his betrothed, Melicerta, and was metamorphosed into

"The rathe primrose that, forsaken, dies."

There are many varieties of the wild primrose of our island which are not pale-coloured. In the northern counties is often found the Bird's-eye Primrose, lilac hued and musky scented; and in Scotland there is a species of a purple nearly as deep-hued as the garden auricula. Of course, the best known and most beloved blossom is the Sulphur-coloured Primrose. It is *the* primrose: it it is, which we associate with cowslips and the meadows; it it is, which shines like an earth-star from the grass by the brook-side, lighting the hand to pluck it. We do indeed give the name of primrose to the other flowers, but we do this in courtesy. We feel that they are not the primroses of our youth; not the primroses with which we have played at bo-peep in the woods; not the irresistible primroses which have so often lured our young feet into the wet grass, and procured us coughs and chidings. There is a sentiment in flowers; there are flowers we cannot look upon, or even hear named, without recurring to something that has an interest in our hearts: such are the primrose, the May-flower, and the daisy.

Yes! such a blossom is this, of which Isaak Walton once beautifully remarked, "When I last sat on this primrose-bank, and looked down these meadows, I thought of them as Charles the Emperor did of Florence, that they were too pleasant to be looked on but only on holidays!"

It is wonderful how strong is the affection entertained for those flowers

"That dwell beside our paths and homes,"

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by emigrants on foreign shores. Disregarding the gorgeous blooms that flaunt their magnificence around them, Britons sojourning in those golden climes wearily sigh for the humble blossoms that scent the fields of their native land. Who does not remember the tremendous excitement that took place in Australia upon the arrival of the first primrose from old England? What conflicting emotions must its pallid petals have aroused in the bosoms of many of its beholders! what mingled feelings of pleasure and pain! what thoughts of the bygone youth passed in the far-away natal isle, must have been stirred up under the seeming calmness of those bronzed countenances! Who amongst those dwellers in that distant clime but would willingly have purchased the fragile flowerling with the loss of the most superb member of Australia's floral family!

Englishmen strive not only to carry their manners and customs with them wherever they go, but many of them even try to give to surrounding nature a look of home—sweet home—by planting native flowers and shrubs in the neighbourhood of their dwellings. Sir John Hobhouse is said to have discovered an Englishman's residence on the shores of the Hellespont by the character of the surrounding plants. It is observed that an Anglo-Indian, in the midst of all his Oriental magnificence, deems a root of primroses or a tuft of British violets one of the highest luxuries attainable.

How tenderly does the great Lord Bacon, in his quaintly beautiful "Essay on Gardening," recommend these gentle flowers, "for they *are* sweet, and prosper in the shade," a quality which Mayne also notices in them:

> "The primrose, tenant of the glade,
> Emblem of virtue in the shade."

It has been observed of poor Clare that his poems are as thickly strewn with primroses as the woodlands themselves. In his "Village Minstrel" he sings:

> "Oh, who can speak his joys when Spring's young morn
> From wood and pasture opened on his view,
> When tender green buds blush upon the thorn,
> And the first primrose dips his leaves in dew!
>
> "And while he plucked the primrose in its pride,
> He pondered o'er its bloom 'tween joy and pain;
> And a rude sonnet in its praise he tried,
> Where nature's simple way the aid of art supplied."

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In another portion of his artless verse he tells, how, as a child, he rambled o'er the fields for flowers, and

> "Robbed every primrose-root I met,
> And ofttimes got the root to set;
> And joyful home each nosegay bore;
> And felt—as I shall feel no more."

In the following lines the old poet, Browne, associates this flower with a scene of rustic idle thoughtlessness:

> "As some wayfaring man, passing a wood,
> Goes jogging on, and in his mind nought hath,
> But how the primrose finely strews the path."

And the sketch is suggestive of Wordsworth's oft-quoted idea, in "Peter Bell:"

> "A primrose by a river's brim
> A yellow primrose was to him,
> And it was nothing more."

To Mrs. Heman's ever-faithful muse, however, we must turn for a full description of this offspring of the youthful year, and of its favourite haunts:

"I saw it in my evening walk,
A little lonely flower;
Under a hollow bank it grew,
Deep in a mossy bower.

"An oak's gnarl'd root to roof the cave
With gothic fretwork sprung,
Whence jewell'd fern, and arum-leaves,
And ivy garlands hung.

"And close beneath came sparkling out
From an old tree's fallen shell
A little rill that clipt about
The lady in her cell.

"And then, methought, with bashful pride
She seemed to sit and look
On her own maiden loveliness,
Pale imaged in the brook.

"No other flower, no rival grew
Beside my pensive maid;
She dwelt alone, a cloister'd nun,
In solitude and shade.

"No ruffling wind could reach her there;
No eye, methought, but mine,
Or the young lambs that came to drink,
Had spied her secret shrine.

"And there was pleasantness to me
In such belief—cold eyes
That slight dear Nature's loveliness,
Profane her mysteries."

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DAISY.

(INNOCENCE.)

"Whose white investments figure innocence."

SHAKSPEARE.

THE flower which, next to the rose, appears to have received the most attention from the poets is the *Daisy*. It may seem strange that a little scentless floweret like this should have obtained so many plaudits; but Montgomery most probably guesses the real cause of its popularity when he sings

"The rose has but a Summer reign;
The daisy never dies."

Formerly "the poet's darling" was termed the "e'e of daie," and under that name Chaucer speaks of it; by the time the Elizabethan school arose, it was known as the "day's eye," from which title to its present appellation the transition was easy.

This little "silver shield" is known to the French as *Marguerite*, or "the pearl;" and at the banquet given in celebration of the marriage of Charles the Bold of Burgundy with the Princess Margaret of England, its name allowed it to be made use of to pay a very pretty compliment to the princely pair. Amongst other clever automata introduced upon the occasion was a large unicorn, bearing on its back a leopard, emblematical of the supporters of the two nations: the latter animal held in one claw the standard of England, and in the other a daisy, or *Marguerite*. After the toy had gone the round of the tables, one of the stewards took the little blossom from the leopard's claw, and presented it, with a laudatory address, to the royal bridegroom.

According to the classic account, this little flower owed its

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origin to Belides, one of the dryads, the nymphs who presided over woodlands. It is fabled that whilst this damsel was dancing with her favoured suitor, Ephigeus, she attracted the attention of Vertumnus, the guardian deity of orchards; and it was in order to shelter her from his pursuit that she was transformed into *Bællis*, or the daisy. In Macpherson's exquisite rendering of Ossian, there is a passage of great beauty, wherein a yet more celestial origin is assigned to this nestling of nature. The grand old Gaelic poet feigns that the daisy was first sown above a baby's grave by the dimpled hands of infantine angels.

Wordsworth, in some fine verses to the daisy, tells us how he did "sit at ease and weave a web of similes," and call by "many a fond and idle name" this tiny twinkling earth-star; he compares it to

"A nun demure, of lowly port,
Or sprightly maiden of Love's court,
In thy simplicity the sport
Of all temptations;

"A queen in crown of rubies dress'd;
A starveling in a scanty vest;
Are all, as seem to suit thee best,
Thy appellations.

"A little Cyclops, with one eye,
Staring to threaten and defy;
That thought comes next—and instantly
The freak is over.

"The shape will vanish, and behold!
A silver shield with boss of gold,
That spreads itself, some fairy bold
In fight to cover."

Many other poets have likened the daisy to various other sweet things—real and ideal. In France, lovers, who evidently believe with poor L. E. L. that "flowers were made for Love's interpreters," use it for the prognostication of their future lot, in the following manner: gathering a daisy, they commence plucking its leaflets off, saying with each one, "Does he love me?—a little—much—passionately—not at all!" and as the floret decides, such will be the lot of the experimentalist. In England the marygold, and in Germany the star-flower or aster, is generally used for a similar purpose.

"The daisy's for simplicity and unaffected air," remarks Robert Burns, in "The Posie," of which collection of floral emblems Professor Wilson states that Meleager's "Heliodora's Garland" is a prototype, so true is it that there is nothing new under the sun.

In the days of chivalry, a knight, when an accepted lover, was permitted by his ladye faire to engrave a daisy upon his arms; but when the damsel would not give an "ay" or a "nay"

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to his suit, but rather preferred to "tarry longer in love's flowery way," she wreathed her head with a coronet of *wild daisies*, to intimate that she would *think of it.*

A young poetess of considerable promise, and to whose untimely death we have already had occasion to allude, on the last time she ever used her pen, composed the following affecting address to daisies:

"Thick set the English daisies grow,
The close fresh turf between;
On breezy downs, on meadows low,
In lawns, upon the banked hedgerow,
Star-white, 'mid pastures green.

"Daisies that flower in gardens neat,
And archly gay and bright,
Outvie with cultured prim conceit
Their paler sisters, wild and sweet,
With blossoms red and white.

"Braving in the young year the rains
And cold, with gentle duty,
Daisies they wait for Summer gains,
And win them—nought of Spring remains,
Saving their simple beauty.

"Outliving all blue violet bands,
And ev'ry early comer,
Till children thread with sun-browned hands
The daisy-chains from flow'ring lands
In the sunny days of Summer.

"Daisies, they live in deathless rhymes
'Mid songs by poets given;
Nor blight nor Winter mar their chimes;
Merrily live for future times,
Fadeless as flower in heaven."

ELLA INGRAM.

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THISTLE.

(INDEPENDENCE.)

"The thistle shall bloom on the bed of the brave."

ANON.

AS the national emblem of Scotia, the *Thistle* has been celebrated, far and wide, by the many bards of its brave people. Some florigraphists have used this symbol of *independence* as the representative of *surliness*, because the motto—*Nemo me impune lacessit*, "Nobody molests me with impunity"—is combined with the blossom of the thistle in the decoration of the Scottish order named after this plant, as, indeed, it is in all the national emblems.

The motto, however, is scarcely so appropriate for this token-flower as it would be for some of its well-armed relatives, the thistle which is really depicted upon the Scottish badges being the Melancholy Thistle, a far less dangerous foe than others of the family. There is some little doubt as to how this flower was first adopted by the Scottish race, some patriotic authors going back to the days of the Picts in order to trace the origin of its use, and adducing a romantic legend in proof of the antiquity of the custom. Be this as it may, the Plantagenets were not prouder of the broom than were the Stuarts of their thistle; and princes of the royal house were wont to wear the *Cluas-au-pheidh*, as it is called in Gaelic, with all the respect that its presumed antique and honourable history entitled it to. The poets of Scotland are ever ready to pay it homage, and the following thoroughly characteristic poem, to be found in Hogg's "Jacobite Relics," is supposed to have been written by the Ettrick Shepherd himself:

"Let them boast of the country gave Patrick his fame,
Of the land of the ocean and Anglian name,
With the red blushing roses and shamrock so green;

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Far dearer to me are the hills of the North,
The land of blue mountains, the birthplace of worth;
Those mountains where Freedom has fixed her abode,
Those wide-spreading glens where no slave ever trode,
Where blooms the red heather and thistle so green.

"Though rich be the soil where blossoms the rose,
And barren the mountains and covered with snows
Where blooms the red heather and thistle so green;
Yet for friendship sincere, and for loyalty true,
And for courage so bold which no foe could subdue,
Unmatched is our country, unrivall'd our swains,
And lovely and true are the nymphs on our plains,
Where rises the thistle, the thistle so green.

"Far-famed are our sires in the battles of yore,
And many the cairnies that rise on our shore
O'er the foes of the land of the thistle so green;
And many a cairnie shall rise on our strand,
Should the torrent of war ever burst on our land.
Let foe come on foe, as wave comes on wave,
We 'll give them a welcome, we 'll give them a grave
Beneath the red heather and thistle so green.

"Oh, dear to our souls as the blessings of Heaven
Is the freedom we boast, is the land that we live in,
The land of red heather, and thistle so green;
For that land and that freedom our fathers have bled,
And we swear by the blood that our fathers have shed,
No foot of a foe shall e'er tread on their grave;
But the thistle shall bloom on the bed of the brave,
The thistle of Scotland, the thistle so green."

There appears to be no proof of this sturdy flower having been adopted as the symbol of Scotland earlier than the middle of the fifteenth century, when a puritanic council held a solemn consultation within the walls of the old Council-house at Edinburgh as to the advisability of erasing the papistic figure of St. Giles—which for so many centuries had been triumphantly borne through the battle and the breeze—from the old standard: religious animosity gained the day, and the time-honoured figure of the saint was replaced by the melancholy thistle.

Old Culpepper indulges in some of his usual quaint and querulous humbug over this particular member of the thistle family. "It is," he says, "under Capricorn, and therefore under both Saturn and Mars: one rids melancholy by sympathy, the other by antipathy. Their virtues are but few, but those are not to be despised; for the decoction of the thistle in wine being drank, expels superfluous melancholy out of the body, and

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makes a man as merry as a cricket. Superfluous melancholy causeth care, fear, sadness, despair, envy, and many more evils besides; but religion teaches us to wait upon God's providence, and cast our care upon Him that careth for us. What a fine thing were it if men and women could live so! and yet seven years' care and fear makes a man never the wiser nor a farthing the richer. Discorides saith, 'the root borne about one doth the like, and removes all diseases of melancholy.' Modern writers laugh at him; 'let them laugh that win;' my opinion is, that it is the best remedy against all diseases that grow; they that please may use it."

There, after all, one may get a grain or two of corn out of the old astrologer's chaff, despite his leaving us in doubt as to whether laughter, or thistle-root, supplies his panacea. The Spear Thistle has been termed the emblem of *beneficence*, because, says a botanical writer, "if a heap of clay be thrown up, nothing would grow upon it for many years, were it not that the seeds of this friendly plant, wafted thither by the wind, speedily vegetate, and, throwing wide their deep green leaves, which are cotton underneath and hairy above, form a cover for lesser plants. Beautiful flowers soon mantle the otherwise unsightly heap of clay; the small blue forget-me-not, the mouse-ear hawkweed, one of the loveliest of 'Flora's watches,' with her numerous relatives of wood and wall; the eye-bright and wild bugle grow there profusely, as also many a meek-eyed sister, who peeps from beneath the leaves of the guardian thistle."

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THE LILY.

(MAJESTY.)

ALTHOUGH this flower—dedicated to Juno, Queen of Heaven—is generally deemed typical of *majesty*, there are many varied meanings given to the numerous members of its family, and such significations will be either pointed out separately under their respective headings, or will be found altogether in their proper place at the end of this volume.

The *Lily* is held in high esteem by many for the frequency with which it is alluded to in the Scriptures. The Jews entertained a great admiration for its elegant form, which they imitated in the decorations of their first magnificent Temple; and Christ Himself told them to "consider the lilies of the field," describing them to His listeners as more glorious in their unadorned simplicity than was their favourite monarch Solomon, when arrayed in all his most gorgeous apparel. Horace Smith thus avails himself of the text:

> "'Thou wert not, Solomon! in all thy glory,
> Arrayed,' the lilies cry, 'in robes like ours.'
> How vain their grandeur! ah, how transitory
> Are human flowers!"

The varieties of this graceful flower are extremely numerous, although, according to the old fabulists, originally there was only one kind of lily, and that was orange-coloured. They give some marvellous stories to account for its many shapes and tints, which, now-a-days, are as varied as are the hues of the rainbow. One legend tells that Jove, being desirous of rendering the infant Hercules immortal, caused Somnus to prepare a nectareous sleeping-draught, which he administered to Juno, who soon fell into a profound slumber. Whilst the Mother of the Gods was in this condition, Jove placed the babe to her breast, in order that it might imbibe the divine

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milk that would ensure its immortality. The little Hercules, in his over-eagerness, drew the milk too quickly, and some drops falling to the earth, the white lily, emblematical of *purity*, immediately sprang up.

Throughout Spain and Italy the white lily is emblematic of the Virgin's purity, and is frequently used to decorate her shrine: in nearly every Catholic country it is especially dedicated to her.

It is stated that the ladies upon the continent have held in high favour, for many years, a certain cosmetic prepared from the blossoms of this lily, and amongst Orientals it is cherished, not only on account of its variety and beauty of colour, but also for the sake of the exquisite perfume yielded by many members of its species.

Moore, in "Lalla Rookh," finds occasion to deduce many sweet similes from the lily tribe, and, amongst others, from the glorious Persian Lily, celebrated for its gorgeous golden hue, and from the Indian lotus, famous for its bright roseate tint.

The Victoria Regina, so named by Dr. Lindley in honour of the Queen, may be considered as the most magnificent of all lilies, if not, indeed, of all flowers. Its gorgeous, snowy, blush-tinted blossoms attain four feet, and its enormous leaves eighteen feet of circumference! No typical meaning has as yet been assigned to this suberb flower, doubtless from the fact of its great size precluding all idea of its being used for any human decorative purpose.

That the lily anciently grew in Egypt is testified by the hieroglyphics, among which it appears. It was doubtless full of meaning to those wise Egyptians, as it was to the ancients generally. The fact of its hieroglyphical representation is sufficient to prove this; for these picture words are all fraught with deep significance, although many of them are hard to comprehend, the most learned differing as to their real import.

An heraldic work, published in France, gives the following singular and interesting account of the lily as an emblem: It is the symbol of divinity, of purity, of abundance, and of love; most complete in perfection, charity, and benediction; as that mirror of chastity, Susanna, is defined Susa, which signifies the "lily-flower," the chief city of the Persians bearing that name

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for excellency. Hence the lily's three leaves, in the arms of France, meaneth piety, justice, and charity. The following pretty legend is related, and devoutly believed in, by the inhabitants of the Hartz Mountains, of the night-blooming lily of Lauenberg.

Beautiful Alice dwelt with her widowed mother in a small cottage at the foot of the Hartz Mountains. Her principal occupation was that of gathering *forest straw*—that is, the foliage of the pine and fir tribe, which is very much used in certain parts of Germany as a stuffing for beds, &c. Thus was the pretty maiden occupied when the lord of Lauenberg Castle rode by. With wily words he extolled her looks, and swore that she was too pretty a blossom to be hid in a peasant's humble cot, and begged her to come and dwell in his lordly castle, where she would have nothing to do but command, and where all would obey her commands.

The simple girl was dazzled by the brilliant prospect, but, true in her simplicity, flew to her mother, and related all that had transpired. The terrified mother wept bitterly over her darling's communication; for too well she knew the character of Lauenberg's dissolute baron. Hastily packing up her few household treasures, she carried off her wondering and sorrowful child to the shelter of a neighbouring convent, within whose sacred walls she believed poor Alice might rest in security. Not long, however, had the simple country girl been immured in the holy edifice before the enraged nobleman discovered her retreat, and, determined to obtain his prey, assembled his vassals, forced an entrance into the convent, and, seizing the object of his licentious passion, bore her, half dead with dread, to his castle.

On arriving, at midnight, in the garden in front of his embattled dwelling, he alighted with his senseless burden in his arms; but, as he attempted to enter the castle, the guardian spirits of the place snatched the poor maiden out of his grasp, and on the very spot where her feet had been, sprang up the beautiful lily of Lauenberg.

The annual appearance of the lily at midnight is anxiously looked forward to by the inhabitants of the Hartz, and many of them are said to perform a nightly pilgrimage to see it, returning to their homes overpowered with its dazzling beauty,

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and asserting that its splendour is so great that it sheds beams of light on the valley below.

The following affecting sketch, in which the lily plays a part, is given by Lady Herbert, in her "Impressions of Spain." "In a cemetery near Seville is a very beautiful though simple marble cross, on which is engraved these lines in Spanish:

'I believe in God;
I hope for God;
I love God.'

It is the grave of a poor boy, the only son of a widow. He was not exactly an idiot, but what people call a natural. Good, simple, humble, every one loved him; but no one could teach him anything. . . He could remember nothing. In vain the poor mother put him first at school, and then to a trade; he could not learn. At last, in despair, she took him to a neighbouring monastery, and implored the abbot, who was a most charitable man, to take him in and treat him as a lay brother. Touched by her grief, the abbot consented, and the boy entered the convent. There all possible pains were taken by the monks to give him at least some ideas of religion, but he could remember nothing but these three sentences. Still he was so patient, so laborious, and so good, that the community decided to keep him.

When he had finished his hard out-of-door work, instead of coming in to rest, he would go straight to the church, and there remain on his knees for hours. 'But what does he do?' exclaimed one of the novices; 'he does not know how to pray.' . . They therefore hid themselves in a side chapel, close to where he came in. Devoutly kneeling, with clasped hands, and his eyes fastened on the tabernacle, he did nothing but repeat over and over again, 'I believe in God; I hope for God; I love God.' One day he was missing; they went to his cell, and found him dead on the straw, with his hands joined, and an expression of the same ineffable peace and joy they had remarked on his face when in the church. They buried him in this quiet cemetery, and the abbot caused these words to be graven on the cross. Soon a lily (emblem of innocence) was seen flowering by the grave, whereon one had sown it: the grave was opened, and the root of the flower was found *in the heart* of the orphan boy."

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MOONWORT.

(FORGĔTFULNESS.)

THIS flower is no less famed for the singularity of its associated legends than for the quaintness of its names. It is frequently called Honesty, which name is supposed to have been given it because of the transparency of the partition of the seed-vessel; it has been known as Silver-bloom and Satin-flower, probably on account of the glossy and silvery look of this seed-vessel. In France it is frequently called *Herbe aux Lunettes*, from the fancied resemblance of this portion of the plant to the oval glass of a pair of spectacles; and lastly, it was formerly termed in England, and still is in many parts of Europe, Lunaria, which is nothing more than a Latinized form of *Moonwort*, the appellation by which it is now recognized, and which, like all its many cognomens, is derived from a peculiarity of the seed-vessel, the form of which is considered to resemble that of the full moon.

This little lilac flower has for many generations been deemed typical of *forgetfulness*. René, Duke of Baraud-Lorraine, having been taken prisoner at the battle of Toulongèon, is said to have personally painted a sprig of moonwort, and to have had it conveyed to his vassals, as a reproach to them for their dilatoriness in effecting his deliverance.

Culpepper, in his ridiculous old "Herbal," says, "Moonwort is a herb which, they say, will open locks and unshoe such horses as tread upon it: this some laugh to scorn, and those no small fools neither; but country people that I know call it 'unshoe the horse.' Besides," adds the old rascal, "I have heard commanders say, that on White Downs, in Devonshire, near Tiverton, there were found thirty horse-shoes, pulled off from the Earl of Essex's horses, being there drawn up in a body,

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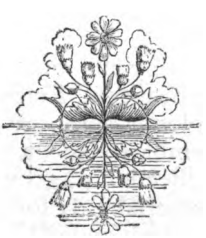
many of them being newly shod, and no reason known, which caused much admiration [doubtless]; and the herb described usually grows upon heaths."

After such testimony, it cannot excite surprise that magical properties were assigned to this plant; thus Drayton says:

> "Enchanting lunarie here lies,
> In sorceries excelling."

Chaucer also alludes to its use in incantations, whilst other ancient authors considered that amongst its virtues might be reckoned the power of curing insanity.

The singular seed-vessels for which the plant is now chiefly noticed, are frequently dried and preserved for use with amaranths, xeranthemums, and other *immortelles.*



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THE CROWN IMPERIAL.

(POWER.)

"This lily's height bespeaks command,
A fair, imperial flower;
She seems designed for Flora's hand,
The sceptre of her power."

ANON.

THIS stately scion of the lily family is significant of *power*. The flowers are formed by a circle of tulip-shaped corollas turned downwards, which have the appearance of so many gay bells, the stigma answering for the clapper; the whole is crowned by a coma or tuft of green leaves, which gives to it a singular and agreeable effect. Each of the bells contains some drops of water, which adhere to the bottom of the corolla till it withers.

The French, who seem to pay delicate compliments by instinct, have the following pretty little story appertaining to florigraphy, in which this superb blossom plays a prominent part: The Duke de Montausier was married to Mademoiselle de Rambouillet on New Year's Day, 1634, and on the morning of the bridal the duke placed upon the bride's dressing-table a magnificently-bound book, on the vellum leaves of which were painted from nature, by the most eminent native artists, a series of all the most beautiful European flowers. Appropriate verses for each bloom were written by famous French poets, and elaborately emblazoned on their respective pages. The chief poem in the collection was contributed by Chapelain, who chose the Crown Imperial Lily for his theme, representing it as having sprung from the blood of Gustavus Adolphus when he fell mortally wounded on the field of Lützen. This was intended more as a compliment to the bride than to the Swedish hero, of whose character the lady was an intense admirer. This splendid wedding gift, which was named after its fair recipient, "Julia's Garland," is said to have been sold at the disposal of the Duke de la Vailliere's effects in 1784, to an Englishman, for upwards of £600.

A very rare member of this imperial family grows wild in Britain. It is sometimes called the Mourning Widow.

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MIGNONETTE.

(YOUR QUALITIES SURPASS YOUR CHARMS.)

THE *Mignonette*, the "little darling" of our French neighbours, has an extremely appropriate signification in floral caligraphy, viz., *your qualities surpass your charms;* but as it is very dubious as to how many of Eve's fair daughters would now-a-days care to have so double-faced a compliment paid them, it behoves all young would-be Benedicts to be wary how, and to whom, they present the flowerling.

Said to have been introduced into England from Egypt little more than a century ago, it has fraternized so well with our climate that it may now be seen in every nook and corner of the land, and is discovered scattering fragrance and floral reminiscences in the dirtiest of our alleys and the dingiest of our city courts.

"Bland, fragant flower! from morn till eve
That scents the Summer day
To many a home, which but for thee
No flower would e'er survey.

"The artisan in attic pent,
The weaver at his loom,
The captive in his prison cell,
Each hail and bless thy bloom."

A celebrated gardener, speaking of this flower, and of the delightful odour which it diffuses, states that "as it grows more readily in pots, its fragrance may be conveyed into the house. Its perfume—though not so refreshing, perhaps, as that of the sweetbriar—is not apt to offend the most delicate olfactories." Offend, indeed! one would think not! Why, the great Linnæus himself compared its fragrance to the scent of heavenly ambrosia! As for growing it in pots, people are not contented with that, and it is more frequently seen cradled in the sun's golden light in boxes occupying the whole length of the window:

"The sashes fronted with a range
. . . Of the fragrant weed,
The Frenchman's darling;"

or, as that gallant nation, more courteous than Cowper, the author of those words, frequently name it, the "love flower." Ah! 't was not given to every poet "to win the secret of a *weed's* plain heart," as Lowell sweetly sings.

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ASH.

(GRANDEUR.)

"All know that in the woods the ash reigns queen,
In graceful beauty soaring to the sky."

GARCILASSO.

OF all known trees, the *Ash* is most noted for its manifold mythological and classic associations in non-botanical works; and in its legendary connections, it is so frequently confounded with the mountain-ash, or rowan-tree, that, despite their not being in any way related, their merits must be here taken in conjunction.

In the Scandinavian "Edda" this tree fills a very important post: it is therein stated that the Court of the Gods is held under a mighty ash, the summit of which reaches the heavens, the branches overshadow the whole earth, and the roots penetrate to the infernal regions. Upon the summit of this Norse "cloud-tree," perches an eagle, overlooking and observant of all creation; to this exalted bird a squirrel is continually ascending in order to acquaint it with such things as may have escaped its notice. Round its mighty trunk are twined serpents; and from its roots issue two fountains, in one of which is concealed wisdom, and in the other, a knowledge of futurity. Three attendant maidens are constantly sprinkling the leaves of this tree with water from the mystic fountains, and this water, falling to the earth in the shape of dew, produces honey.

This marvellous old allegory boasts of impenetrable antiquity, and writers trace its origin back into the misty times of the somewhat mythical Aryan race.

According to the Norse tradition, it was out of the wood of the ash that man was first formed; and it is another curious proof in behalf of the common origin of all literatures, both

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sacred and secular, that we find similar fables existing amongst the Greeks. Hesiod deduces his brazen race of men from the ash, the tree generally deemed by his countrymen an image of the clouds and the mother of men.

It is considered that the Christmas-tree of the Germans, recently imported into this country, originated in this mythical ash.

The knowledge that the Druids evinced a great veneration for the mountain-ash is almost sufficient explanation of the many superstitious observances with which it is still connected in Great Britain, there being little doubt that the chief portion of such rustic ceremonies are only the remnants of Druidic customs. It has been observed that a stump of this tree is often discovered within or near the circle of a Druid temple, whose rites were formerly practised beneath its sacred shade.

Lightfoot remarks that in these Druidic circles in North Britain, this tree is discovered more frequently than any other, and that, even now, pieces of it are carried about by superstitious people in the belief that it will preserve them from the powers of witchcraft. The same writer also remarks that in many parts of the Highlands of Scotland, when a child is born, the nurse inserts one end of a green stick of this tree into the fire, and while it is burning, gathers in a spoon the juice which oozes forth at the other end, and administers it to the newborn infant as its first spoonful of food.

Ancient writers of many lands allude to the supposed respect or dread entertained by serpents for the ash. Pliny states that if a serpent be partially surrounded by a fire, and partly by ashen twigs, it will prefer to run through the fire to passing over the pieces of ash. Respecting this fallacy, Culpepper says that "the contrary to which is the truth, as both my eyes are witness." Evelyn also takes trouble to contradict the marvel, stating that it "is an old imposture of Pliny's, who either took it up upon trust, or we mistake the tree." Cowley, in his poem on "Plants," amongst other prodigies alludes to this:

> "But that which gave more wonder than the rest,
> Within an ash, a serpent built her nest,
> And laid her eggs; when once to come beneath
> The very shadow of an ash was death:
> Rather, if chance should force, she through the fire
> From its fallen leaves, so baneful, would retire;"

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sacred and secular, that we find similar fables existing amongst the Greeks. Hesiod deduces his brazen race of men from the ash, the tree generally deemed by his countrymen an image of the clouds and the mother of men.

It is considered that the Christmas-tree of the Germans, recently imported into this country, originated in this mythical ash.

The knowledge that the Druids evinced a great veneration for the mountain-ash is almost sufficient explanation of the many superstitious observances with which it is still connected in Great Britain, there being little doubt that the chief portion of such rustic ceremonies are only the remnants of Druidic customs. It has been observed that a stump of this tree is often discovered within or near the circle of a Druid temple, whose rites were formerly practised beneath its sacred shade.

Lightfoot remarks that in these Druidic circles in North Britain, this tree is discovered more frequently than any other, and that, even now, pieces of it are carried about by superstitious people in the belief that it will preserve them from the powers of witchcraft. The same writer also remarks that in many parts of the Highlands of Scotland, when a child is born, the nurse inserts one end of a green stick of this tree into the fire, and while it is burning, gathers in a spoon the juice which oozes forth at the other end, and administers it to the newborn infant as its first spoonful of food.

Ancient writers of many lands allude to the supposed respect or dread entertained by serpents for the ash. Pliny states that if a serpent be partially surrounded by a fire, and partly by ashen twigs, it will prefer to run through the fire to passing over the pieces of ash. Respecting this fallacy, Culpepper says that "the contrary to which is the truth, as both my eyes are witness." Evelyn also takes trouble to contradict the marvel, stating that it "is an old imposture of Pliny's, who either took it up upon trust, or we mistake the tree." Cowley, in his poem on "Plants," amongst other prodigies alludes to this :

> "But that which gave more wonder than the rest,
> Within an ash, a serpent built her nest,
> And laid her eggs; when once to come beneath
> The very shadow of an ash was death:
> Rather, if chance should force, she through the fire
> From its fallen leaves, so baneful, would retire;"

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And, as his authority, the poet adds:

"For truth hereof, take Pliny's word,"

—a thing, however, which few who know the extent of that gentleman's veracity would feel inclined to do.

Sannazaro says, "Serpents always avoid the shade of the ash; so that if a fire and a serpent be placed within a circle of ash-leaves, the serpent, to avoid the ash, will even run into the midst of the fire."

In days of yore the wood of this tree was used for spears. The lance with which Achilles killed Hector was of ash, by which circumstance, Rapin and others considered that the tree became ennobled.

"The ash for nothing ill,"

as Spenser says, also furnished Cupid with wood for his arrows, before he learnt to use the more fatal cypress.

Many curious figures are said to have been discovered in the wood of the ash. A gentleman in Oxfordshire was said to possess a dining-table made of this wood, representing figures of men, beasts, and fish; and in Holland, an ash being cleft, discovered the forms of a chalice, a priest's alb, his stole, and several other pontifical vestments.

Evelyn mentions that in some parts of England the country people split young ashes, and pass children through the opening, in the belief that it will cure their disorder; and the Rev. W. Bree, some few years ago related an instance, within his personal knowledge, of the strange superstition having been recently practised in Warwickshire.

Miss Kent speaks of another extraordinary custom that rustics have: they bore a hole in an ash-tree, and imprison a shrew-mouse in it; a few strokes given with a branch of that tree is then deemed a sovereign remedy for cramps and lameness in cattle, which the harmless little animal is ignorantly supposed to cause.

Evelyn says the ash was reputed so sacred in Wales, that there was not a churchyard in his time that did not contain one, and that on a certain day in the year every person wore a cross made of the wood. "It is reputed," he says, "to be preservative against fascination and evil spirits, whence, per-

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haps, we call it 'witchen;' the boughs being stuck about the door, or used for walking-staves."

Dr. Hunter, in his notes upon Evelyn, says: "In former times this tree was supposed to be possessed of the property of driving away witches and evil spirits, and this property is recorded in one of the stanzas of a very ancient song, called the 'Laidley Worm of Spindlestone Heughs:'

"'Their spells were vain; the hags return'd
To the queen, in sorrowful mood,
Crying that witches have no power
Where there is roan-tree wood.'"

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WALLFLOWER.

(FIDELITY IN MISFORTUNE.)

A COMMON garden blossom, that seldom receives all the attention it is worthy of, is the *Wallflower*, symbolical of *fidelity in misfortune*. It was a great favourite in the middle ages, when troubadours and minstrels wore it to emblemize the unchangeableness of their affection. Wallflowers belong to the Stock family; and by far the finest is the common one, which Thomson, in his "Seasons," describes as

"The yellow wallflower, strained with iron brown."

Its colours are extremely rich, and its odour most delightful: it is a native of Switzerland, France, and Spain, as well as of our native land. "It is," says Mr. Martyn, "one of the few flowers which have been cultivated for their fragrancy time immemorial in our gardens."

But few modern poets have proved their regard for this too-much neglected, sweet-smelling flower. Bernard Barton tells us that

"An emblem true thou art,
Of love's enduring lustre, given
To cheer a lonely heart."

And elsewhere this poet sings of this flower:

"To me it speaks of loveliness,
That passes not with youth,
Of beauty which decay can bless,
Of constancy and truth.

"But, in adversity's dark hour,
When glory is gone by,
It then exerts its gentle power
The scene to beautify."

Notably amid the poets who have delighted to do it honour stands Moir ("Delta"), some of his brightest verses being addressed to

'The wallflower, the wallflower!
How beautiful it blooms!
It gleams above the ruined tower,
Like sunlight over tombs;
It sheds a halo of repose
Around the wrecks of time;
To beauty give the flaunting rose—
The wallflower is sublime.

* * * * * * * * * * *

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"Sweet wallflower, sweet wallflower!
Thou conjurest up to me
Full many a soft and sunny hour
Of boyhood's thoughtless glee;
When joy from out the daisies grew
In woodland pastures green,
And Summer skies were far more blue
Than since they e'er have been.

"Now Autumn's pensive voice is heard
Amid the yellow bowers;
The robin is the regal bird,
And thou the queen of flowers!
He sings on the laburnum-trees,
Amid the twilight dim,
And Araby ne'er gave the breeze
Such scents as thou to him.

"Rich is the pink, the lily gay,
The rose is Summer's guest;
Bland are thy charms when these decay,
As flowers first, last, and best!
There may be grander in the bower,
And statelier on the tree,
But wallflower, loved wallflower,
Thou art the flower for me!"

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THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

(RETURN OF HAPPINESS.)

"Be thy advent the emblem of all I would crave."

BERNARD BARTON.

THE *Lily of the Valley*, sometimes called the May Lily, and in some country villages Ladder to Heaven, in the floral languages of Europe is emblematic of the *return of happiness*, doubtless in allusion to the season of the year when it puts forth its timid little blossoms.

Although this flower is generally spoken of as white, there are several coloured varieties belonging to the species; as, for instance, one with red blossoms, one with double red, and one, much larger than the common sort, beautifully variegated with purple.

Keats was very fond of this shy little floral fairy, and says:

"No flower amid the garden fairer grows
Than the sweet lily of the lowly vale,
The queen of flowers."

And further on he sings of

"Valley-lilies, whiter still
Than Leda's love."

In that enchanted garden where the sensitive plant grew, Shelley lovingly placed

"The naiad-like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair, and passion so pale,
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen
Through their pavilions of tender green."

Then, to descend to more earthly versification, we find Bishop Mant opening a long poem in praise of this poet's pet with the following lines:

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LILY OF THE VALLEY.

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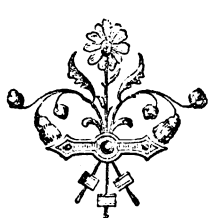
"Fair flower, that, lapt in lowly glade,
Dost hide beneath the greenwood shade,
Than whom the vernal gale
None fairer wakes on branch or spray,
Our England's lily of the May,
Our lily of the vale.

* * * * *

"What though nor care nor art be thine,
The loom to ply, the thread to twine,
Yet born to bloom and fade;
Thee, too, a lovelier robe arrays,
Than, even in Israel's brightest days,
Her wealthiest king arrayed."

This writer versifies upon the probability of this flower being the "lily of the field" alluded to by Christ, but botanists assure us that it is the native of northern climes only, and would be unable to endure the warmth of Palestine. Alluding to the peculiar way in which the blossoms hang, and to their shape, Leigh Hunt prettily calls these flowerlings "little illumination lamps." In some parts of Europe the fragrance of this flower is most powerful.



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STOCK.

(LASTING BEAUTY.)

THE *Stock* has been long established in English gardens, and, under the somewhat puzzling name of "gilly-flower," is frequently mentioned by our oldest writers. There has been a long-standing dispute amongst florigraphists as to what plant was really meant by the latter diffusedly-applied term, supposed to be a corruption of the French *giroflier*. Pinks and carnations were undoubtedly classed formerly with the stock as gillyflowers, but more recently, in order to distinguish them, were called clove-gillyflowers and stock-gilly-flowers.

The stock should, indeed, be a favourite flower with the softer sex, inasmuch as it is the chosen representative of what Madame Rachel so vehemently protests that she has discovered the secret elixir of, that is to say, *lasting beauty*. For several centuries, as might be supposed, it has been a great pet with the ladies, and carefully did the dames of yore cultivate it within the circumscribed limits of their castle gardens. No flowering plant, it is said, has received more fostering care than the stock; and so completely has it surrendered its being up to the florist, that what was formerly only a little sea-side flower now occasionally assumes the dimensions of a shrub, and puts forth blossoms almost equalling the rose in size, but —mark the *but*, fair reader—sometimes of so evanescent a nature and so variable a hue, that some flowers of this species have been termed *mutabilis*, or changeable. So, after all, ladies, you must seek another emblem, if you wish one, for *enduring beauty*, for the constant changes of this plant only render it a fit representative of earthly beauty's mutability.

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As an instance of what a capacity for growth stocks possess, may be mentioned one grown at Notting Hill in 1822, which, says Phillips, in his interesting "Flora Historica," "attained a circumference of nearly twelve feet." This same writer tells of an acquaintance of his, with whom he made a tour through Normandy. It was the first time this gentleman had ever left the sea-girt shores of his native land, and so thoroughly insular were his habits that everything he encountered dissatisfied him. The food was unpalatable, the girls ugly, their clothing too scanty; and, finally, his grumblings made the whole company uncomfortable, until, adds the narrator, good fortune led us to a rustic inn where were growing several fine stocks, which, he affirmed, were the first good things he had seen since he left Sussex. On hearing the landlady acknowledge them to be *giroflier de Brompton*, he insisted upon the entire party halting there, entertained them to a capital meal at his own expense, and left the village with a sprig of the Brompton stock decorating his button-hole; his good humour restored, and the remainder of his journey rendered pleasant, all through, as he frequently exclaimed, the Brompton stock.

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SWEET WILLIAM.

(FINESSE—DEXTERITY.)

THE *Sweet William*, a member of the Pink family, from the charming manner in which it arranges its variegated blossoms into bouquet-shaped clusters, is well worthy of its florigraphical name of *finesse*.

The Bearded Pink, as it is sometimes designated, is known to our French neighbours as the "poet's eye," because of the manner in which its petals are marked.

Gerarde, the old Elizabethan gardener, mentions this flower as being highly esteemed in his days "to deck up gardens, the bosoms of the beautiful, garlands, and crowns for pleasure." The narrow-leaved kinds are called "sweet Johns," the broad-leaved unspotted ones are sometimes named "London tufts," and the small speckled species, "London pride." In fact, there are too many varieties for specification here.

It has already been observed that the classic name for the floral family to which this flower belongs signifies "Jove's flower," but in England that is generally confined to the pink, commonly so called; and this distinction has afforded Cowley an opportunity of making these facetious remarks:

> "Sweet William small, has form and aspect bright,
> Like that sweet flower that yields great Jove delight;
> Had he majestic bulk he 'd now be styled
> Jove's flower; and, if my skill is not beguiled,
> He was Jove's flower when Jove was but a child.
> Take him with many flowers in one conferred,
> He 's worthy Jove, e'en now he has a beard."

Allusion has been made to the strange horror manifested by some people on smelling the perfume of, or seeing, certain flowers: Voltaire gives the history of a young officer who was thrown into convulsions and lost his senses through having pinks in his room. Shakspeare, never willing to let anything pass unnoted by, causes Shylock to speak of such strange antipathies of human nature, to account for which, as he says, "there is no firm reason to be rendered."

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DAHLIA.

(POMP.)

THE *Dahlia* is a native of Mexico, where Baron Humboldt found it growing in sandy meadows several hundred feet above the level of the sea. It was brought to England in 1789, but was neglected and the *genus* lost. It ornamented the royal gardens of the Escurial, at Madrid, for several years before Spanish jealousy would permit it to be introduced into the other countries of Europe. But it is said that it neither improved or exhibited any change under their management. Count Lelieur having by some means obtained a root from the Dons, introduced it into France, where it soon attracted attention. From that time it engaged the notice of continental floriculturists, who propagated the plant so copiously, that at the general peace in 1814, English travellers were as much astonished by its profusion as they were delighted with its richness and brilliancy.

It derives its name from a countryman of the celebrated Linnæus, Professor Andrew Dahl, a Swedish botanist: he presented it in 1804 to Lady Holland, who was its first successful English cultivator.

Its coarse foliage, gaudy flowers, and want of perfume seem to have prevented its becoming a favourite with our poets. Mrs. Sigourney just alludes to it as a florist's flower, in her "Farewell:"

> "I have no stately dahlias, nor greenhouse flowers to weep,
> But I passed the rich man's garden, and the mourning there was deep,
> For the crownless queens all drooping hung amid the wasted sod,
> Like Boadicea, bent with shame beneath the Roman rod."

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WHITE POPLAR.

(COURAGE—TIME.)

"The poplar that with silver lines his leaf."

COWPER.

THE *White Poplar* in classic story was consecrated to Hercules, the mythological representative of *courage*. The hero first became associated with the tree when he destroyed Cacus, in a cavern of Mount Aventine, which was covered with poplars: he bound a branch of one round his brow as a token of his victory. When the demigod returned from his journey into the infernal regions, he came crowned with a wreath of his favourite tree, torn from the banks of the river Acheron. "The poplar, to Alcides consecrate,"

adds the fable, on this occasion first had its leaves changed to their present hue; for it was the perspiration from the hero's brow—so runs the story—that made the inside portion of the leaf white, whilst the smoke of the lower regions turned the upper surface of the leaf almost black. When any ceremonies or sacrifices were made to Hercules, his worshippers wreathed their heads with poplar-leaves, and all who had triumphed in battle wore garlands of it in commemoration of their great predecessor's victory.

Dryden, translating Virgil, says:

"The Salii sing, and cense his altars round
With Sabine smoke, their heads with poplar bound."

The ancients also dedicated this tree to Time, because its leaves appear constantly in motion; and being of a dead blackish green above, and white below, they deemed that they indicated the alternation of night and day.

The straight trunk of this elegant tree often rises to a great height, and it is decked with a pale smooth bark that frequently offers a marked contrast to its dark, rough neighbours:

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"Gracing each other like the trees in Spring,
The tufted by the tall."

The light, graceful appearance of these trees rustling their plumed heads hither and thither in the wind has been a fruitful source of simile to the poets, who likewise have not failed to notice the fine effect produced by the alternate play of light and shade of the leaves, as now the inside, and now the out, is exposed to view.

In the "Odyssey" these movements are compared to women's fingers when spinning:

"Full fifty handmaids from the household train,
Some turn the mill, or sift the golden grain;
Some ply the loom; their busy fingers move
Like poplar-leaves when Zephyr fans the grove."

Garcilasso, the Spanish poet, has a prettier conceit:

"Each wind that breathes, gallantly here and there
Waves the fine gold of her disordered hair,
As a green poplar-leaf, in wanton play,
Dances for joy at rosy break of day."

What Martyn said in prose, Leigh Hunt says thus in verse:

"The poplar's shoot,
That like a feather waves from head to foot."

With Barry Cornwall the more *outrè* class of comparison is dropped, and he sings sweetly:

"The greenwoods moved, and the light poplar shook
Its silver pyramid of leaves."

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BLACK POPLAR.

(AFFLICTION.)

"The poplar, never dry."

SPENSER.

THE *Black Poplar* is no less celebrated in heathen fable than its fair sister; the poets telling us that the Heliades, daughters of Apollo, gave way to such excessive grief at the loss of their brother, the ambitious young Phæton, that in compassion, the gods transformed them into poplars, and their tears —which continued to ooze through the bark—into amber.

Unfortunately, some little discrepancies appear to exist in this pathetic story, some of its narrators assigning the honour of the metamorphosis to the poplar, and some to the alder. Ovid, a great authority, who gives the legend with much circumstantial evidence, merely says the sisters, wandering on the banks of the Po, into which river their unhappy brother had been hurled, were changed into trees:

"When now the eldest, Phæthusa, strove
To rest her weary limbs, but could not move,
Lampetia would have help'd her, but she found
Herself withheld, and rooted to the ground:
The third in wild affliction as she grieves,
Would rend her hair, but fills her hands with leaves.

* * * * * * *

"The new-made trees in tears of amber run,
Which, hardened into value by the sun,
Distil for ever on the stream below."

It is undoubtedly true that the black poplar flourishes on the banks of the Po; and likewise, that it, as many other aquatic trees, becomes so surcharged with moisture as to have it exude through the pores of the leaves, which may thus literally be said to weep.

It does not conduce to the clearness of this antique allegory

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to find Virgil, a very ancient authority, in one place calling these noted trees poplars, and in another alders!

Rapin adheres to the popular theory, and says:

"Nor must the Heliads' fate in silence pass,
Whose sorrow first produced the poplar race;
Their tears, while at a brother's grave they mourn,
To golden drops of fragrant amber turn."

Cowley fights for the minority thus:

"The Phætonian alder next took place,
Still sensible of the burnt youth's disgrace;
She loves the purling streams, and often laves
Beneath the floods, and wantons with the waves."

Whilst Spenser is as discreet as Ovid, and omits the tree's name:

"And eke those trees in whose transformèd hue
The sun's sad daughters wailed the rash decay
Of Phæton, whose limbs, with lightning rent,
They gathering up, with sweet tears did lament."

Miss Kent—no mean authority—after well weighing the evidence, thus gives judgment: "It is pretty generally understood, however, to be the poplar-tree that is so nearly related to the sun, and the black poplar; and it is certain that there is no tree upon which the sun shines more brightly."

In moist situations this tree will grow to a great height: it has a long branchless trunk, adorned with a handsome symmetrical head; the bark is ashen-hued, the foliage of a glittering brightness; and it must be confessed that a somewhat brilliant symbol for *affliction* is

"The poplar trembling o'er the silver flood."

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MOTHERWORT.

(CONCEALED LOVE.)

THIS emblem of *concealed love* does not bloom until the second year, but, like the pure passion which it typifies, only blossoms once. In the ordinary kinds of *Motherwort* the flowers are pale red, but in the curled they are of a white as pure as the love they emblemize.

In China and Japan the motherwort is held in great estimation, and in Shoberl's translation from the French of Titsingh's "Illustrations of Japan," the following reasons for their admiration are given. Formerly there was a village situated in the province of Nanyo-no-rekken, in Japan, noted for its profusion of motherwort flowers. The neighbourhood also boasted of a stream of particularly pure water, which constituted the ordinary beverage of the villagers, a hardy race, who lived generally to upwards of a hundred years of age. The prolonged existence of these villagers in course of time was ascribed to the adjacent flowers, and eventually the motherwort acquired so great a reputation for lengthening one's life, that not only was a medicinal drink, called *zakki*, prepared from its blossoms, but the ninth month of the year, when the flower attained its perfection, was named after it, and on the ninth day of that month a grand festival is held annually in its honour. The aforementioned *zakki* is a common beverage in Japan, but there is a superior kind of it made, which is much drunk in the Court of the Dairi, as the ecclesiastical ruler of that empire is sometimes called. The presentation of a cup of this liquid, accompanied by a bunch of moonwort, is stated to imply that you are wished a long life. Several Chinese authors, it is said, relate that once upon a time an emperor ascended the throne of the Celestials when only seven years of age.

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This precocious monarch was much troubled in his mind by a prediction that he would die before he attained his fifteenth year. A certain philosopher, named Lido, however, brought him from Nanyo-no-rekken a sovereign specific for procuring a long life, in the shape of some of the motherwort's beautiful yellow flowers. The emperor caused *zakki* to be made from them, and drinking of that beverage every day, lived upwards of seventy years. The opportune introducer of these flowers, having given offence to his illustrious patient, was banished from Court, whence he once more betook himself to the wonderful village, and there, drinking nothing but water impregnated with motherwort, he lived to the ultra-patriarchal age of three hundred; wherefore he was known to subsequent ages by the cognomen of "Sien-nin-foso."

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CORNFLOWER.

(DELICACY.)

"Now, gentle flower, I pray thee tell
If my lover loves me, and loves me well."

ANONYMOUS.

THE classic cognomen of the bright blue *Cornflower* is *Cyanus*, and it was so named after a fair young devotee of Flora, who made garlands for public festivities out of various sorts of wild flowers, and who lingered lovingly from morn till eve amid the corn, weaving into flowery coronals the blossoms that she had collected, accompanying her pleasant labour by singing the songs of her beloved fatherland.

This flower, although now so common in our corn-fields, is thought not to be indigenous, but to have been brought from the East amongst some imported grain.

Its deep blue hue is so deep that it almost approaches a purple, and as such the poet addresses it:

"There is a flower, a purple flower,
Sown by the wind, nursed by the shower,
O'er which Love breathed a powerful spell,
The truth of whispering hope to tell.
Now, gentle flower, I pray thee tell,
If my lover loves me, and loves me well:
So may the fall of the morning dew
Keep the sun from fading thy tender blue."

Elizabeth Rowe is stated not only to have been extremely fond of the cyanus, as indeed every lover of the beautiful in nature must be, but to have obtained from this flower's expressed juice a permanent transparent blue, little inferior to ultramarine, wherewith to paint some of her choicest blossoms. The following pretty description of the habits of this delicately beautiful flower appeared some years ago, in the pages of a monthly publication:

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"What an exquisite coronet of sky-blue florets is conspicuous in the cyanus! every floret is a fairy vase, that holds forth a rich nectareous juice to thirsty insects. And when each vase, having fulfilled its appointed purpose, is laid aside, beautiful green cradles become developed, as if by enchantment, containing little winged children, which the zephyrs delight to rock! These winged children are often peculiarly beautiful: their small pinions are elegantly variegated at the base, and adorned with the most delicate jet-black feathers, which, to the unassisted eye, appear only like minute hairs, and yet are perfect feathers of the most exquisite description. They presently fly abroad, bearing with them seeds of equal rarity, with one minute groove fitted to another, and having a finished and elaborate mechanism whereby to facilitate the purpose for which they are designed."

And this little flower is only one minute piece, scarcely perceptible amongst the many myriads of more or less complexity, of which this globe's marvellous mosaic is compounded!

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ASPEN.

(LAMENTATION.)

"And full of emotion, its fault doth deplore,
Sigh, shiver, and quiver, and droop evermore."

ELEANOR DARBY.

THE Trembling Poplar is now generally known as the *Aspen*. It is chiefly remarkable for the ceaseless tremulous motion of its leaves—a natural phenomenon, to account for which many very diverse explanations have been proffered. One authority attributes it to the plane of the long leaf-stalk being at right angles with that of the leaf, thus allowing a freer motion than they could have had if the planes had been parallel; another learned gentleman ascribes the trembling to the length and slenderness of the leaf-stalks; but that this is not a sufficient reason is proved by the fact that the leaves of other poplars have the same properties without partaking of a similar restlessness. Some malicious wretches have affirmed that the leaves of the aspen were made of women's tongues, "which never cease wagging." The Highlanders, however, set the question at rest by saying that the cross upon which Christ suffered crucifixion was made from the wood of this tree, and that therefore the tree can never rest. A quibbling objection has been raised against this theory, that the leaves can scarcely be conscience-stricken, as the cross could not have been made of *them;* nevertheless, the querist admits that they may be struggling to escape from the wicked wood on which they grow. Miss Darby, in her "Lays of Love and Heroism," has thus versified a German legend upon the subject:

"The Lord of Life walk'd in the forest one morn,
When the song-wearied nightingale slept on the thorn;
Not a breath the deep hush of the dawning hour broke,
Yet every tree, e'en the firm knotted oak,

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The tall warrior pine, and the cedar so regal,
The home of the stork and the haunt of the eagle,
All the patriarchal kings of the forest adored
And bowed their proud heads at the sight of the Lord!

"One tree, and one only, continued erect,
Too vain to show even the Saviour respect!
The light giddy aspen its leafy front raised,
And on the Redeemer unbendingly gazed.
Then a cloud, more of sorrow than wrath, dimm'd the brow
Of Him to whom everything living should bow;
While to the offender, with shame now opprest,
He breathed in these words the eternal behest:

"'Alas for thy fate! thou must suffer, poor tree,
For standing when others were bending the knee.
Thou 'rt doomed for thy fault an atonement to pay:
Henceforth be a rush for the wild winds to sway.
Sigh, sport of their fury, and slave of their will!
Bow, e'en in a calm, when all others are still!
And shivering, quivering, droop evermore,
Because thou wouldst not with thy brothers adore.'

"The weak aspen trembled, turned pale with dismay,
And is pallid with terror and grief to this day.
Each tremulous leaf of the penitent tree
Obeys to this moment the heav'nly decree.
'T is the sport of the wild winds, the slave of their will,
E'en *without* a breeze bends, when all others stand still;
And full of emotion, its fault doth deplore,
Sigh, shiver, and quiver, and droop evermore."

Moore, with his usual felicity of combining humanity and nature's peculiarities, prettily sings:

"That the wind, full of wantonness, woos like a lover
The young aspen-trees, till they tremble all over."

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LEMON.

(ZEST.)

THE *Lemon*, in every respect so appropriate an emblem of *zest*, is a variety of the citron, and is consequently a blood relation of the more admired orange. It was first known to Europeans as the Median Apple, having been brought originally from Media. Virgil terms it "the happy apple," on account of its virtues; and in his second "Georgic" thus sings its praises:

> "Nor be the citron, Media's boast, unsung,
> Though harsh the juice and lingering on the tongue:
> When the drugg'd bowl, 'mid witching curses brew'd,
> Wastes the pale youth by step-dame Hate pursued,
> Its powerful aid unbinds the mutter'd spell,
> And frees the victim from the draught of hell."

Who is there that is not acquainted with Göthe's beautiful ballad, "Know'st thou the Land where the Citrons bloom?" evidently referring to the lemon. Few poets have flung their wreaths upon this flower's fragrant shrine: they have been seduced away by the more voluptuous beauty of her darker-hued sister; and yet in former days the fairer of the twain bore away the bell, if not for beauty, at least for virtue. Hearken, O gentle reader! to a story which Athenæus relates in proof of the good qualities of the neglected lemon; a story told him by a friend of his who was Governor of Egypt. This governor had condemned two malefactors to death by the bite of serpents. As they were led to execution, a person, taking compassion on them, gave them a citron to eat. The consequence of this was, that though they were exposed to the bite of the most venomous serpents, they received no injury. The governor, being surprised at this extraordinary event, inquired of the soldiers who guarded them what they had eaten or drunk that day; and being informed that they had only eaten a citron, he

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ordered that the next day one of them should eat citron, and the other not. He who had not tasted the citron died presently after he was bitten; the other remained unhurt.

The blossoms of the lemon are deemed typical of *love's fidelity.*

In Tennyson's "Recollections of the Arabian Nights" is the following picture of an enchanted and enchanting lemon-grove:

"Far off, and where the lemon-grove
In closest coverture upsprung,
The living airs of middle night
Died round the bulbul as he sung;
Not he, but something which possess'd
The darkness of the world, delight,
Life, anguish, death, immortal love,
Ceasing not, mingled, unrepress'd,
Apart from place, withholding time,
But flattering the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid."

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PASSION FLOWER.

(FAITH.)

MOST of the *Passion Flowers* are natives of South America; and although some of them have been induced to open their starry-leaved blossoms to the less glowing sun of these colder climes, it is only in the land of their birth that they can be seen in all their unsurpassed loveliness. There they are larger, brighter-hued, and far more fragrant; there they are to be seen in the dense forests twining their glorious coronals around the massive trunks of everlasting trees, or else in waves of radiant beauty flowing over the myriad splendours that

> "The floor of Nature's temple tesselate
> With numerous emblems of instructive duty."

Yes, those who would view this glorious symbol of *faithfulness* in its unshorn loveliness must seek it in the immense forests of Brazil, blossoming amid all that grandeur, "boundless as our wonder," of which Humboldt has so nobly told. There, in "that fane, most catholic and solemn,"

> "The faint passion flower, the sad and holy,
> Tells of diviner hopes;"

and there it was that the peculiarities of its delicately-shaped blossom first attracted the notice of the invading Spaniards, who were then desolating surrounding nature with fire and sword, under the vile pretence of spreading the religion of peace and goodwill towards all men.

In the thread-like coloured stamens which surround the flower-like rays, and in the various curious portions that combine to form this "floral apostle," are discovered a representation of the crown of thorns, the scourge, the cross, the sponge, the nails, and the five wounds of Christ; indeed, all the terrible paraphernalia necessary to portray the Passion of Jesus. The

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sight of this wondrous symbol in that distant land is said to have confirmed the invaders in the belief that their schemes of conquest were sanctioned by a divine power; and so, inspired by this poor innocent floral emblem of faith, they pursued, unrelentingly, their course of rapine and murder!

In Catholic countries this day-star is regarded with considerable veneration, and is deemed a marvellous confirmation of the scriptural doctrine of the Atonement.

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SYRINGA.

(FRATERNAL LOVE.)

SYRINGA is a Greek word, signifying "pipe," and its ancient English name was "pipe-tree." Its classical appellation is *Philadelphus*, so called after Ptolemy Philadelphus, King of Egypt, who acquired celebrity for the intense affection he manifested for his brother: for this reason *Syringa* was consecrated to his memory, and has been adopted as the florigraphical sign of *fraternal love.*

The *Syringa* is a most delicious shrub: the foliage is luxuriant, the blossoms beautiful, abundant, and of a creamy whiteness, starred with a golden centre, and emitting a most fragrant perfume. Well might Cowper speak in praise of the "syringa, ivory pure," and well indeed could Pliny call such blossoms "the joy of plants."

Mason, in his "English Garden," speaks of this most odoriferous plant, but can scarcely be deemed to have awarded it its due meed of praise, inserting as he does that uncalled-for odious *but:*

> "The sweet syringa, yielding but in scent
> To the rich orange, or the woodbine wild,
> That loves to hang on barren boughs remote
> Her wreaths of flowery perfume."

Certainly its exquisite loveliness, super-eminent fragrance, and profuseness of foliage and flower, deserved more attention from the neglectful poets than this sweet shrub has gained.

Some botanists have named the lilac "syringa," but really there is no resemblance between the two. Syringa is a member of the beautiful and aromatic myrtle family, whilst the lilac belongs to the jasmines. Tasmania is rich in the possession of this attractive plant, and there is a species growing there called the "myrtle-leaved syringa," of which the fresh flowering shoots were used by Captain Cook's sailors to make a kind of tea from: they found the infusion sweetly aromatic at first, but in a short time it became very bitter. It was considered very serviceable, however, in attacks of sea-scurvy.

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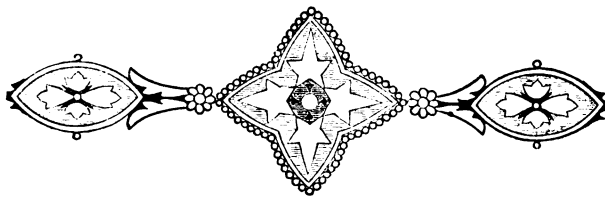

ANDROMEDA.

(WILL YOU HELP ME?)

THIS delicate shrub was called *Andromeda* by the celebrated Linnæus, after the daughter of Cepheus and Cassiope, the story of whose exposure at the water-side, and rescue from the sea-monster by Perseus, forms one of the most poetical episodes in the fourth book of Ovid's "Metamorphoses." The illustrious Swede gives the following reason for applying the classic appellation to this pretty pink marsh-flower: "As I contemplated it, I could not help thinking of Andromeda, as described by the poets—a virgin of most exquisite beauty and unrivalled charms. The plant is always fixed in some turfy hillock in the midst of the swamps, as Andromeda herself was chained to a rock in the sea, which bathed her feet as the fresh water does the root of the plant. As the distressed virgin cast down her blushing face through excessive affliction, so does the rosy-coloured flower hang its head, growing paler and paler till it withers away. At length comes Perseus, in the shape of summer, dries up the surrounding waters, and destroys the monster.

Thus the author of a "Tour in Lapland" recounts the words of Linnæus, and it is pleasant to see by their elucidation how the great botanist composed *his* language of flowers—a floral language that for many years held so pre-eminent a sway, and which, even now, is not quite superseded.

To German florigraphists this flower typifies the question, *For whom do you wait?*

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PARSLEY.

(FESTIVITY.)

ALTHOUGH modern florigraphists, swayed by the circumstance of the ancients having frequently made symbolic use of this herb at their banquets, have adopted *Parsley* as the representative of *festivity*, with the nations of antiquity it was deemed typical of the most melancholy feelings. In Potter's erudite "Antiquities of Greece," it is stated that of all the flowers and herbs used by the Greeks to decorate graves, none was in greater request than parsley; and this custom, observes our learned authority, gave birth to that despairing proverb, when speaking of one dangerously ill, "that he has need of nothing but parsley;" which is in effect to say that he is a dying man, and nearly ready for the grave. Dead bodies were also strewed with sprigs of this herb:

> "Garlands that o'er thy doors I hung,
> Hang withered now and crumble fast;
> Whilst parsley on thy fair form flung,
> Now tells my heart that all is past,"

cries the forlorn youth over the lifeless form of his betrothed.

Plutarch relates that when Timoleon was marching his troops up some ascending ground, whence he expected to obtain a view of the forces and strength of the Carthaginians, he was met by a number of mules laden with parsley; which circumstance, says the historian, was looked upon by his soldiers as an ill-omened and fatal occurrence, that being the very herb wherewith the sepulchres of the dead were adorned.

These funeral associations notwithstanding, parsley was also held in high repute by the Greeks for festive and other pleasant events, as far back as the times of Homer. That poet, in the fifth book of the "Odyssey," uses it, in conjunction with the song-honoured violet, to adorn the precincts of Calypso's arbour:

> "In verdant meads, and thriving all around,
> Sweet violets and parsley deck the ground."

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Its elegantly indented leaves caused it to be adopted, together with the acanthus, in the adornment of the Corinthian capital. It is recorded that the Carthaginians, having found this herb in the delightful vales of Sardinia, carried it with them to the Phocean gardens of the Marseillais; and ancient coins have been found representing Sardinia under the figure of a female, standing beside a vase containing a bunch of parsley.

On festive occasions it was customary for the Greeks to wear a wreath formed of sprigs of this plant, and a crown of fresh parsley was the prize awarded to the winner of the Nemæan sports; at the Elean games, at one time, a chaplet of withered parsley was the winner's guerdon. The victors in the Isthmian games at Rome were crowned with leaves of this herb; and on many other like memorable occasions was it employed.

"If," it is stated in "Time's Telescope," for 1825, "after having bruised some sprigs of parsley in your hands, you attempt to rinse your glasses, they will generally snap and suddenly break."

An eminent writer on the symbolism of flowers, after justly remarking what an elegant decoration for the board the beautiful green of this plant affords, pathetically laments that "a branch of laurel and a parsley crown are the attributes which would now-a-days suit the god of banquets. These plants have been employed for nobler purposes; but, in the age of gastronomy, it will not do to insist too strongly on what was done in the heroic ages."

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MISTLETOE.

(GIVE ME A KISS.)

"The sacred bush." TENNYSON.

THE *Mistletoe* is too well known to need any description of its botanical properties, whilst the important part which it plays in Christmas festivities scarcely requires more than a passing allusion: every one is acquainted with that remarkable custom which permits any lad to exact from any lass the toll of one kiss, when they accidentally meet where

"Sacred ceilings, dark and grey,
Bear the mistletoe."

The singular practice associated with "the sacred bush" is evidently a relic of some very ancient custom; indeed, from the earliest ages, wonderful properties have been ascribed to this parasitical plant, but it was from Druidic uses that it acquired its principal sanctity. By the ancient inhabitants of this island the mistletoe was held in great veneration, particularly when it grew upon the oak, that—in the eyes of the Druids—most sacred of all trees. As this parasite, however, is not often found upon the oak, it is presumed that our ancient priests were accustomed to plant it there by inserting the seed. At the beginning of their year the Druids went in solemn procession into the woods in order to seek for mistletoe, and whenever they discovered any, announced the fact by joyous shouts. A grass altar was then erected beneath the tree, and inscribed with such divine titles as they deemed most powerful. On the sixth day of the moon, the head Druid, clad in a white garment, ascended the tree, and, in the sight of the multitude, by means of a consecrated golden sickle, cut off the mistletoe and dropped it into a pure white cloth which the assistant priests held beneath. Two white bulls, or, upon the most important occasions, human beings, were sacrificed, and the Deity invoked to bless the plant, which was finally dipped in water, blessed by the principal priest, and distributed amongst the populace, as a preservative against witchcraft and diseases. If any portion of the plant came in contact with

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the earth, it was considered as ominous of some dreadful misfortune threatening the nation. The practice of decorating dwellings and places of worship with holly and mistletoe is undoubtedly of Druidic origin. Dr. Chandler states that in the times of the Druids the houses were decked with boughs, in order that the sylvan spirits might repair thither, and remain unnipped by frost and cold winds, until a milder season had renewed the foliage of their darling abodes.

Amongst the various valuable qualities which the Druids ascribed to "all-heal," as they termed the mistletoe, was that of being an infallible antidote to all poisons and a cure for all diseases. Its magical properties are alluded to by Virgil, Ovid, and other writers of antiquity; and even in the present day, in some secluded places, it is regarded with superstitious reverence. In Holstein the country people call the mistletoe "the spectre's wand," from the supposition that holding a branch of it will not only enable a man to see ghosts, but force them to speak to him.

In Scandinavian mythology this bush plays a far from unimportant part. In the "Edda" it is recorded that Balder, the Scandinavian counterpart of Apollo, was charmed by his mother Friga against all injury from everything which sprang from the so-called four elements, fire, air, earth, and water; but Loke, the evil spirit, having an enmity against him, formed an arrow out of mistletoe, which grew from none of these things, and placed it in the hand of the blind Helder. The sightless deity launched the fatal dart at the seeming invulnerable Balder, and struck him to the ground. By a combined effort of the gods, Balder was afterwards restored to life; and, as a reparation for his injury, the mistletoe was dedicated to his mother Friga, the Scandinavian equivalent for Venus. The plant was placed entirely under her control, so as to prevent its being again used against her as an instrument of mischief. From the fact of its having been under the protection of this deity, arose, it is presumed, the custom of kissing under it at Christmas. In the days of chivalry it still continued to receive many honours: it was gathered with great solemnity on Christmas-eve, and suspended from the ceiling of the great hall, where, with much noisy rejoicing, were "the girls all kiss'd beneath the sacred bush." In those jolly times

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"On Christmas-eve the bells were rung,
On Christmas-eve the mass was sung;
That only night in all the year
Saw the stoled priest the chalice near.
The damsel donned her kirtle sheen;
The hall was dressed with holly green:
Forth to the woods did merry men go,
To gather in the mistletoe.
Then opened wide the baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all."

In these less demonstrative days we are apt to forget many of the good old customs of our forefathers' times; many of them are only to be met with in tales of eld, or flitting through poets' rhymes. Of all seasons, Christmas is the one now kept up gleefully in the happy homes of Old England; and of all her ancient customs, the one that appears least likely to be forgotten is that very pleasant one of kissing under the mistletoe-bough. Long may it last in all its jollity!

Of all our living poets none has shown more pleasure in depicting Christmas life in Britain than Eliza Cook, and in the following song she tells far better in poetry than can be told in prose what should take place "Under the Mistletoe:"

"Under the mistletoe, pearly and green,
Meet the kind lips of the young and the old;
Under the mistletoe hearts may be seen
Glowing as though they had never been cold.
Under the mistletoe, peace and goodwill
Mingle the spirits that long have been twain;
Leaves of the olive-branch twine with it still,
While breathings of hope fill the loud carol strain.
Yet why should this holy and festival mirth
In the reign of old Christmas-tide only be found?
Hang up love's mistletoe over the earth,
And let us kiss under it all the year round!

"Hang up the mistletoe over the land
Where the poor dark man is spurn'd by the white;
Hang it wherever Oppression's strong hand
Wrings from the helpless humanity's right;
Hang it on high where the starving lip sobs,
And the patrician one turneth in scorn;
Let it be met where the purple steel robs
Child of its father, and field of its corn.
Hail it with joy in our yule-lighted mirth,
But let it not fade with the festival sound;
Hang up love's mistletoe over the earth,
And let us kiss under it all the year round!"

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OAK.

(HOSPITALITY.)

"And the oak, king of Britannia's woods,
And guardian of her isle." DODSLEY.

"THE *Oak*, the king of forests all," was considered the most sacred of all trees by the chief nations of antiquity, and its existence deemed coeval with the earth's. No faith but appears to have associated its rites with this symbol of majesty and strength. Biblical lore abounds with allusions to this "tower of strength." It was "under the oak which was by Shechem," that Jacob buried the strange gods and ornaments of his household. Under the "oak of weeping" Deborah, Rebekah's nurse, was interred. The Lord's messenger that appeared to Gideon "sat under an oak;" and it was by the branches of one of these trees that Absalom, David's beloved but rebellious son, was caught, and met with death. "The oaks of Bashan," that mystic land where dwelt the mighty King Og and his gigantic followers, are called to mind, together with numerous other allusions to the hospitable tree—to that tree which many ancient races believed to have afforded shelter to the first human beings.

The oak held a very prominent place in the religious and other ceremonies of the Greeks. The Dodonean groves in Epirus, so celebrated for their oracles, which were supposed to proceed from the interior of the trees themselves, were of oak; and Argo, the ship of the Argonauts, being constructed with the wood of this tree, was endowed with the same power of speech, and counselled the voyagers by oracular directions. The Dodonean Jupiter, the Fates, and Hecate, were crowned with oak-leaves. Acorns were the first food of man, and the Greeks had an old proverb, in which they expressed an idea of a man's age and experience by saying that he had "eaten of Jove's acorns."

This monarch of the woods was held in still greater esteem by the Latin race, and their principal poets never omitted an

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opportunity of doing it honour; indeed, they are the only nation that can in any way compare with the English in the high value which they set upon the oak. In their emblematic ceremonies it filled a most important post: they considered it symbolic of *majesty* and *power*, and consecrated it to Jupiter, who, say the fabulists, was sheltered by it at his birth. "It is," says Virgil,

"Jove's own tree,
That holds the woods in awful sovereignty.
* * * * * * *
Stretching his brawny arms and leafy hands,
His shade protects the plains, his head the hills commands."

In this same poem, the second "Georgic," the great Latin has, as Mr. Gilpin truly observes, in a few words brought together the most obvious characteristics of this noble tree,—its firmness, its stoutness of limb, the sinuousity of its wide-spreading branches, and its remarkable longevity.

Virgil was not alone in his admiration for the kingly oak, as the Roman poets, especially Ovid and Lucan, are frequently found paying the passing tribute of their deathless verse to "the tree of Jove," as they love to term it. In the earlier ages acorns appear to have been a very important article of food, and in ancient Rome it was feigned that Ceres was the first who superseded their use by instructing Triptolemus to teach the peasantry how to cultivate and use corn:

"The oak, whose acorns were our food before
That Ceres' seed of mortal man was known,
Which first Triptoleme taught how to be sown."

In commemoration of this valuable gift, oak-leaves were worn at the festivals held in honour of Ceres, as also by husbandmen in general at the beginning of the harvest.

To the Roman soldier who saved the life of another in battle a chaplet of oak-leaves was awarded. Shakspeare makes Cominius say of Coriolanus:

"At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head from Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of others . . . . . .
He proved best man i' the field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak."

Lucan refers still more distinctly to the custom:

"Lelius from amidst the rest stood forth,
An old centurion of distinguished worth;

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The oaken wreath his hardy temples wore,
Mark of a citizen preserved he bore."

This crown—considered the most honourable of all those with which the Romans rewarded famous military deeds—was awarded to Cicero for his detection of Catiline's conspiracy. When a similar chaplet was decreed to Scipio Africanus for having preserved his father's life in the battle of Trebia, he declined the honour, deeming the act carried with it its own reward. Oh, what men those noble Romans were!

The civic crown, as this oaken wreath was called, conferred many honours upon its possessor: when he entered an assembly, every one present, not even excepting the senators themselves, were bound to rise; he was exempt from all kinds of civil burdens, and enjoyed many other desirable rights.

In marriage ceremonies, also, the oak performed its part:

"With boughs of oak was graced the nuptial train."

Much as the Hellenic and Latin races used and admired this sturdy tree, however, it is the records of the Teutonic and Celtic nations that must be investigated in order to find how sacred a character it anciently bore: it was under the semblance of the oak that those peoples adored their god Tuet, and the ancient Britons (a kindred folk) Tarnawa, their God of Thunder. It was likewise under the form of an oak that Baal, the Celtic God of Fire, was worshipped: the festival of this deity was kept at Yule, the present Christmas, and on the anniversary the Druids caused all the fires belonging to the people to be extinguished, and then re-lighted them from their own sacred fire, which they professed to keep perpetually burning. This rite is supposed to have been the origin of the Yule-log, the kindling of which at Christmas is still kept up in many parts of the country. This log was invariably of oak; and, as the ancient Britons believed that it was essential for their hearth-fires to be renewed annually from the Druids' sacred fire, so their descendants firmly believed that some misfortune would occur to them if they omitted their ancestors' custom of burning the Christmas log.

It was beneath the shadow of some mighty oak that the Druids were wont to perform their worship, and when they offered up human sacrifices, their victims were crowned with

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wreaths of oak-leaves: the curious-shaped baskets in which they were immolated, and which bore no little resemblance to those still worn by "Jack-in-the-green" upon May-day, were manufactured of oaken twigs quaintly interwoven, and even the very brands with which the sacrificial fires were kindled were required to be of oak.

It was beneath the branches of this same renowned tree that their criminal trials were held, the judge and jury being seated under the sacred shade, and the culprit placed in a circle made by the chief Druid's wand. With the Saxons the oak retained its sacred character: beneath it they held their national meetings; and it was below the oaks of Dartmoor that they had their famous conference with the Britons, whose country they were invading.

Many of these magnificent sylvan princes have attained in England a fame truly national. Everybody knew of "Herne's moon-silvered oak," and no one could restrain a sigh of regret when it was announced that its time-honoured stem had succumbed to the onslaughts of Time. Three venerable oaks in Donnington Park, spoken of by Martyn, were believed to have been planted by Chaucer; the famous oak at Morley, in Cheshire, supposed to have existed upwards of eight hundred years, tradition asserted once afforded shelter to Edward the Black Prince; Evelyn tells of one of these denizens of our ancient woodlands, growing at Rycote, which was able to afford a cover to upwards of four thousand men. The circumference of the boughs of the celebrated Fairlop Fair Oak was three hundred feet, and that of its massive trunk thirty-six; whilst the stem of Queen Elizabeth's Oak, in Suffolk, measured thirty-seven feet round: "Good Queen Bess," as some folks like to term her, is reported to have often taken her stand beneath its wide-spreading arms, in order to shoot at the deer as they fled timidly by.

There is, or was some few years since, on the road to Tunbridge, an enormous tree, known as Fisher's Oak, and within its hospitable trunk thirteen men on horseback are said to have found shelter: it is also recorded that when James I. was travelling along that road, a schoolmaster of the neighbourhood, and a great number of his pupils, decked with oaken garlands, came out of this tree, and greeted the King with an appropriate address.

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One of the most renowned and belauded trees ever known was the famous oak at Penshurst, planted at the birth of Sir Philip Sidney. Ben Jonson, Waller, and many other famous poets have sung its praises; but, alas! having been associated with bravery and beauty for upwards of two centuries, by a deed of stupid ignorance it was felled!

One of the largest known specimens of these grand representatives of *hospitality* was probably Damory's Oak in Dorsetshire, the trunk of which measured sixty-eight feet round, and was capable of sheltering twenty persons in its capacious interior. In Cromwell's time it was inhabited by an old man who sold ale to passers-by. In 1755, when it was only useful for firewood, its time-worn remains realized £14. It was doubtless such a grand old shelter as this that suggested these lines:

> "If keen blow the wind, and if fast the rain fall,
> The storm and the tempest we heed not at all;
> Though fifty stout fellows, bold yeomen, are we,
> There is plenty of room in this hollow oak-tree."

Another famous oak was that at Boscobel, which sheltered Prince, afterwards King, Charles, after his defeat at Worcester. The dissolute and ungrateful monarch is stated to have subsequently visited his sylvan preserver, and to have taken off some of its acorns and planted them in St. James's Park. Some people, who do not object to anything likely to conduce to holiday-making, are fond of wearing oak-apples in their hats on the 29th of May, the anniversary of the prince's escape.

Associated with more venerable memories are the remains of Wallace's Oak, in Stirling. It is presumed to have been the largest tree ever known in Scotland: around it are signs of a Druidic circle, but its principal sanctity arises from the legend that under its once great shadow Sir William Wallace was accustomed to hold the head-quarters of his army.

It is said that there is a tree in the New Forest, called the Cadenham Oak, which buds annually in the winter, and that the country-people assert of it, as they do of the Glastonbury thorn, that it buds only on Christmas-day—a truly appropriate emblem of the hospitality, peace, and goodwill usually so widely spread and generally felt amongst all Christian men on that day of good tidings.

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CONVOLVULUS.

(NIGHT.)

"The night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies,"

NEVER had a more beautiful emblem of its majestic loveliness assigned to it than when the florigraphists chose the *Convolvulus* for its representative in their science of sweet things.

The Major Convolvulus, symbolic of *extinguished hopes*, is a native of America; and the Minor Convolvulus, typifying *repose*, of Southern Europe: the flowers of this latter variety are sometimes pure white, but more frequently are variegated with blue and yellow, or blue and white: one very beautiful kind is a bright blue, fading, by delicate gradations, to a pure white in the centre, and resembles that blue atmosphere, relieved by fleecy clouds, when, as Keats says,

"On high,
Through clouds of fleecy white laughs the cerulean sky."

Nor is the form of this flower less lovely than its colour, either when spread out in full beauty to catch the kisses of its bosom lord, the sun, or when, at the stealthy approach of that star-covered dame of which it is the peerless symbol, it droops its graceful neck and shuts its bright blue eye.

In the suburbs of the Eternal City—the seven-hilled Rome—different species of the convolvulus fling their many-hued wreaths round the hedges, in some parts decorating both sides of the road for several miles with a gallant array of bright leaves and brighter flowers, and the Italians, who passionately love the beauteous plant, are fond of ornamenting their verandahs with its clinging wreaths. The Dwarf Convolvulus, used to typify the axiom that *love levels all*, is also a native of the southern portions of Europe; its fragile blossoms are of "rosy red, Love's proper hue."

The English wild varieties of this most graceful of all plants are commonly called "bindweeds," and of these the Field Convolvulus is the best known. Its sweet-scented blossoms, which emit an almond-scented odour, are mostly striped with white and rose-colour, but sometimes are of a yellow hue; its deli-

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cate green leaves are very slight and fragile, giving the plant a general appearance of frailty. And this, added to the knowledge that its flowers last only one day, render it a very appropriate emblem of *fleeting joys*. It is a great favourite with little country lasses, who love to twine a wreath of its delicate leaves and blossoms round their hats, or twist it about their flaxen tresses.

The large white bindweed or bearbine is another lovely member of this beautiful family, and, like its relatives, possesses the singular property of denoting the sun's course by twining in opposition to the path of day's luminary, from right to left, and it is stated that, so tenacious is it of following its natural bias, that should it be diverted from it beyond possibility of resuming its way, it will perish. This flower loves to haunt humid spots, and may often be seen elegantly festooning a row of drooping willows with its light fetters. Country people, too accustomed to the loveliness of its large white flowers to poetise over them, call them "old man's nightcap." St. Pierre, most delightful of botanists, had a great admiration for the bearbine; and well might any lover of nature, for its blossoms are exceeded by none in purity of whiteness or beauty of outline, nor are its heart-shaped leaves outrivalled by any in handsomeness. Never did maiden select a lovelier coronal with which to wreathe her brow than this:

"Thy brow we'll twine
With white bearbine,
And 'mid thy glossy tresses
In sunny showers
Its wand'ring flowers
Shall wind their wild caresses."

We are too familiar with the loveliness of these wildings of nature to duly appreciate them; they are "too much with us" to receive their due meed of praise: were they newly imported from some tropical clime, their novelty would startle us into enthusiasm, and their merits would be everywhere loudly proclaimed; and yet we ever find the poet—that voice of a people's soul—hymning the glories of his native wild flowers, to the almost total exclusion of their more polished sisterhood—the florists' flowers. "Lives there a man with soul so dead," who, in gazing upon the blooming fields and woodlands of his native land, does not feel that those blossoms before him are indeed

"Bright missals from angelic throngs"?

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SUNFLOWER.

(FALSE RICHES.)

"A foolish mimic sun."

ROBERT BROWNING.

GERARDE, in his "Herbal," and other old writers termed this flower the "sun marygold;" they also indiscriminately called marygolds "sunflowers," and *vice versâ*. Sometimes the *Sunflower* is styled *turnsol*, from the common belief that its blossoms always turn towards the sun; and that they do not—despite its being termed "a vulgar error"—is not proven. Be this idea true or false, the poets, no mean authorities—have adopted the popular side, and thrown their valuable testimony into the scale. Darwin, even better known as a botanist than a poet, says that the sunflower

> "Climbs the upland lawn,
> And bows in homage to the rising dawn,
> Imbibes with eagle eye the golden ray,
> And watches, as it moves, the orb of day."

Thomson tells us that though as a rule the flowery race resign their new-flushed bloom before the passing beam, one,

> "The lofty follower of the sun,
> Sad when he sets, shuts up her yellow leaves,
> Drooping all night, and, when he warm returns,
> Points her enamour'd bosom to his ray."

In his "Irish Melodies" Moore has the comparison—

> "As the sunflower turns to her god when he sets
> The same look which she turn'd when he rose."

The Spaniards, who share "the vulgar error," in common with most of their continental neighbours, have, in their *Lengua de Flores*, adopted this flower as the emblem of *faith*, and one of their poets thus addresses it:

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"Real faith is like the sun's fair flower,
Which 'midst the clouds that shroud it, and the winds
That wave it to and fro, and all the change
Of air, and earth, and sky, doth rear its head,
And looketh up, still steadfast, to its God."

The classic legend of Clytie has been attached to the sunflower. That nymph had been beloved by the fickle Helios, but it was not long before he transferred his affections to Leucothöe, daughter of King Orchamus. When Clytie found herself unable to regain her lover, she informed the Persian monarch of his daughter's love affair, and he had the unfortunate girl entombed alive. Helios, enraged at the terrible tragedy, entirely forsook the nymph whose jealousy had caused it; and she, overwhelmed with grief, lay prone upon the earth for nine days and nights without any sustenance, her eyes continually following the course of her adored sun through the heavens. At last the gods, less pitiless than her former admirer, transformed her into a sunflower, and, as Ovid says:

"Still the loved object the fond leaves pursue,
Still move their root, the moving sun to view."

There is a smaller sunflower, the botanical name for which is *Helenium*, derived from Helen of Troy, from whose tears it was supposed to have sprung. Drummond, in his lines upon the death of Prince Henry, thus alludes to it:

"And thou, O flower! of Helen's tears that 's born,
Into those liquid pearls again now turn."

A work on floral caligraphy says that this blossom has been made the symbol of *false riches*, because gold, of which the sunflower is so suggestive, cannot of itself, however abundant it may be, render a person truly rich; and thereupon the writer recounts the story of Pythes. He was a Lydian, and being possessed of immense mineral wealth, neglected the cultivation of his lands. His wife, in order to prove to him the inutility of such riches as he prized, when he sat down to dine had all the dishes filled with golden imitations of the various eatables. When the covers were removed, this sensible woman said to the assembled guests, "I set before you such fare as we have, for we cannot reap what we do not sow." The lesson produced due impression upon Pythes, and, it is said, he did not fail to profit by it.

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The sunflower is said to have been much reverenced in its native country of Peru on account of the resemblance borne by its broad disc and surrounding rays to the sun, which luminary was worshipped by the Peruvians. In their Temple of the Sun, the priestesses when officiating were crowned with sunflowers of pure gold; they also wore them in their bosoms, and carried them in their hands. The Spanish invaders were astonished at the profuse display of gold, and when they first beheld whole prairies of these flowers in blossom, fancied that they were composed of the same precious metal.

St. Pierre says the turnsol turns continually towards the sun, and covers itself—like Peru, the country from which it comes—with dewy clouds, which cool and refresh its flowers during the most violent heat of the day.

In Mexico and Peru the sunflower is said to attain a height of twenty feet and upwards, and to produce blossoms two feet in diameter.

Old Gerarde states that in his garden at Holborn he produced this plant, which he styles "the Flower of the Sunne, or the Marigolde of Peru;" that it grew to the height of fourteen feet, and bore flowers sixteen inches across.

The size and brilliance of these flowers have gained for them the epithet of "gaudy." Maturin, placing them amid a mob of blossoms, says:

> "The gaudy Orient sunflower from the crowd
> Uplifts its golden circle."

The sunflower may be too showy for a bouquet, but for backgrounds it is a most effective ornament, and indeed, frequently forms the most attractive decoration of a rustic cottage or a garden wall. Says poor Clare:

> "And sunflowers planting for their gilded show,
> That scale the window's lattice ere they blow;
> Then, sweet to habitants within the sheds,
> Peep through the diamond panes their golden heads."

Robert Browning thus alludes to the story of Rudel, the ancient French poet, who adopted this splendid blossom as his emblem:

> "I know a mount, the gracious sun perceives
> First when he visits, last, too, when he leaves

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The world; and, vainly favoured, it repays
The day-long glory of his steadfast gaze
By no change of its large, calm front of snow.
And underneath the mount a flower I know,
He cannot have perceived, that changes ever
At his approach; and, in the lost endeavour
To live his life, has parted, one by one,
With all a flower's true graces, for the grace
Of being but a foolish mimic sun,
With ray-like florets round a disc-like face.
Men nobly call by many a name the mount,
As over many a land of theirs its large
Calm front of snow, like a triumphal targe,
Is reared; and still with old names fresh ones vie,
Each to its proper praise and own account.
Men call the flower the sunflower, sportively."

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LAUREL. BAY.

(GLORY.) (FAME.)

"We crown with the laurel wreath
The hero-god, the soldier chief."

ELIZA COOK.

"Sweet bay-tree, symbol of the song that dreaming poet sings."

Ibid.

"The victor's garland, and the poet's crown."

W. BROWNE.

HOWEVER easy a task it may be for the botanist, to the florigraphist it is a work of almost insurmountable difficulty to distinguish the *Laurel* from the *Bay*, so inextricably are they combined. There appears to be little doubt that the tree really selected to typify *glory* is the Sweet Bay, or *Daphne;* whilst the laurel, commonly so called, belongs to another genus, and is scientifically known as *Prunus*, a word presumedly of Asiatic origin.

The sweet bay was deemed by both Greeks and Romans emblematic of *victory* and *clemency*. The glories of all grand deeds were signalized by means of laurel crowns; its leaves were deemed very efficacious in the prevention of illness, and its shelter was believed to ward off lightning.

The emblem of *fame* well deserves its cognomen of "sweet," the exquisite fragrance exhaled by its leaves, especially when crushed, is well known. This odoriferous plant was worn by the Delphic priestesses when engaged in their sacrificial rites, during which time they were accustomed to chew some of the leaves and strew them on the sacred fire. The brows of warriors and poets, orators and philosophers, sovereigns and priests, were all adorned with wreaths of these leaves. At the Pythian games—held in commemoration of Apollo's victory over the Python—a crown of laurel was the prize. The statue of Æscu-

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lapius, the son of Apollo, the God of Physic as well as of Music, was adorned with its leaves; a custom, doubtless, adopted to propitiate that deity, who, as Potter in his "Grecian Antiquities" happily remarks, would assuredly guard from injury any place where he found the emblem of his beloved Daphne.

Physicians held the bay in great esteem, and doubtless from its associations, considered it a panacea. When any person was seized with a dangerous illness, it was customary with the Greeks to fix a branch of laurel over the doorway, in order to avert death and drive away evil spirits. It is supposed that from these practices arose the fashion of crowning young doctors of physic with laurel-berries *(bacca lauri)*, whence is derived the terms of "bachelor" and "laureate." "Students," says Mr. Phillips, in his "Sylva Florifera," "who have taken their degrees at the Universities, are called bachelors, from the French *bachelier*, which is derived from the Latin *baccalaureus*, a laurel-berry. These students were not allowed to marry, lest their duties of husband and father should take them from their literary pursuits; and in time all single men were called bachelors." In "Flora Domestica," Miss Kent very pointedly remarks that the term of "bachelors" has, with some propriety, "been extended to single men, as the male and female berries do not grow on the same plant; and it seems we might, with equal correctness, bestow the name upon unmarried ladies."

Theophrastus tells us that the superstitious man of his time was accustomed to keep a bay-leaf in his mouth all day, to preserve him from misfortunes; whilst Theocritus says that it was usual with lovers to burn laurel as a means of exciting love in the bosoms of those on whom they had fixed their affection.

Hardy and flourishing as the bay-tree appears, when it withers, it withers very rapidly; and this circumstance renders it likely that the following allusion in the Thirty-seventh Psalm applies to this tree: "I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay-tree. Yet he passed away, and lo, he was not; yea, I sought him, but he could not be found."

Formerly this rapid decay of the bay-tree was considered an omen of disaster; and it is stated that, previous to the death

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of Nero—an event, one would have thought, the opposite to ominous—though the winter was very mild, all these trees withered to the root, and that a great pestilence in Padua was preceded by the same phenomenon. The laurel had so great a reputation for clearing the air and averting contagious complaints, that during a raging plague, Claudius was advised by his physicians to remove his Court to Laurentium, so celebrated for its laurels. It had also the power ascribed to it of being a safeguard against lightning, of which Tiberius was very fearful; and, in order to avoid which, it is said, would creep under his bed, and shade his head with laurel boughs.

This superstitious idea survived to recent times. William Browne tells us that "bays, being the materials of poets' garlands, are supposed not subject to any hurt of Jupiter's thunderbolts, as other trees are;" and also sings:

> "Where bays still grow, by thunder not struck down,
> The victor's garland and the poet's crown."

Of course, old Culpepper—who would have fully comprehended the meaning of his significant name had he written in these days of all-powerful criticism—did not overlook this curious belief, and accordingly we find him expatiating in his usual quaint style upon this tree: "Resisting witchcraft very potently, as also all the evils old Saturn can do the body of man, and they are not a few; for it is the speech of one—and I am mistaken if it were not Mizaldus—that neither witch nor devil, thunder nor lightning, will hurt a man where a bay-tree is. . . . The berries are very effectual against all poisons of venomous creatures, as also against the pestilence, and other infectious diseases."

This presumed power of averting lightning is alluded to in the device of the Count de Dunois, which Madame de Genlis mentions as being a bay-tree, with the motto, "I defend the earth that bears me;" and Leigh Hunt, in his "Descent of Liberty," thus adverts to the belief:

> "Long have you my laurels worn,
> And though some under-leaves be torn
> Here and there, yet what remains
> Still its pointed green retains,
> And still an easy shade supplies
> To your calm-kept watchful eyes.
> Only would you keep it brightening,
> And its power to shake the lightning
> Harmless down its glossy ears,
> Suffer not so many years
> To try what they can bend and spoil.

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The laurel bears the classic appellation of *Daphne*, because of the ancient legend connecting it with the nymph of that name, who, according to Ovid, was daughter of the river-god Peneus. Apollo beheld her, and at once became enamoured of her beauty; but the fair Daphne fled from his importunities, and, fearful of being caught, called to the gods for assistance: they answered her prayers by transforming her into the laurel. Apollo finding that he held nothing but a hard tree in his embrace, saluted its vivid green leaves with fond kisses, crowned his head with its leaves, and ordained that ever after that tree should be sacred to his godhead. Ovid thus recounts this fact:

> "I espouse thee for my tree:
> Be thou the prize of honour and renown;
> The deathless poet and the poem crown.
> Thou shalt the Roman festivals adorn,
> And, after poets, be by victors worn."

By the Romans this tree was as much honoured as it was by their Hellenic predecessors. The palace gates of the Cæsars and of the chief priests were adorned by it; the emperors wore it, and their physicians recommended it; the generals were crowned with it in their triumphal processions, at which times, indeed, so far was its symbolism carried, that all the flags and warlike instruments were dressed up with it, and even every private soldier carried a sprig of it in his hand; also despatches announcing a victory were wrapped up in, and ornamented with, leaves of bay.

Even in the middle ages these trees retained their popularity, and thus we read of famous poets having been publicly crowned with wreaths of laurel. We may, with the authoress of "Flora Domestica," exclaim, "How many grand and delightful images does the very name of this tree awaken in our minds! The warrior thinks of the victorious general returning in triumph to his country, amidst the shouts of an assembled populace; the prince of imperial Cæsar, the poet, and the man of taste see Petrarch crowned in the Capitol. Women, who are enthusiastic admirers of genius in any shape, think of all these by turns, and almost wonder how Daphne could have had the heart to run so fast from that most godlike of all heathen gods, Apollo."

Spenser seems to have felt with the weaker sex the slight

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shown to his poetic chief, for he thus vindictively speaks of the cold nymph:

"Proud Daphne, scorning Phœbus' lovely fire,
On the Thessalian shore from him did flee;
For which the gods, in their revengeful ire,
Did her transform into a laurel-tree."

The Abbé St. Pierre observes that the laurel grows in abundance on the banks of the river Peneus, in Thessaly, which might well give occasion to the fable of the metamorphosis of Daphne, the daughter of that river's deity.

Virgil celebrates the filial affection of this tree, remarking that the little Bay of Parnassus shelters itself under the great shade of its mother; and Evelyn observes that, whilst young, this tree will not thrive well *but* under its mother's shade, where nothing else will thrive.

Petrarch never wearies of celebrating the praises of this tree, invariably associating it with the name of his beloved Laura; and he acknowledged it to have been one of the greatest delights he ever experienced, when, as he was crowned with it at Rome, he thought how often he had connected its beauties with the name of his heart's darling.

Tasso also coupled this tree with his lady-love; and the following lines are a prettily-rendered translation of a lyric he addressed to a laurel-leaf in her hair:

"O glad triumphal bough,
That now adornest conquering chiefs, and now
Clippest the brows of overruling kings:
From victory to victory
Thus climbing on, through all the heights of story,
From worth to worth, and glory unto glory;
To finish all, O gentle and royal tree,
Thou reignest now upon that flourishing head,
At whose triumphant eyes Love and our souls are led."

Our English poets have not omitted to render all due honours to this famous tree. Chaucer bestows the laurel upon the Knights of the Round Table, the Paladins of Charlemagne, and some other heroes of antiquity,

"That in their times did right worthily.
* * * * *
For one lefe given of that noble tree
To any wight that hath done worthily
Is more honour than anything erthly."

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It has been observed that Chaucer alludes to the genuine Parnassian laurel, and not to the usurper of the title, since he speaks of its delicious odour.

Eliza Cook, in her symbolic poem of "The Wreaths," speaks of both:

"Whom do we crown with the laurel-leaf?
The hero-god, the soldier chief;
But we dream of the crushing cannon-wheel,
Of the flying shot and the reeking steel,
Of the crimson plain where warm blood smokes,
Where clangour deafens and sulphur chokes;
Oh, who can love the laurel wreath,
Pluck'd from the gory field of death?

* * * * * *

"But there 's a green and fragrant leaf
Betokens nor revelry, blood, nor grief;
'T is the purest amaranth springing below,
And rests on the calmest, noblest brow.
It is not the right of the monarch or lord,
Nor purchased by gold, nor won by the sword;
For the lowliest temples gather a ray
Of quenchless light from the palm of bay.

"Oh, beautiful bay! I worship thee—
I homage thy wreath—I cherish thy tree;
And of all the chaplets Fame may deal,
'T is only to this one I would kneel.
For as Indian fly to the banian branch,
When tempests lower and thunders launch,
So the spirit may turn from crowds and strife,
And seek from the bay-wreath joy and life."

This popular poetess has also a thoroughly emblematical poem to her favourite bay-tree in her last collection of poems.

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THE FLORAL ORACLE.

OF all the various symbolic uses to which flowers have been put, none probably have afforded more amusement than THE FLORAL ORACLE. The system of divination practised by means of these beautiful objects undergoes various modifications in different countries, but the following mode will be found to be the simplest and most correct: Arrange a certain number of flowers together; let their names, and the significations appropriate to them, be written down, and then let each person select or *draw one flower by lot;* and the meaning attached to that blossom will typify the future consort's characteristics. The subjoined list will fully explain this pretty game:

Rose (Red)	. . .	*Affectionate.*	
,, (White)	. .	*Modest.*	
,, (Pink)	. . .	*Bashful.*	
,, (Yellow)	. .	*Jealous.*	
Aster	. . . .	*Fickle.*	
Pink	. . . .	*Haughty.*	
Daisy	. . . .	*Gentle.*	
Tulip	. . . .	*Passionate.*	
Cornflower	. . .	*Extravagant.*	
Stock	. . . .	*Hasty.*	
Jasmine	. . .	*Amiable.*	
Heart's-ease	. . .	*Thoughtful.*	
Lily	. . . .	*Graceful.*	
Mezereon	. . .	*A flirt.*	
Mignonette	. . .	*Talented.*	
Primrose	. . .	*Simplicity.*	
Violet (White)	. .	*Candid.*	
Hollyhock	. . .	*Ambitious.*	
A Reed	. . . .	*Musical.*	
Oak-leaf	. . .	*Hospitable.*	
Hyacinth	. . .	*Imaginative.*	
Poppy	. . . .	*Lazy.*	
Marygold	. .	*Wealthy.*	
A Fig	. . . .	*Aged.*	
Geranium (Scented)	.	*Melancholy.*	
,, (Scarlet)		*Stupid.*	
Mimosa	. . .	*Nervous.*	
Thistle	. . . .	*Surly.*	
Foxglove	. . .	*Sarcastic.*	
Laurel	. . . .	*Domineering.*	
Myrtle	. . . .	*Self-sacrificing.*	
Thyme	. . . .	*Jocular.*	

This catalogue might be considerably enlarged, but as it is permissible for the manipulator to change the significations when requisite, the above will be quite sufficient to guide the judgment in adding any other flowers.

The next portion of the game is the revelation of the intended's profession or occupation, and must be practised in the same method as the first, thus:

A Lily	typifies	*A nobleman.*	A Laurel-leaf	typifies	*A poet.*
A Rose	,,	*An artist.*	Apple-blossom	,,	*A lawyer.*
A Thistle	,,	*A soldier.*	Cypress	,,	*A doctor.*
An Oak-leaf	,,	*A farmer.*	Tulip	,,	*A freeholder.*

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This oracle cannot fail to excite much harmless mirth; but some kinds of floral divinations, as these pages testify, have oft produced deeper thoughts and more serious consequences.

A favourite plan of attempting to peep into futurity by means of floral agency is practised by abstracting the petals of flowers, and with each innocent floral theft using such alternate words as those in the following verses. It is a custom of considerable antiquity, and is still affectionately preserved in many different lands. A flower of the aster kind is generally made use of for the purpose, although daisies and other blooms occasionally serve for the same operations, and, there can be little doubt, are equally efficacious. Göthe, in the garden scene of "Faust," introduces the rural custom in order to illustrate the childish simplicity of Margaret. In a poem entitled "The Decision of the Flower," L. E. L. thus alludes to the incident:

"The maiden found her mystic flower.
'Now, gentle flower, I pray thee tell
If my lover loves me, and loves me well;
So may the fall of the morning dew
Keep the sun from fading thy tender blue.
Now I number the leaves for my lot:
He loves not—he loves me—he loves me not—
He loves me—yes, thou last leaf, yes—
I'll pluck thee not for that last sweet guess!
He loves me.' 'Yes!' a dear voice sighed,
And her lover stands by Margaret's side."

One of those noble sons which fair Columbia hath sent forth to hymn the praises of the motherland, James Lowell—as true a poet in thought and word as ever breathed—has not soared so high but that he could stoop to pluck a few terrestrial blossoms, and in these sweet fancies, sent with a pressed flower, finds pleasant *pensées* in this pretty practice of divination:

"This little flower from afar,
Hath come from other lands to thine;
For once its white and drooping star
Could see its shadow in the Rhine.

"Perchance some fair-haired German maid
Hath plucked one from the self-same stalk,
And numbered over, half afraid,
Its petals in her evening walk.

"'He loves me, loves me not!' she cries;
'He loves me more than earth or heaven!'
And then glad tears have filled her eyes
To find the number was uneven.

"And thou must count its petals well,
Because it is a gift from me;
And the last one of all shall tell
Something I've often told to thee.

"But here at home, where we were born,
Thou wilt find flowers just as true,
Down-bending every Summer morn
With freshness of New England dew.

"For Nature, ever kind to love,
Hath granted them *the same sweet tongue*,
Whether with German skies above,
Or here our granite rocks among."

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Browne, of "Pastoral" fame, alludes thus to some olden floral custom:

> "The primroses, when with six leaves gotten grace,
> Maids as a true-love in their bosoms place."

This custom is probably akin to a curious old one still practised in some country places with the rose: thus, on Midsummer-eve, any girl who wishes to peep into futurity, goes backwards in a garden, and, without speaking a word, gathers a rose. She puts the flower away in a sheet of white paper, and does not look at it again until Christmas-day, when it will be found as fresh as in June. If she then places it in her bosom, he that is to be her husband will come and take it out; but if, prompted by curiosity, she prys into the packet before the appointed time, the charm will be broken.

"The moss-rose that, at fall of dew,
Ere eve its duskier curtain drew,
Was freshly gathered from its stem,
She values as the ruby gem;
And, guarded from the piercing air,
With all an anxious lover's care,
She bids it, for her shepherd's sake,
Await the New Year's frolic wake—
When, faded, in its alter'd hue
She reads the rustic is untrue;
But if its leaves the crimson paint,
Her sickening hopes no longer faint.
The rose upon her bosom worn,
She meets him at the peep of morn;
And lo! her lips with kisses prest,
He plucks it from her panting breast."

In Owen's "Welsh Dictionary," the natives of Cambria are said to have a play in which the youth of both sexes seek for an even-leaved sprig of the ash; and the first of either sex that finds one calls out, "*cyniver*," and is answered by the first of the other that succeeds; and these two, if the omen fails not, are to be joined in wedlock.

Gesner, the pastoral poet and botanist, says that the lads and lasses of certain Swiss villages proved the sincerity of their lovers by placing a petal of the poppy-blossom in the hollow of the left hand-palm, and then striking it with the other hand. If it broke with a sharp report, it attested the fidelity of the wooer; whilst if, on the contrary, it failed to break, it proved his or her faithlessness:

> "By a prophetic poppy-leaf I found
> Your changed affection, for it gave no sound,
> Though in my hand struck hollow as it lay;
> But quickly withered, like your love, away."

It is the custom with some young folks to burn the holly and

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other evergreens used for decoration at Christmas, so many eves after that national festival, and according to the brilliancy and crackling of the leaves in the fire, so do they draw morals as to the steadfastness or falsehood of their admirers.

A writer on various matrimonial and amatory superstitious customs, observes that the belief in the efficacy of St. John's-wort is very widely spread, and gives the following version of a poem transcribed from a German publication:

"The young maid stole through the cottage door,
And blushed as she sought the plant of power.
'Thou silver glowworm, O lend me thy light,
I must gather the mystic St. John's-wort to-night;
The wonderful herb, whose leaf will decide
If the coming year shall make me a bride!'
And the glowworm came
With its silvery flame,
And sparkled and shone
Thro' the night of St. John;
And soon as the young maid her love-knot tied.

"With noiseless tread
To her chamber she sped,
Where the spectral moon her white beams shed.
'Bloom here, bloom here, thou plant of power,
To deck the young bride in her bridal hour!'
But it drooped its head, that plant of power,
And died the mute death of the voiceless flower;
And a withered wreath on the ground it lay,
More meet for a burial than bridal day.
And when a year was past away,
All pale on her bier the young maid lay!
And the glowworm came
With its silvery flame,
And sparkled and shone
Thro' the night of St. John;
And they closed the cold grave o'er the maid's cold clay."

Many other somewhat similar floral oracles are yet consulted in various parts of the world, and many somewhat resemblant customs are still practised, as will be perceived by the student of this volume, wherein may be discovered some amusing modes of consulting these modern Sibylline Leaves, with a certainty of obtaining oracular responses.

There yet, however, remains some customs appertaining to florigraphy which must be noticed here, not the least interesting of which are those mysterious ceremonies connected with the festival of Saint Valentine, the patron saint of matri-

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monially-inclined birds and lovers; and upon the eve of whose day—that sacred day to which the crocus is dedicated—"all the rising generation," observes an unloveable author, "feel that they have reached the years of *in*discretion, and think it full time for them to fall in love, or be fallen in love with. Accordingly, infinite are the crow-quills that move mincingly between embossed margins,

"'And those rhyme now who never rhymed before,
And those who always rhymed now rhyme the more!'"

As a tribute to the saint, Montgomery has placed the following valentine wreath upon the vernal shrine of the New Year:

"Rosy red the hills appear
With the light of morning,
Beauteous clouds, in æther clear,
All the east adorning;
White through mist the meadows shine:
Wake, my love, my valentine!

"For thy locks of raven hue,
Flowers of hoar-frost pearly,
Crocus-cups of gold and blue,
Snowdrops drooping early,
With mezereon-sprigs combine:
Rise, my love, my valentine!

"O'er the margin of the flood
Pluck the daisy peeping;
Through the covert of the wood
Hunt the sorrel creeping;
With the little celandine
Crown my love, my valentine!

"Pansies on their lowly stems
Scattered o'er the fallows,
Hazel-buds with crimson gems,
Green and glossy sallows,
Tufted moss and ivy twine,
Deck my love, my valentine!

"Few and simple flow'rets these;
Yet to me less glorious
Garden-beds and orchard-trees!
Since this wreath victorious
Binds you now for ever mine,
O my love, my valentine!"

A very ancient custom in vogue on the eve of the anxiously-awaited Fourteenth of February is thus described in the almost forgotten "Connoisseur:" "Last Friday was Valentine's Day, and the night previous I got five bay-leaves, and pinned four of them to the four corners of my pillows, and the fifth to the middle; and then, if I dreamt of my sweetheart, I was told that we should be married before the year was out." Whether the fates proved propitious deponent does not state. Another and more daring attempt to wrest, by means of florigraphic oracles, the secrets of futurity, is practised by country maidens on St. Mark's-eve. Towards dusk they proceed to the church porch, and there place a bouquet of certain symbolic flowers

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in a position where it may readily be found in the dark; they then return home and await the approach of midnight. Just before twelve o'clock strikes they once more proceed to the church, and the one who seeks to learn her fate remains in the porch until the hour has struck: the girl's friends are permitted to accompany her as far as the gate of the churchyard, but beyond that she must perform her adventurous journey alone. When she gains the bouquet she beholds, if she is to be married within the year, a wedding procession pass by, with a bride in her own likeness, walking with that of her future husband: as many bridesmen and maidens as she sees following the bridal pair, so many months will elapse before the foreshadowed wedding. If she is to die unmarried, then the expected procession will be a funeral, consisting of a coffin covered with a white pall, and borne on the shoulders of twelve seeming headless phantoms.

In a fiction attributed to Hannah More, it is related that, among other superstitious practices of a certain Sally Evans, "she would never go to bed on Midsummer-eve without sticking up in her room the well-known plant called *midsummer mew*, as the bending of the leaves to the right or to the left would never fail to tell her whether her lover was true or false." The plant here alluded to is better known as orpine, and the above custom is thus adverted to in the "Cottage Girl," a poem purporting to have been written on Midsummer-eve, 1786:

"The rustic maid invokes her swain,
And hails, to pensive damsels dear,
This eve, though direst of the year.
* * * * *
"Oft on the shrub she casts her eye,
That spoke her true-love's secret sigh,
Or else, alas! too plainly told
Her true-love's faithless heart was cold."

Such floral customs, as every one knows, are not confined to one particular nation or one especial district, but are practised with unimportant alterations in every country of the globe, and by all peoples.

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Typical Bouquets.

THE editor of a well-arranged language of flowers, chiefly translated from the French, tells us that in the East a bouquet of token-flowers, "ingeniously selected and put together for the purpose of communicating in secret and expressive language the sentiments of the heart, is called a *salaam*, or salutation. . . . . Written love-letters would often be inadequate to convey an idea of the feelings which are thus expressed through the medium of flowers. Thus orange-blossoms signify hope; marygolds, despair; sunflowers, constancy; roses, beauty; and tulips represent the complaints of infidelity. This hieroglyphic language is known only to the lover and his mistress. In order to envelope it more completely in the veil of secrecy, the significations of the different flowers are changed in conformity with a preconcerted plan: for example, the rose is employed to express the idea which would otherwise be attached to the amaranth; the carnation is substituted for the pomegranate-blossom, and so on."

The Chinese and Persian ladies have much of that taste and love of beauty and elegance which belong especially to Oriental nations, and signify their love, friendship, anger, disdain, and other feelings by various blossoms formed into bouquets; and to them the flowers convey a language of their own. We are told that in Persia, for instance, the tulip, whose blossom in its native country is scarlet, while the centre of its glowing cup is black, is used to express warm affection, and, when sent by a lover, will convey to the object of his attachment the idea that, like this flower, his face is warm, and his heart consumed as a coal.

The gradual progress of affection is expressed by the gift of a rose in its various developments, from the small rosebud to the fully expanded blossom; and despair is signified by the

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nosegay formed of myrtle entwined with the cypress and poppy. The two latter symbols would find a ready interpretation in any country; but to us the gay tulip might seem ill adapted to convey sentiment, and would rather remind us of that display which courts admiration. The bergamotte and jasmine, both of which in Eastern countries possess the most powerful fragrance, are beautifully emblematic of the sweets of friendship.

Reverting next to India, which, as a florigraphical authority states, "may be regarded as the cradle of poetry," we are informed that it is customary there to express by the combination of flowers those sentiments of the heart which are regarded as too refined and sacred to be communicated through the common medium of words. The young females of Amboyna are singularly ingenious in the art of conversing in the language of flowers and fruits. Yet this language, like that employed in Turkey and in other parts of the East, bears little resemblance to that with which we have been hitherto acquainted in Europe; although, according to the received notion, we were indebted for our first knowledge of this language to the Crusaders and to pilgrims who visited the Holy Land.

Lady Montague tells us that in Turkey you may, through the assistance of these emblems, either quarrel, reproach, or send letters of passion, friendship, or civility, or even news, without ever inking your fingers; for there is no weed, no fruit, no herb, nor flower, that has not a verse belonging to it. So, too, no Turkish lady would send a congratulatory message, or a ceremonious invitation, without sending with it some emblematical flowers, carefully wrapped in an embroidered handkerchief, made fragrant by the odours of other flowers, which conveyed also an emblematical meaning. But these are merely fragments of the customs of the Eastern nations, where all was symbol, emblem, and allegory, and where imagination usurped the power and controlled even the affairs of state.

In his "Letters on Greece," Castellan remarks that, when he was passing through a valley on the Bosphorus, his attention was engaged by an incident thoroughly characteristic of Oriental life. Beneath the grated window of a small country villa stood a young Turk, serenading the object of his affection with some such lay as this:

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"The nightingale wanders from flower to flower,
Seeking the rose, his heart's only prize;
Thus did my love change every hour,
Until I saw thee, light of my eyes!"

On the conclusion of this love ditty, the lattice of the window was opened, and a small white hand dropped a bouquet of flowers, which was picked up and eagerly scrutinized by the serenader. Apparently satisfied by the message thus conveyed, he fastened it to his turban, signified his approval to the concealed donor, and withdrew. From his garb he appeared nothing more than a poor water-carrier; but, says the Turkish proverb, "however high a woman's head may be, her feet touch the earth." The hidden damsel was, it appears, actually the daughter of a wealthy Jew.

There is an appropriate passage in the "Bride of Abydos" relating to a token-bouquet:

"She saw in curious order set,
The fairest flowers of Eastern land:
He loved them once—may touch them yet,
If offered by Zuleika's hand.
The childish thought was hardly breathed
Before the rose was plucked and wreathed;
The next fond moment saw her seat
Her fairy form at Selim's feet.
'This rose, to calm my brother's fears,
A message from the *bulbul** bears;
It says, to-night he will prolong,
For Selim's ear, his sweetest song;
And though his note is somewhat sad,
He'll try, for once, a strain more glad,
With some faint hope, his altered lay
May sing these gloomy thoughts away.'"

The delicate manner in which the French make use of this sweet mode of floral correspondence may be gathered from this "Dialogue" of Christine Pire:

THE LOVER.

"I give to thee the Autumn rose,
Let it say how dear thou art;
All my lips dare not disclose,
Let it whisper to thy heart;
How love draws my soul to thee,
Without language thou may'st see.

THE LADY.

"I give to thee the aspen-leaf—
'T is to show I tremble still
When I muse on all the grief
Love can cause, if false or ill;
How, too, many have believed,
Trusted long, and been deceived.

* * * * * * * * *

* Nightingale.

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LOVER.

"I give to thee a faded wreath,
Teaching thee, alas! too well,
How I spent my latest breath,
Seeking all my truth to tell;
But thy coldness made me die
Victim of thy cruelty.

LADY.

"I give to thee the honey-flower,
Courteous, best, and bravest knight;
Fragrant in the Summer shower,
Shrinking from the sunny light:
May it not an emblem prove
Of untold, but tender love?"

Many of the Scotch poets have availed themselves of the charming fancies of floralic emblems with which to paint the emotions of loving, and portray the beauties of their beloved. None of them have made more successful incursions into these tempting blossomy realms of floral romance than has Burns, as for instance, in his pretty "Posie," of which lyric, Professor Wilson remarked, that similar sentiments inspired Meleager, in the composition of his symbolic "Garland of Heliodora:"

"O luve will venture in where it daurna weel be seen;
O luve will venture in where wisdom ance has been;
But I will down yon river rove, amang the wood sae green—
And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May.

"The primrose I will pu', the firstling of the year,
And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear,
For she 's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a peer--
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

"I 'll pu' the budding rose when Phœbus peeps in view,
For it 's like a bonnie kiss o' her sweet bonnie mou';
The hyacinth for constancy, wi' its unchanging blue—
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

"The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,
And in her lovely bosom I 'll place the lily there;
The daisy 's for simplicity and unaffected air—
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

"The hawthorn I will pu', with its locks o' siller gray,
Where, like an aged man, it stands at break of day.
But the songster's nest within the bush I winna' tak' away—
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

"The woodbine I will pu' when the e'ening star is near,
And the diamond-drops of dew shall be her een sae clear;
The violet 's for modesty which weel she fa 's to wear—
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

"I 'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band o' luve,
And I 'll place it in her breast, and I 'll swear by a' above,
That to my latest draught of life the band shall ne'er remove—
And this will be a posie to my ain dear May."

How, had he read this heartfelt "simple lay," could Holmes have sung:

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"Can a simple lay,
Flung on thy bosom like a girl's bouquet,
Do more than deck thee for an idle hour,
Then fall unheeded, fading like the flower?"

How, indeed, could he have rhymed—he who tells us "withered flowers recall forgotten love"—had he even had such a gossip with a bouquet as did Mrs. Sigourney, wherein she did conjure the fair typical creatures to

"Speak, speak, sweet guests!
Yes, ope your lips in words,
'T is my delight to talk with you, and fain
I 'll have an answer. I 've been long convinced
You understand me;"

for, as this same sweet poetess says, though their

"Language is slow,
Yet theirs is a love
Simple and sure, that asks no discipline
Of weary years,—the language of the soul
Told through the eye"

by means of emblematic flowers.

What a boon to lovers this fragrant language must be! Well might Leigh Hunt exclaim, "in words that breathe" as sweetly as the subject of his verse:

"An exquisite invention this,
Worthy of love's most honied kiss,
This art of writing *billet doux*
In buds and odours, and bright hues;
In saying all one feels and thinks
In clever daffodils and pinks,
Uttering (as well as silence may)
The sweetest words the sweetest way:
How fit, too, for the lady's bosom,
The place where *billet doux* repose 'em.

"How charming in some rural spot,
Combining *love* with *garden* plot,
At once to cultivate one's flowers,
And one's epistolary powers,
Growing one's own choice words and fancies
In orange-tubs and beds of pansies;
One's sighs and passionate declarations
In odorous rhet'ric of carnations;
Seeing how far one's stocks will reach;
Taking due care one's flowers of speech
To guard from blight as well as bathos,
And watering, every day, one's pathos.

"A letter comes just gathered: we
Dote on its tender brilliancy;
Inhale its delicate expression
Of balm and pea; and its confession,
Made with as sweet a maiden blush
As ever morn bedew'd in bush;
And then, when we have kissed its wit,
And heart, in water putting it,
To keep its remarks fresh, go round
Our little eloquent plot of ground,
And with delighted hands compose
Our answer, all of lily and rose,
Of tuberose and of violet,
And little darling *(mignonette)*,
And gratitude and polyanthus,
And flowers that say, 'Felt never man thus!'"

Although, in these typical bouquets, much must depend on

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the character of the messages intended to be conveyed; upon the variety of the flowers obtainable; and upon the ingenuity of the sender—the following few simple examples of floral epistles may not prove unacceptable:

EXAMPLE BOUQUETS.

I.—MAY MATERNAL LOVE PROTECT YOUR YOUTH IN INNOCENCE AND JOY.

Emblems required:

Moss	*Maternal love.*	Primroses	*Youth.*
Bearded Crepis, or		Daisy	*Innocence.*
Juniper	*Protection.*	Wood Sorrel	*Joy.*

II.—YOUR FRIENDLINESS BIDS ME HOPE TO OBTAIN YOUR LOVE.

Emblems required:

Ivy or Acacia, *Friendship.* Snowdrop or Hawthorn, *Hope.* Myrtle or Rose, *Love.*

III.—LET THE BONDS OF MARRIAGE UNITE US.

Emblems required:

Blue Convolvulus, *Bonds.* Linden-leaf or Yellow Ivy, *Matrimony.* A few Straws, *Union.*

IV.—KEEP YOUR PROMISE TO MEET ME TO-NIGHT. DO NOT FORGET.

Emblems required:

Plum-blossom	*Keep your promise.*	Convolvulus	*Night.*
Sweet Pea	*A meeting.*	Forget-me-not	*Do not forget.*

V.

A Red Rose, *I love you.*

VI.—BY FORESIGHT YOU WILL SURMOUNT YOUR DIFFICULTIES.

Emblems required:

Holly, *Foresight.* Mistletoe, *You will surmount your difficulties.*

VII.—TO LOVE IS A PLEASURE, A HAPPINESS, WHICH INTOXICATES; TO CEASE TO LOVE IS CEASING TO EXIST; IT IS TO HAVE BOUGHT THIS SAD TRUTH: THAT INNOCENCE IS FALSEHOOD, LOVE AN ART, AND HAPPINESS A DREAM.

Emblems required:

Pink	*Pure love.*	Nightshade	*Truth.*
Wood Sorrel or Ivy	*Joy.*	Daisy	*Innocence.*
Sweet Sultan	*Happiness.*	Bugloss	*Falsehood.*
Vine-leaf	*Intoxication.*	Myrtle	*Love.*
Pink, reversed	*Cessation of love.*	Acanthus	*An art.*
Lucern, reversed	*Cessation of life.*	Sweet Sultan	*Happiness.*
Wheat-ear	*A purchase.*	Poppy	*Sleep.*
A dead leaf	*Sadness.*		

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EMBLEMATIC GARLANDS.

"They tell in a garland their loves and cares."

EMBLEMATIC GARLANDS hold such an important position in floral symbolism that, despite the many allusions to them in various portions of this work, it was deemed undesirable to leave them without the honour of a distinct chapter.

What a prominent part wreaths and garlands played in the social histories of Greece, Rome, and the middle ages of Europe has already been depicted in former pages; it therefore only remains to turn to our poets, and hear what sweet things they have to say upon the subject. Our older bards were frequently accustomed to make their heroes

"Gather a wreath from the garden bowers,
And tell the wish of their hearts in flowers;"

and none have left more noteworthy examples than William Browne and Michael Drayton, the latter of whom, in his "Muses' Elysium," thus heralds the way:

"The garland long ago was worn
As Time pleased to bestow it:
The laurel only to adorn
The *conqueror* and the *poet*.

"The palm *his* due who, uncontroll'd,
On danger looking gravely,
When Fate had done the worst it could,
Who bore his fortune bravely.

"Most worthy of the oaken wreath
The ancients him esteemed
Who in a battle had from death
Some man of worth redeemed.

"A wreath of vervain *heralds* wear,
Among our garlands named,
Being sent the dreadful news to bear,
Offensive war proclaim'd.

"The sign of *peace* who first displays
The olive wreath possesses;
The *lover* with the myrtle sprays
Adorns his crispéd tresses.

"In love, the sad *forsaken* wight,
The willow garland weareth;
The funeral wight, befitting night,
The baleful cypress beareth.

"To Pan we dedicate the pine,
Whose slips the shepherd graceth;
Again, the ivy and the vine
On the swoll'n Bacchus placeth."

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Amongst modern garlanders, Eliza Cook, in her poem of "The Wreaths," has entered fully into the spirit of these typical coronals, but as the poem will be met with in another section of this book, we will pass on to these lines, from the "Oriental Love-letter" of Mrs. Pickersgill:

"Within the harem's still retreat,
Sitara, at that lovely hour
Of eve, had sought her lonely seat,
And on embroidered couches laid,
Reclin'd the pensive Moslem maid.
In vain the beauteous woodbine's wound,
Like Love's light bonds, the casement round,
Wafting their tribute of perfume,
And laughing in their roseate bloom;
For all neglected lay her lute
Whose every moving strain was mute;
No longer was her buoyant song
Borne by the southern breeze along,
Nor flowers, nor lute, nor sparkling stream,
Could woo her from Love's witching dream.
Though close within the harem bower
They deem'd her safe from Love's fond power,
Yet in what deep sequester'd cell
Will not the winged urchin dwell?
For e'en within a flow'ry wreath
Young Love his first fond vows may breathe,
And bright emblem flowers declare
Joy — Absence — Thraldom — Hope — Despair!

"Perchance amid those flowers he dwells,
Nestling beneath the myrtle-bells,
And on its fragrance wafts a sigh
While sunned beneath her radiant eye.
And e'en those buds of crimson hue
Breathe vows of love, both pure and true,
While the bright golden flow'ret bears
His ever-changing hopes and fears;
And Beauty's type, the joyous rose,
Unfolds the soft and flattering tale,
That her young cheek with lustre glows,
Which makes his vaunted bloom seem pale.
Then may not her young bosom well
Receive the vows those emblems tell;
And her dark downcast eye reveal
Thoughts which her tongue might else conceal?
And why, then, from the garland's pride
Does she those simple flowers divide,
And place them pensively apart,
As if some chord within her heart
Vibrated? Know, amidst their bloom
Those purple buds of absence breathe,
Which well might shed a passing gloom
O'er her fair brow — did not the wreath
Of fairy Hope from Spring's bright flowers
Shine in those tufts of snowy flowers,
Which, joined with Memory's solace, still
Shield's Love's young buds from Winter's chill."

Pringle, one of old Scotia's peasant bards, has also arranged these "interpreters of love" in a representative wreath:

"I sought the garden's gay *parterre*,
To cull a wreath for Mary's hair,
And thought I surely here might find
Some emblem of her lovely mind,
Where taste displays the varied bloom
Of Flora's beauteous drawing-room.
And first of peerless form and hue,
The stately lily caught my view,
Fair bending from her graceful stem
Like queen with regal diadem;
But though I viewed her with delight,
She seem'd too much to woo the sight—
A fashionable belle—to shine
In some more courtly wreath than mine:
I turned, and saw a tempting row
Of flaunting tulips, full in blow;
But left them with their gaudy dyes

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To Nature's beaux—the butterflies.
Bewildered 'mid a thousand hues,
Still harder grew the task to choose:
Here, delicate carnations bent
Their heads in lovely languishment—
Much as a pensive Miss expresses,
With neck declined, her soft distresses!
There, gay jonquils in foppish pride
Stood by the painted lily's side,
And hollyhocks superbly tall
Beside the crown imperial;
But still, 'midst all this gorgeous glow,
Seemed less of sweetness than of show,
While close beside in warning grew
The allegoric thyme and rue.
There, too, stood that fair-weather flower,
Which, faithful still in sunshine hour,
With fervent adoration turns
Its breast where golden Phœbus burns—
Base symbol (which I scorned to lift)
Of friends that change as fortunes shift!
Tired of the search, I bent my way
Where Teviot's haunted waters stray;
And from the wild flowers of the grove
I framed a garland for my love:
The slender circlet first to twine
I plucked the rambling eglantine,
That decked the cliffs in clusters free,
As sportive and as sweet as she:
I stole the violet from the brook,
Though hid like her in shady nook,
And wove it with the mountain thyme—
The myrtle of our stormy clime:
The harebell looked like Mary's eye,
The blush-rose breathed her tender sigh,
And daisies, bathed in dew, exprest
Her innocent and gentle breast.
And now, my Mary's brow to braid,
This chaplet in her bower is laid,
A fragrant emblem, fresh and wild,
Of simple Nature's sweetest child."

Percival, one of the countless multitudes of new and true minstrels who have sprung up during the last half-century in "the land of the free," has in the annexed emblematic wreath expressed the American fondness for that Oriental fancy—the language of flowers:

"In Eastern lands they talk in flowers,
And they tell in a garland their loves and cares:
Each blossom that blooms in their garden bowers,
On its leaves a mystic language bears.

"The rose is a sign of joy and love,
Young blushing love in its earliest dawn;
And the mildness that suits the gentle dove,
From the myrtle's snowy flower is drawn.

"Innocence shines in the lily's bell,
Pure as the heart in its native heaven;
Fame's bright star and glory's swell,
In the glossy leaf of the bay are given.

"The silent, soft, and humble heart,
In the violet's hidden sweetness breathes;
And the tender soul that cannot part,
A twine of evergreen fondly wreathes.

"The cypress that daily shades the grave,
Is sorrow that mourns her bitter lot;
And faith, that a thousand ills can brave,
Speaks in thy blue leaves, forget-me-not.

"Then gather a wreath from the garden bowers,
And tell the wish of thy heart in flowers."

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THE DIAL OF FLOWERS.

UNDER the heading of "Holy Flowers" is portrayed the felicitous manner in which the monks have formed a calendar out of flowers; but not to the monks only are we indebted for a floral register, as the following excerpt from the "Garden" of Andrew Marvell testifies:

> "How well the skilful gardener drew
> Of flowers and herbs this dial new!
> Where, from above, the milder sun
> Does through a fragrant zodiac run;
> And, as it works, the industrious bee
> Computes its time as well as we.
> How could such sweet and wholesome hours
> Be reckoned but with herbs and flowers?"

The celebrated Linnæus was so intimate with the habits of his floral friends, that he was enabled to form a dial of flowers, which marked the hours of day so accurately by their various times of opening and closing, that the great botanist scarcely needed any other chronometer.

He planted certain flowers in such a manner and situation that at each succeeding hour a blossom should unfold or close; and thus, from morn till eve, his accustomed eye was enabled to read the time by this delicate monitor. Many works have given directions as to what plants should be used to form similar dials of; but as few possess the botanical knowledge and experience of the great Swede, it is probable that *their* floral timepieces may often get out of order, especially as the accuracy of their *movements* depends so much upon the condition of the soil and the temperature of the atmosphere.

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Nevertheless, as some of our readers may like to try the experiment, a list of flowers, noted for their regularity, is subjoined.

TIME OF FOLDING AND UNFOLDING.

	H.	M.	H.	M.
Goat's-beard *(Tragopogon luteum)*	3	0	9	0
Late-flowering Dandelion *(Leontodon serotinum)*	4	0	12	0
Hawkweed *(Picris echioides)*	4	0	12	0
Alpine Hawk's-beard *(Crespis Alpina)*	4	0	12	0
Wild Succory *(Cichorium intybus)*	4	0	8	15
Naked-stalked Poppy *(Papaver nudicaule)*	5	0	7	0
Copper-coloured Day-Lily *(Hemerocallis fulva)*	5	0	7	15
Smooth Sowthistle *(Sonchus lævis)*	5	0	11	15
Blue-flowered Sowthistle *(Sonchus Alpinus)*	5	0	12	0
Field Bindweed *(Convolvulus arvensis)*	5	15	4	15
Common Nipplewort *(Lapsana communis)*	5	15	10	0
Spotted Cat's-ear *(Hypochœris maculata)*	6	0	4	0
White Water-Lily *(Nymphæa alba)*	7	0	5	0
Garden Lettuce *(Lactuca sativa)*	7	0.	10	0
African Marygold *(Tagetes erecta)*	7	0	3	0
Mouse-ear Hawkweed *(Hieracium pilosella)*	8	0	2	0
Proliferous Pink *(Dianthus proliferus)*	8	0	1	0
Field Marygold *(Calendula arvensis)*	9	0	3	0
Purple Sandwort *(Arenaria purpurea)*	9	15	2	0
Creeping Mallow *(Malva Caroliniana)*	9	15	12	0
Chickweed *(Stellaria media)*	9	15	9	15

The poetical idea of a dial of flowers excited the imagination of one of England's truest poets; and, under that quaint title, she—Mrs. Hemans—has bequeathed to posterity some of her sweetest verses:

"'T was a lovely thought to mark the hours,
As they floated in light away,
By the opening and folding flowers,
That laugh to the Summer's day.

"Thus had each moment its own rich hue,
And its graceful cup and bell,
In whose coloured vase might sleep the dew,
Like a pearl in an ocean shell.

"To such sweet signs might the time have flowed
In a golden current on,
Ere from the garden, man's first abode,
The glorious guests were gone.

"So might the days have been brightly told—
Those days of song and dreams—
When shepherds gathered their flocks of old
By the blue Arcadian streams;

"So, in those isles of delight, that rest
Far off in a breezeless main,
Which many a bark with a weary guest
Has sought, but still in vain.

"Yet is not life, in its real flight,
Marked thus—even thus—on earth,
By the closing of one hope's delight,
And another's gentle birth?

"Oh, let us live so that, flower by flower,
Shutting in turn, may leave
A lingerer still for the sunset hour,
A charm for the shaded eve!"

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HOLY FLOWERS.

SAINTS' DAYS, festivals, and fastings are all yet symbolized in Catholic countries by their appropriate flowers; and the monks, or some other steadfast observers of the Roman Catholic ritual, have compiled a catalogue of flowers for every day in the year, and dedicated each flower to a particular saint, on account of its blooming about the time of that saint's festival. These appropriations form a complete calendar of flowers, as the following list shows:

JANUARY.

1. Laurustinus *(Viburnum tinus)*. St. Faine or Fanchea, an Irish saint.
2. Groundsel *(Senecio vulgaris)*. St. Macarius, of Alexandria.
3. Persian Iris *(Iris Persica)*. St. Genevieve, Patroness of Paris.
4. Hazel *(Corylus avellana)*. St. Titus, disciple of St. Paul.
5. Hellebore *(Helleborus fœtidus)*. St. Simon Stylites.
6. Screw Moss *(Tortula rigida)*. St. Nilammon.
7. Portuguese Laurel *(Prunus Lusitanica)*. St. Kentigerna.
8. Yellow Tremella *(Tremella deliquescens)*. St. Gudula, Patroness of Brussels.
9. Common Laurel *(Prunus lauro-cerasus)*. St. Marciana, of Rome.
10. Gorse, or Furze *(Ulex Europæus)*. St. William, of Bourges.
11. Early Moss *(Bryum hornum)*. St. Theodosius.
12. Hygrometric Moss *(Funaria hygrometica)*. St. Arcadius.
13. Common Yew *(Taxus baccata)*. St. Veronica.
14. Barren Strawberry *(Fragaria sterilis)*. St. Hilary.
15. Ivy *(Hedera helix)*. St. Paul, the first Hermit.
16. Common Red Dead Nettle *(Lamium purpureum)*. St. Marcellus, Pope.
17. Garden Anemone *(Anemora hortensis)*. St. Anthony, Patriarch.
18. Four-toothed Moss *(Bryum pellucidem)*. St. Prisca, Martyr.
19. White Dead Nettle *(Lamium album)*. St. Martha, Martyr.
20. Woolly Dead Nettle *(Lamium gargaricum.)* St. Fabian, Pope.
21. Black Hellebore. St. Agnes, Martyr.
22. Early Whitlow Grass. St. Vincent, Spanish Martyr.
23. Peziza. St. Raymond.
24. Stalkless Moss. St. Timothy.
25. Winter Hellebore. Conversion of St. Paul.
26. White Butterbur, or Coltsfoot. St. Polycarp.
27. Earth Moss. St. Chrysostom.
28. Double Daisy. St. Margaret, of Hungary.
29. Flowering Fern. St. Francis, of Sales.
30. Spleenwort. St. Martin.
31. Hart's-tongue. St. Marcella.

FEBRUARY.

1. Moss, Lesser Water; St. Ignatius. Bay-tree; St. Bridget, Patroness of Ireland.
2. Snowdrop. Purification of the Blessed Virgin.
3. Moss, Greater Water. St. Blaise, of Armenia.
4. Moss, Common Hair, or Goldilocks; St. Jane. Indian Bay; St. Margaret, of England.
5. Common Primrose. St. Agatha, Martyr. Red Primrose. St. Adelaide.
6. Blue Hyacinth. St. Dorothy.

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7. Cyclamen (round-leaved). St. Romuald.
8. Moss (narrow-leafed sprig). St. John, of Matha.
9. Roman Narcissus. St. Apollonia.
10. Mezereon. St. Scholastica.
11. Red Primrose. St. Theodora, Empress.
12. Anemone, Noble Liverwort. St. Eulalia.
13. Polyanthus. St. Catharine de Ricci.
14. Yellow Crocus. St. Valentine.
15. Crocus (cloth of gold). St. Sigifred.
16. Lilac Primrose. St. Juliana.
17. Scotch Crocus. St. Flavian.
18. Speedwell (wall). St. Simeon.
19. Speedwell (field). St. Barbatus.
20. Cynoglossum omphalodes. St. Mildred.
21. White Crocus. St. Servianus.
22. Margaret, Herb. St. Margaret of Cortona.
23. Apricot-blossom. St. Milburge.
24. Fern, Great. St. Ethelbert, King.
25. Peach-blossom. St. Walburg.
26. Periwinkle, Lesser. St. Victor.
27. Lungwort. St. Leander, Bishop.
28. Crocus, Purple. St. Proterius, Patriarch.
29. Crocus, Purple. St. Lodoiska.

MARCH.

1. Leek, Common. St. David, Archbishop.
2. Chickweed, Dwarf Mouse-ear. St. Chad, Martyr.
3. Marygold, Golden Fig. St. Cunegunda, Empress.
4. Chickweed, Common. St. Casimir, Prince.
5. Hellebore, Green. St. Adrian.
6. Lent Lily. St. Colette, Bishop.
7. Early Daffodil. St. Perpetua, Martyr.
8. Ever-blowing Rose. St. Rosa.
   Great Jonquil. St. Felix.
9. Daffodil, Hoop Petticoat. St. Catherine (Bologna).
10. Chickweed, Upright. St. Droctavæus, Abbot.
11. Cornish Heath. St. Eulogius.
12. Ixia, or Crocus-leafed Mistletoe. St. Gregory the Great.
13. Heart's-ease. St. Euphrasia.
14. Bindweed, Mountain. St. Maud, Queen.
15. Common Coltsfoot. St. Zachary, Pope.
16. Daffodil, Nodding. St. Julian.
17. Sweet Violet. St. Gertrude, Abbess.
17. Shamrock (White Clover). St. Patrick.
18. Great Leopard's Bane. St. Cyril, Archbishop.
19. Yellow Star of Bethlehem. St. Joseph, spouse of the Virgin Mary.
20. Dog's Violet. St. Wolfram, Archbishop.
21. Furmitory, Bulbous. St. Benedict.
22. Ficaria Verna. St. Catherine (Sweden) Abbess.
23. Daffodil, Peerless. St. Alphonsus, Archbishop.
24. Saxifrage, Golden. St. Irenæus, Bishop.
25. Marygold. Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin.
26. Henbane, Nightshade-leafed. St. Braulio, Bishop.
27. Sweet Jonquil. St. John, Hermit (Egypt).
28. Leopard's Bane. St. Priscus.
29. Oxlip. St. Eustatius, Abbot.
    Furmitory. St. Jonas.
30. Watercress. St. John (Climacus).
    Daffodil, Lesser. St. Zosimus.
31. Benjamin-tree. St. Benjamin, Martyr.

APRIL.

1. Mercury, French Annual. St. Hugh, Bishop.
2. White Violet. St. Francis (Calabria).
3. Evergreen Alkanet. St. Agape.
4. Crown Imperial, Red. St. Isidore.
5. Crown Imperial, Yellow. St. Vincent.
6. Hyacinth, Starch. St. Sixtus I., Pope.
7. Wood Anemone. St. Aphraates.
8. Ground Ivy. St. Dionysius, Bishop.
9. Red Polyanthus. St. Mary (Egypt).
10. Violet, Pale. St. Mechtildes, Abbess.
11. Dandelion. St. Leo the Great, Pope.
12. Saxifrage, Great Thick-leafed. St. Zeno, Bishop.
13. Green Narcissus. St. Hermenegild, Martyr.
14. Common Borage. St. Lidwina.
15. Stitchwort, Greater. St. Peter Gonzales.
16. Yellow Tulip. St. Joachim.
17. Broad-leafed Arum. St. Stephen.
18. Musk Narcissus. St. Apollonius.
19. Garlic. St. Leo IX., Pope.
20. Spring Snowflake. St. Agnes (Pulciano).
21. Cypress Narcissus. St. Anselm, Archbishop.
22. Wood Crowfoot. St. Rufus.
23. Harebell. St. George, Patron of England.
24. Blackthorn. St. Fidelis.
25. Tulip, Clarimond. St. Mark the Evangelist.
26. Erysimum, Yellow. St. Richarius, Abbot.
27. Great Daffodil. St. Anastatius, Pope.
28. Spotted Arum. Sts. Didymus and Theodora.
29. Herb Robert. St. Robert, Abbot.
30. Cowslip. St. Catherine (Sienna).

MAY.

1. Gesner Tulip. St. Philip.
   Bachelor's Button. St. James the Just.
2. Charlock. St. Athanasius, Patriarch.
3. Poetic Narcissus. Discovery of the Cross, 326.
4. Stock Gilliflower. St. Monica.
5. Apple-blossom. Sts. Angelus and Pius V., Pope.
6. Globe Flower. St. John (Damascus).
7. Asiatic Globe Flower. St. John (Beverley).
8. Lily of the Valley. St. Selena.
9. Lily of the Valley. St. Gregory (Nazianzen).
10. Peony, Slender-leafed. St. Comgal, Abbot.
11. Lancashire Asphodel. St. Mammertus, Archbishop.

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12. German Iris. St. Germanus, Patriarch.
13. Common Comfrey. St. John the Silent, Bishop.
14. Common Peony. St. Pontius.
15. Welsh Poppy. St. Dympna.
16. Star of Bethlehem. St. John (Nepomucene).
17. Early Red Poppy. St. Paschal.
18. Mouse-ear, or Hawkweed. St. Eric, King.
19. Monk's-hood. St. Dunstan, Archbishop.
20. Horse Chestnut. St. Bernadine.
21. Ragged Robin. St. Felix.
22. Star of Bethlehem. St. Yvo.
23. Lilac. St. Julia.
24. Monkey Poppy. St. Vincent.
25. Herb Bennet. St. Urban, Pope.
26. Purple Rhododendron. St. Augustin, Archbishop.
    Yellow Azalea. St. Philip Neri.
27. Buttercup. St. John, Pope.
    Yellow Bachelor's Button. St. Bede.
28. Lurid Iris. St. Germain, Bishop.
29. Bluebottle. St. Cyril.
30. Spearwort. St. Ferdinand III., Confessor, King.
31. Yellow Turk's-cap Lily. St. Petronilla.

JUNE.

1. Yellow Rose. St. Justin, Martyr.
2. Common Pimpernel. St. Erasmus.
3. Rose of Meaux. St. Cecilius.
4. Indian Pink. St. Quirinus, Bishop.
5. China Rose. St. Boniface.
6. Common Pink. St. Norbet.
7. Red Centaury. St. Paul, Bishop (Constantinople).
8. Moneywort. St. Medard.
9. Barberry. St. Columbia.
10. Bright yellow Iris. St. Margaret, Queen.
11. Midsummer Daisy. St. Barnabas, Apostle.
12. White Dog-rose. St. John, Hermit.
13. Garden Ranunculus. St. Anthony, Padua.
14. Sweet Basil. St. Basil, Archbishop.
15. Sensitive Plant. St. Vitus, Martyr.
16. Moss Rose. St. Julietta, Martyr.
17. Yellow Monkey-flower. St. Nicandeo.
18. Horned Poppy. St. Marina.
19. La Julienne de Nuit. St. Juliana Falconieri.
20. Doubtful Poppy. St. Silverius, Pope.
21. Viper's Bugloss. St. Aloysius.
22. Canterbury Bell. St. Paulinus, Bishop.
23. Ladies' Slipper. St. Ethelreda.
24. St. John's Wort. Nativity of St. John the Baptist.
25. Sweet William. St. William of Monte Virgine.
26. Alpine hairy blue Sowthistle. St. Rheingarda.
27. Perforated St. John's Wort. St. John of Montier.
28. Blue Cornflower. St Irenæus, Bishop.
29. Yellow Rattle. St. Peter the Apostle.
30. Yellow Cistus. St. Paul the Apostle.

JULY.

1. Agrimony. St. Aaron.
2. White Lily. Virgin Mary.
3. Common Mallow. St. Phocas.
4. Tawny Day Lily. St. Ulric, Bishop.
5. Double Yellow Rose. St. Edana.
6. Hawkweed. St. Julian, Anchorite.
7. Nasturtium. St. Felix, Bishop.
8. Evening Primrose. St. Elizabeth, Queen.
9. Marsh Sowthistle. St. Everildis.
10. Speckled Snapdragon. Sts. Rufina and Secunda.
11. Yellow Lupine. St. James, Bishop.
12. Great Snapdragon. St. John Gualbert, Abbot.
13. Blue Lupine. St. Eugenius, Bishop.
14. Red Lupine. St. Bonaventure, Cardinal.
15. Small Cape Marygold. St. Swithin, Bishop.
16. Convolvulus. St. Eustathius, Patriarch.
17. Sweet Pea. St. Marcellina.
18. Autumn Marygold. St. Bruno, Bishop.
19. Golden Hawkweed. St. Vincent de Paul.
20. Virginian Dragon's-head. St. Margaret, Antioch.
21. Philadelphian Lily. St. Praxedes.
22. African Lily. St. Mary Magdalen.
23. Musk-flower. St. Appollinaris, Bishop.
24. Lupine-tree. St. Lupus, Bishop.
25. Herb Christopher, white. St. Christopher.
26. Chamomile, or Corn Feverfew. St. Ann.
27. Loosestrife. St. Pantaleon.
28. Mountain Groundsel. St. Innocent I., Pope.
29. Red Chironia. St. Martha.
30. White Mullein. St. Julietta.
31. Yellow Mullein. St. Ignatius Loyola.

AUGUST.

1. Thorn Apple. St. Peter ad Vincula.
2. Tiger Lily. St. Alfrida.
3. Hollyhock. Discovery of the relics of St. Peter.
4. Bluebell. St. Dominic.
5. Egyptian Water Lily. St. Mary ad Nives.
6. Meadow Saffron. The Transfiguration.
7. Common Amaranth. St. Cajetan.
8. Love lies bleeding. St. Hormisdas.
9. Yellow Ragwort. St. Romanus.
10. Balsam. St. Lawrence, Martyr.
11. China Aster. St. Susanna.
12. Great Corn Sowthistle. St. Clare, Abbess.
13. Marsh Groundsel. St. Radigunda.
14. Zinnia. St. Eusebius.
15. White Virgin's-bower. The Assumption.
16. Belladonna Lily. St. Hyacinth.
17. Snapdragon. St. Manus.
18. African Marygold. St. Helen, Empress.
19. Timothy Grass, or Cat's-tail Grass. St. Timothy.
20. Dandelion. St. Bernard, Abbot.
21. French Marygold. St. Jean of Chantal.
22. Common Timothy Grass. St. Timothy.
23. Common Tansy. St. Philip Beniti.
24. Tall Sunflower. St. Bartholomew, Apostle.

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25. Perennial Sunflower. St. Louis, King.
26. Banded Amaryllis. St. Zephyrinus, Pope.
27. Hedge Hawkweed. St. Cæsarius, Archbishop.
28. Golden Rod. St. Augustine, Bishop.
29. Yellow Hollyhock. St. Sabinus, King.
30. Guernsey Lily. St. Rose (Lima).
31. Pheasant's-eye. St. Raymund.

SEPTEMBER.

1. Orpine. St. Giles, Patron of beggars.
2. Golden Rod. St. Margaret.
3. Common Flea-bane. St. Simeon Stylites, the Younger.
4. Pink Soapwort. St. Rosalia.
5. Mushroom. St. Laurence Justinian, Patriarch.
6. Dandelion. St. Pambo.
7. Golden Starwort. St. Cloud.
8. Italian Blue Starwort. St. Adrian.
9. Canadian Golden Rod. St. Omer.
10. Autumnal Crocus. St. Pulcheria, Empress.
11. Meadow Saffron, Variegated. St. Hyacinthus.
12. Passion Flower, Semilunar. St. Earnswith, Abbess.
13. Officinal Crocus. St. Eulogius, Patriarch.
14. Blue Passion Flower. Exaltation of the Holy Cross.
15. Byzantine Saffron. St. Nicetas.
16. Sea-blue Starwort. St. Editha.
17. Narrow-leafed Mallow. St. Lambert, Bishop.
18. Pendulous Starwort. St. Thomas, Archbishop.
19. Devil's-bit Scabious. St. Lucy.
20. Common Meadow Saffron. St. Eustachius.
21. Fringed-leafed Passion Flower. St. Matthew, Evangelist.
22. Boletus-tree. St. Maurice.
23. White Starwort. St. Thecla.
24. Fungus. St. Gerard, Bishop.
25. Great Boletus. St. Ceolfrid, Abbot.
26. Great Golden Rod. St. Justina.
27. White Small-leafed Starwort. St. Delphina.
28. Evergreen Golden Rod. St. Eustochium.
29. Michaelmas Daisy. St. Michael and all Angels.
30. Golden Amaryllis. St. Jerome.

OCTOBER.

1. Lowly Amaryllis. St. Remigius, Bishop.
2. Soapwort. Feast of holy Guardian Angels.
3. Downy Helenium. St. Dionysius.
4. Dwarf Southernwood. St. Francis (Assisi).
5. Star-like Chamomile. St. Placidus.
6. Creeping Feverfew. St. Bruno.
7. Indian Chrysanthemum. St. Mark, Pope.
8. Sweet Maudlin. St. Bridget.
9. Milky Mushroom. St. Denis, Patron of France.
10. Cape Aletris. St. Francis (Borgia).
11. Common Holly. St. Ethelburga.
12. Wavy Fleabane. St. Wilfred, Bishop.
13. Yellow Helenium. St. Edward, King and Confessor.
14. Indian Fleabane. St. Calixtus, Pope.
15. Sweet Sultan. St. Theresa.
16. Yarrow. St. Gall, Abbot.
17. Dwarf Sunflower. St. Anstrudis.
18. Mushroom. St. Luke, Evangelist.
19. Thickseed. St. Frideswith (Oxford).
20. Yellow Sweet Sultan. St. Artemius.
21. Silphium. St. Ursula.
22. Rough-leafed Silphium. St. Nunilo.
23. Slender-stalked Starwort. St. Theodoret.
24. Carolina Starwort. St. Proclus, Archbishop.
25. Fleabane Starwort. St. Crispin.
26. Late-flowering Golden Rod. St. Evaristus, Pope.
27. Floribund Starwort. St. Frumentius.
28. Late-flowering Chrysanthemum. St. Simon, Apostle.
    Scattered Starwort. St. Jude, Apostle.
29. Green Autumnal Narcissus. St. Narcissus, Bishop.
30. Mixen Mushroom. St. Marcellus (Centurion).
31. Fennel-leafed Thickseed. St. Quintin.

NOVEMBER.

1. Laurustinus. St. Fortunatus.
2. Winter Cherry. St. Marcian.
3. Primrose. St. Flour.
4. Arbutus. St. Brinstane, Bishop.
5. Winter Cherry. St. Bertille, Abbess.
6. Yew. St. Leonard.
7. Furcræa. St. Willebord, Bishop.
8. Cape Aletris. The four-crowned Brothers, Martyrs.
9. Glaucous-leafed Aletris. St. John Lateran.
10. Scotch Fir. St. Nympha.
11. Weymouth Pine. St. Martin, Bishop.
12. Orange-flowering Aloe. St. Nilus.
13. Bay. St. Homobonus.
14. Portugal Laurel. St. Lawrence, Archbishop.
15. Coltsfoot. St. Gertrude, Abbess.
16. African Hemp. St. Edmund, Archbishop.
17. Thorn-apple. St. Gregory Thaumaturgus.
18. Notched-leaf Passion Flower. Dedication of the Churches of St. Peter and St. Paul at Rome.
19. Apple-fruited Passion Flower. St. Elizabeth, Queen of Hungary.
20. Red Stapelia. St. Edmund, King and Confessor.
21. Wood Sorrel. Presentation of the Virgin.
22. Tube-flowered Wood Sorrel. St. Cecilia, Martyr.
23. Convex Sorrel. St. Clement, Pope.
24. Starry Stapelia. St. John of the Cross.
25. Sweet Butterbur. St. Catherine, Patroness of Spinsters.
26. Linear Sorrel. St. Conrad, Bishop.
27. Lupine-leafed Sorrel. St. Virgil, Bishop.
28. Variegated Stapelia. St. Stephen the Younger.
29. Sphenogyne. St. Saturninus, Bishop.
30. Tricolor Sorrel. St. Sapor, Bishop.

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DECEMBER.

1. Dark Stapelia. St. Eligius, Bishop.
2. Lemon Geodorum. St. Bibiania.
3. Indian-tree. St. Francis Xavier.
4. Barbadoes Gooseberry. St. Chrysologus.
5. Long-stalked Hibiscus. St. Crispina.
6. Nest-flowered Heath. St. Nicholas, Archbishop.
7. Hairy Achania. St. Ambrose.
8. American Arbor Vitæ. Blessed Virgin Mary.
9. Corsican Spruce. St. Leocadia.
10. Portugal Cypress. St. Eulalia.
11. Aleppo Pine. St. Damascus, Pope.
12. Crowned Heath. St. Eadburga.
13. African Arbor Vitæ. St. Lucy, Martyr.
14. Swamp Pine. St. Spiridion, Archbishop.
15. Pitch Pine. St. Florence, Abbot.
16. Chinese Arbor Vitæ. St. Adelaide, Empress.
17. White Cedar. St. Olympias.
18. New Holland Cypress. St. Winebald.
19. Bicolor Heath. St. Samthana, Abbess.
20. Stone Pine. St. Philogonius, Bishop.
21. Sparrow-wort. St. Thomas, Apostle.
22. Pellucid Heath. St. Cyril.
23. Cedar of Lebanon. St. Victoria.
24. Frankincense Pine. Sts. Thrasilla and Emiliana.
25. Holly. The Nativity.
26. Purple Heath. St. Stephen, Martyr.
27. Flame Heath. St. John the Evangelist.
28. Blood-colour Heath. The Holy Innocents.
29. Heath. St. Thomas A'Becket.
30. Ponthieva. St. Anysia.
31. No flower appropriated. St. Silvester.

The following lines entitled "Holy Flowers," are by Mary Howitt, and were inspired by these words of a Franciscan: "Mindful of the pious festivals which our Church prescribes, I have sought to make these charming objects of floral nature the *timepieces of my religious calendar* and the mementoes of the hastening period of my mortality. Thus I can light the taper to our Virgin Mother on the blowing of the white snowdrop, which opens its floweret at the time of Candlemas; the lady's-smock and the daffodil remind me of the Annunciation; the blue harebell, of the festival of St. George; the ranunculus, of the Invention of the Cross; the scarlet lychnis, of St. John the Baptist's Day; the white lily, of the Visitation of Our Lady, and the virgin's-bower, of her Assumption; and Michaelmas, Martinmas, Holy Rood, and Christmas have all their appropriate monitors. I learn the time of day from the shutting of the blossoms of the star of Jerusalem and the dandelion, and the hour of the night by the stars," those flowers of heaven.

"Ah! simple-hearted piety,
In former days such flowers could see.
The peasant, wending to his toil,
Beheld them deck the leafy soil;
They sprung around his cottage door;
He saw them on the heathy moor;
Within the forest's twilight glade,
Where the wild deer its covert made;
In the green vale, remote and still,
And gleaming on the ancient hill.
The days are distant now—gone by
With the old times of minstrelsy,
When, all unblest with written lore,

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Were treasured up traditions hoar:
And each still lake and mountain lone
Had a stern legend of its own:
And hall, and cot, and valley stream,
Were hallowed by the minstrel's dream.
Then musing in the woodland nook
Each flower was as a written book,
Recalling, by memorial quaint,
The holy deed of martyred saint;
The patient faith, which, unsubdued,
Grew mightier, tried through fire and blood.
One blossom, 'mid its leafy shade,
The Virgin's purity portrayed;
And one, with cup all crimson dyed,
Spoke of a Saviour crucified;
And rich the store of holy thought
That little forest flower brought,
Doctrine and miracle, whate'er
We draw from books, was treasured there:
Faith, in the wild woods tangled bound,
A blessed heritage had found;
And Charity and Hope were seen
In the lone isle and wild ravine.
Then pilgrims, through the forest brown,
Slow journeying on from town to town,
Halting 'mong mosses, green and dank,
Breathed each a prayer before he drank
From waters by the pathway side;
Then duly, morn and eventide,
Before those ancient crosses grey,
Now mould'ring silently away,
Aged and young devoutly bent
In simple prayer—but eloquent!
For each good gift man then possessed
Demanded blessing, and was blest.
What though in our pride's selfish mood
We hold those times as dark and rude?
Yet give we, from our wealth of mind,
More grateful feeling, or refined;
And yield we unto Nature aught
Of loftier or of holier thought
Than they who gave sublimest power
To the small spring and simple flower?"

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THE VOCABULARY.

Part the First.

A BECEDARY . *Volubility.*
Abatina . . *Fickleness.*
Acacia . . . *Friendship.*
Acacia, Rose or White. *Elegance.*
Acacia, Yellow . . *Secret love.*
Acanthus . . . *The fine arts. Artifice.*
Acalia . . . . *Temperance.*
Achillea Millefolia . *War.*
Achimenes Cupreata . *Such worth is rare.*
Aconite (Wolfsbane) . *Misanthropy.*
Aconite, Crowfoot . *Lustre.*
Adonis, Flos . . *Sad memories.*
African Marigold . *Vulgar minds.*
Agnus Castus . . *Coldness. Indifference.*
Agrimony . . . *Thankfulness. Gratitude.*
Almond, Common . *Stupidity. Indiscretion*
Almond, Flowering . *Hope.*
Almond, Laurel . . *Perfidy.*
Allspice . . . *Compassion.*
Aloe . . . . *Grief. Religious superstition. Bitterness.*
Althæa Frutex Syrian) Mallow) . . . *Persuasion.*
Alyssum, Sweet . . *Worth beyond beauty.*
Amaranth, Globe . *Immortality. Unfading love.*
Amaranth (Cockscomb) *Foppery. Affectation.*
Amaryllis . . . *Pride. Timidity. Splendid beauty.*
Ambrosia . . . *Love returned.*
American Cowslip . *Divine beauty.*
American Elm . . *Patriotism.*
American Linden . *Matrimony.*
American Starwort . *Welcome to a stranger. Cheerfulness in old age.*
Amethyst . . . *Admiration.*
Andromeda . . . *Self-sacrifice.*
Anemone (Zephyr Flr.) *Sickness. Expectation.*
Anemone, Garden . *Forsaken.*
Angelica . . . *Inspiration, or Magic.*
Angrec . . . . *Royalty.*
Apricot Blossom . *Doubt.*
Apple . . . . *Temptation.*
Apple Blossom . . *Preference. Fame speaks him great and good.*
Apple, Thorn . . *Deceitful charms.*
Apocynum (Dogsbane) *Deceit.*
Arbor Vitæ . . . *Unchanging friendship. Live for me.*
Arbutus . . . *Thee only do I love.*
Arum (Wake Robin) . *Ardour. Zeal.*
Ash-leaved Trumpet Flower . . *Separation.*
Ash, Mountain . . *Prudence, or With me you are safe.*
Ash Tree . . . *Grandeur.*
Aspen Tree . . . *Lamentation, or Fear.*
Aster (China) . . *Variety. After-thought.*
Asphodel . . . *My regrets follow you to the grave.*
Auricula . . . *Painting.*
Auricula, Scarlet . . *Avarice.*
Austurtium . . . *Splendour.*
Autumnal Leaves . *Melancholy.*
Azalea . . . . *Temperance.*

BACHELOR'S Button . . *Celibacy.*
Balm . . . . *Sympathy.*
Balm, Gentle . . *Pleasantry.*
Balm of Gilead . . *Cure. Relief.*
Balsam, Red . . *Touch me not. Impatient resolves.*
Balsam, Yellow . . *Impatience.*
Barberry . . . *Sharpness of temper.*
Basil . . . . *Hatred.*
Bay Leaf . . . *I change but in death*
Bay (Rose) Rhododendron . . . *Danger. Beware.*
Bay Tree . . . *Glory.*
Bay Wreath . . . *Reward of merit.*
Bearded Crepis . . *Protection.*
Beech Tree . . . *Prosperity.*
Bee Orchis . . . *Industry.*
Bee Ophrys . . . *Error.*
Begonia . . . *Deformity.*
Belladonna . . . *Silence. Hush!*
Bell Flower, Pyramidal. *Constancy.*
Bell Flower (sm. white) *Gratitude.*
Belvedere . . . *I declare against you.*
Betony . . . . *Surprise.*
Bilberry . . . *Treachery.*
Bindweed, Great . . *Insinuation. Importunity.*
Bindweed, Small . . *Humility.*
Birch . . . . *Meekness.*
Birdsfoot (Trefoil) . *Revenge.*
Bittersweet; Nightshade . . . *Truth.*

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Black Poplar . . *Courage. Affliction.*
Blackthorn . . . *Difficulty.*
Bladder Nut Tree . *Frivolity. Amusement.*
Bluebottle (Centaury) . *Delicacy.*
Bluebell . . . *Constancy. Sorrowful regret.*
Blue-flowered Greek Valerian . . . *Rupture.*
Bonus Henricus . . *Goodness.*
Borage . . . . *Bluntness.*
Box Tree . . . *Stoicism.*
Bramble . . . *Lowliness. Envy. Remorse.*
Branch of Currants . *You please all.*
Branch of Thorns . *Severity. Rigour.*
Bridal Rose . . . *Happy love.*
Broom . . . . *Humility. Neatness.*
Browallia Jamisonii . *Could you bear poverty?*
Buckbean . . . *Calm repose.*
Bud of White Rose . *A heart ignorant of love.*
Buglos . . . . *Falsehood.*
Bulrush . . . *Indiscretion. Docility.*
Bundle of Reeds, with their Panicles . . *Music.*
Burdock . . . *Importunity. Touch me not.*
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Buttercups . . . *Riches.*
Butterfly Orchis . . *Gaiety.*
Butterfly Weed . . *Let me go.*

CABBAGE . . *Profit.*
Cacalia . . *Adulation.*
Cactus . . . *Warmth.*
Calla Æthiopica . . *Magnificent beauty.*
Calceolaria . . . *I offer you pecuniary assistance, or I offer you my fortune.*
Calycanthus. . . *Benevolence.*
Camellia Japonica, Red *Unpretending excellence.*
Camellia Japonica, White . . *Perfected loveliness.*
Camomile . . . *Energy in adversity.*
Campanula Pyramida . *Aspiring.*
Canary Grass . . *Perseverance.*
Candytuft . . . *Indifference.*
Canterbury Bell . . *Acknowledgment.*
Cape Jasmine . . *I am too happy.*
Cardamine . . . *Paternal error.*
Carnation, Deep Red . *Alas! for my poor heart.*
Carnation, Striped . *Refusal.*
Carnation, Yellow . *Disdain.*
Cardinal Flower . . *Distinction.*
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Chinese Chrysanthemum . . . *Cheerfulness under adversity.*
Chorozema Varium . *You have many lovers.*
Christmas Rose . . *Relieve my anxiety.*
Chrysanthemum, Red . *I love.*
Chrysanthemum, White *Truth.*
Chrysanthemum, Yell. *Slighted love.*
Cineraria . . . *Always delightful.*
Cinquefoil . . . *Maternal affection.*
Circæa . . . . *Spell.*
Cistus, or Rock Rose . *Popular favour.*
Cistus, Gum . . . *I shall die to-morrow.*
Citron . . . . *Ill-natured beauty.*
Clarkia . . . . *The variety of your conversation delights me.*
Clematis . . . *Mental beauty.*
Clematis, Evergreen . *Poverty. Artifice.*
Clianthus . . . *Worldliness. Self-seeking.*
Clotbur . . . . *Rudeness. Pertinacity.*
Cloves . . . . *Dignity.*
Clover, Four-leaved . *Be mine.*
Clover, Red . . . *Industry.*
Clover, White . . *Think of me. Promise.*
Cobæa . . . . *Gossip.*
Cockscomb Amaranth . *Foppery. Affectation. Singularity.*
Colchicum, or Meadow Saffron . . . *My best days are past.*
Coltsfoot . . . *Justice shall be done.*
Columbine . . . *Folly.*
Columbine, Purple . *Resolved to win.*
Columbine, Red . . *Anxious and trembling.*
Convolvulus . . . *Bonds.*
Convolvulus, Bl. (Min.) *Repose. Night.*
Convolvulus, Major . *Extinguished hopes.*
Convolvulus, Pink . *Worth sustained by judicious and tender affection.*
Corchorus . . . *Impatient of absence.*
Coreopsis . . . *Always cheerful.*
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Corn . . . . *Riches.*
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Crowfoot (Aconite-lvd.) *Lustre.*
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Cudweed, American . *Unceasing remembrance.*
Currant. . . . *Thy frown will kill me.*
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Daisy, Michaelmas . *Farewell, or Afterthought.*
Daisy, Parti-coloured . *Beauty.*
Daisy, Wild . . . *I will think of it.*
Damask Rose . . *Brilliant complexion.*
Dandelion . . . *Rustic oracle.*
Dandelion, or Thistle-seed-head . . . *Depart.*
Daphne . . . *Glory. Immortality.*
Daphne Odora . . *Painting the lily.*
Darnel . . . . *Vice.*
Dead Leaves . . *Sadness.*
Deadly Nightshade . *Falsehood.*
Dew Plant . . . *A serenade.*
Dianthus . . . *Make haste.*
Diosma . . . . *Your simple elegance charms me.*
Dipteracanthus Spectabilis . . . . *Fortitude.*
Diplademia Crassinoda *You are too bold.*
Dittany of Crete . . *Birth.*
Dittany of Crete, White *Passion.*
Dock . . . . *Patience.*
Dodder of Thyme . . *Baseness.*
Dogsbane . . . *Deceit. Falsehood.*
Dogwood . . . *Durability.*
Dragon Plant . . *Snare.*
Dragonwort . . . *Horror.*
Dried Flax . . . *Utility.*

EBONY TREE . *Blackness.*
Echites Atropurpurea . . *Be warned in time.*
Eglantine (Sweetbriar) *Poetry. I wound to heal.*
Elder . . . . *Zealousness.*
Elm . . . . *Dignity.*
Enchanter'sNightshade *Witchcraft. Sorcery.*
Endive . . . . *Frugality.*
Escholzia . . . *Do not refuse me.*
Eupatorium . . . *Delay.*
Evening Primrose . *Silent Love.*
Ever-flowing Candytuft *Indifference.*
Evergreen Clematis . *Poverty.*
Evergreen Thorn . . *Solace in adversity.*
Everlasting . . . *Never-ceasing remembrance.*
Everlasting Pea . . *Lasting pleasure.*

FENNEL . . *Worthy all praise. Strength.*
Fern . . . . *Fascination. Magic. Sincerity.*
Ficoides, Ice Plant . *Your looks freeze me.*
Fig . . . . *Argument.*
Fig Marygold . . *Idleness.*
Fig Tree . . . *Prolific.*
Filbert . . . . *Reconciliation.*
Fir . . . . *Time.*
Fir Tree . . . *Elevation.*
Flax . . . . *Domestic industry. Fate. I feel your kindness.*
Flax-lvd. Golden-locks *Tardiness.*
Fleur-de-Lys . . *Flame. I burn.*
Fleur-de-Luce . . *Fire.*
Flowering Fern . . *Reverie.*
Flowering Reed . . *Confidence in Heaven.*
Flower-of-an-Hour . *Delicate beauty.*
Fly Orchis . . . *Error.*
Flytrap . . . . *Deceit.*
Fool's Parsley . . *Silliness.*
Forget-me-not . . *Forget-me-not.*
Foxglove . . . *Insincerity.*
Foxtail Grass . . *Sporting.*
Franciscea Latifolia . *Beware of false friends.*
French Honeysuckle . *Rustic beauty.*
French Marygold. . *Jealousy.*
French Willow . . *Bravery and humanity*
Frog Ophrys . . *Disgust.*
Fuller's Teasel . . *Misanthropy.*
Fumitory . . . *Spleen.*
Fuchsia, Scarlet . . *Taste.*
Furze, or Gorse . . *Love for all seasons. Anger.*

GARDEN Anemone *Forsaken.*
Garden Chervil . *Sincerity.*
Garden Daisy . . *I partake your sentiments.*
Garden Marygold . *Uneasiness.*
Garden Ranunculus . *You are rich in attractions*
Garden Sage . . *Esteem.*
Garland of Roses . *Reward of virtue.*
Gardenia . . . *Refinement.*
Germander Speedwell . *Facility.*
Geranium . . . *Deceit.*
Geranium, Dark . . *Melancholy.*
Geranium, Horseshoe-leaf . . . . *Stupidity.*
Geranium, Ivy . . *Bridal favour.*
Geranium, Lemon . *Unexpected meeting.*
Geranium, Nutmeg . *Expected meeting.*
Geranium, Oak-leaved *True friendship.*

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Dew Plant . . . *A serenade.*
Dianthus . . . *Make haste.*
Diosma . . . . *Your simple elegance charms me.*
Dipteracanthus Spectabilis . . . . *Fortitude.*
Dipladenia Crassinoda *You are too bold.*
Dittany of Crete . . *Birth.*
Dittany of Crete, White *Passion.*
Dock . . . . *Patience.*
Dodder of Thyme . . *Baseness.*
Dogsbane . . . *Deceit. Falsehood.*
Dogwood . . . *Durability.*
Dragon Plant . . *Snare.*
Dragonwort . . . *Horror.*
Dried Flax . . . *Utility.*

EBONY TREE . *Blackness.*
Echites Atropurpurea . . *Be warned in time.*
Eglantine (Sweetbriar) *Poetry. I wound to heal.*
Elder . . . . *Zealousness.*
Elm . . . . *Dignity.*
Enchanter's Nightshade *Witchcraft. Sorcery.*
Endive . . . . *Frugality.*
Escholzia . . . *Do not refuse me.*
Eupatorium . . . *Delay.*
Evening Primrose . *Silent Love.*
Ever-flowing Candytuft *Indifference.*
Evergreen Clematis . *Poverty.*
Evergreen Thorn . . *Solace in adversity.*
Everlasting . . . *Never-ceasing remembrance.*
Everlasting Pea . . *Lasting pleasure.*

FENNEL . . *Worthy all praise. Strength.*
Fern . . . . *Fascination. Magic. Sincerity.*
Ficoides, Ice Plant . *Your looks freeze me.*
Fig . . . . *Argument.*
Fig Marygold . . *Idleness.*
Fig Tree . . . *Prolific.*
Filbert . . . . *Reconciliation.*
Fir . . . . *Time.*
Fir Tree . . . *Elevation.*
Flax . . . . *Domestic industry. Fate. I feel your kindness.*
Flax-lvd. Golden-locks *Tardiness.*
Fleur-de-Lys . . *Flame. I burn.*
Fleur-de-Luce . . *Fire.*
Flowering Fern . . *Reverie.*
Flowering Reed . . *Confidence in Heaven.*
Flower-of-an-Hour . *Delicate beauty.*
Fly Orchis . . . *Error.*
Flytrap . . . . *Deceit.*
Fool's Parsley . . *Silliness.*
Forget-me-not . . *Forget-me-not.*
Foxglove . . . *Insincerity.*
Foxtail Grass . . *Sporting.*
Franciscea Latifolia . *Beware of false friends.*
French Honeysuckle . *Rustic beauty.*
French Marygold . . *Jealousy.*
French Willow . . *Bravery and humanity*
Frog Ophrys . . *Disgust.*
Fuller's Teasel . . *Misanthropy.*
Fumitory . . . *Spleen.*
Fuchsia, Scarlet . . *Taste.*
Furze, or Gorse . . *Love for all seasons. Anger.*

GARDEN Anemone *Forsaken.*
Garden Chervil . *Sincerity.*
Garden Daisy . . *I partake your sentiments.*
Garden Marygold . *Uneasiness.*
Garden Ranunculus . *You are rich in attractions*
Garden Sage . . *Esteem.*
Garland of Roses . *Reward of virtue.*
Gardenia . . . *Refinement.*
Germander Speedwell . *Facility.*
Geranium . . . *Deceit.*
Geranium, Dark . . *Melancholy.*
Geranium, Horseshoe-leaf . . . . *Stupidity.*
Geranium, Ivy . . *Bridal favour.*
Geranium, Lemon . *Unexpected meeting.*
Geranium, Nutmeg . *Expected meeting.*
Geranium, Oak-leaved *True friendship.*

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Geranium, Pencilled . *Ingenuity.*
Geranium, Rose-scntd. *Preference.*
Geranium, Scarlet . *Comforting.*
Geranium, Silver-leavd. *Recall.*
Geranium, Wild . . *Steadfast piety.*
Gillyflower . . . *Bonds of affection.*
Gladioli . . . *Ready armed.*
Glory Flower . . *Glorious beauty.*
Goat's Rue . . *Reason.*
Golden Rod . . *Precaution.*
Gooseberry . . *Anticipation.*
Gourd . . . *Extent. Bulk.*
Grammanthus Chlora- *Your temper is too*
flora . . . *hasty.*
Grape, Wild . . *Charity.*
Grass . . . *Submission. Utility.*
Guelder Rose . *Winter. Age.*

HAND Flower Tree *Warning.*
Harebell . *Submission. Grief.*
Hawkweed . . *Quick-sightedness.*
Hawthorn . . *Hope.*
Hazel . . . *Reconciliation.*
Heart's-ease, or Pansy *Thoughts.*
Heath . . . *Solitude.*
Helenium . . *Tears.*
Heliotrope . . *Devotion or, I turn to thee.*
Hellebore . . *Scandal. Calumny.*
Helmet Flower (Monks-
hood) . . *Knight-errantry.*
Hemlock . . *You will be my death.*
Hemp . . . *Fate.*
Henbane . . *Imperfection.*
Hepatica . . *Confidence.*
Hibiscus . . *Delicate beauty.*
Holly . . . *Foresight.*
Holly Herb . . *Enchantment.*
Hollyhock . . *Ambition. Fecundity.*
Honesty . . *Honesty, Fascination.*
Honey Flower . *Love sweet and secret.*
Honeysuckle . *Generous and devoted affection.*
Honeysuckle, Coral . *The colour of my fate.*
Honeysuckle, French *Rustic beauty.*
Hop . . . *Injustice.*
Hornbeam . . *Ornament.*
Horse Chestnut . *Luxury.*
Hortensia . . *You are cold.*
Housleek . . *Vivacity. Domestic industry.*
Houstonia . . *Content.*
Hoya . . . *Sculpture.*
Hoyabella . . *Contentment.*
Humble Plant . *Despondency.*
Hundred-leaved Rose . *Dignity of mind.*
Hyacinth . . *Sport. Game. Play.*
Hyacinth, Purple . *Sorrowful.*
Hyacinth, White . *Unobtrusive loveliness.*
Hydrangea . . *A boaster.*
Hyssop . . *Cleanliness.*

ICELAND Moss . *Health.*
Ice Plant . *Your looks freeze me.*
Imbricata . . *Uprightness. Sentiments of honour.*
Imperial Montague . *Power.*
Indian Cress . . *Warlike trophy.*
Indian Jasmine (Ipo-
mœa) . . *Attachment.*
Indian Pink (Double) . *Always lovely.*
Indian Plum . . *Privation.*
Iris . . . *Message.*
Iris, German . . *Flame.*
Ivy . . . *Friendship. Fidelity. Marriage.*
Ivy, Sprig of, with Ten-
drils . . . *Assiduous to please.*

JACOB'S Ladder *Come down.*
Japan Rose . *Beauty is your only attraction.*
Japanese Lilies . *You cannot deceive me.*
Jasmine . . *Amiability.*
Jasmine, Cape . *Transport of joy.*
Jasmine, Carolina . *Separation.*
Jasmine, Indian . *I attach myself to you.*
Jasmine, Spanish . *Sensuality.*
Jasmine, Yellow . *Grace and elegance.*
Jonquil . . *I desire a return of affection.*
Judas Tree . . *Unbelief. Betrayal.*
Julienne, White . *Despair not; God is everywhere.*
Juniper . . *Succour. Protection.*
Justicia . . *The perfection of female loveliness.*

KENNEDIA. *Mental beauty.*
Kingcups . *Desire of riches.*

LABURNUM . *Forsaken. Pensive beauty.*
Lady's Slipper . *Capricious beauty. Wine me and wear me.*
Lagerstræmia, Indian . *Eloquence.*
Lantana . . *Rigour.*
Lapageria Rosea . *There is no unalloyed good.*
Larch . . . *Audacity. Boldness.*
Larkspur . . *Lightness. Levity.*
Larkspur, Pink . *Fickleness.*
Larkspur, Purple . *Haughtiness.*
Laurel . . . *Glory.*
Laurel, Common, in
flower . . *Perfidy.*
Laurel, Ground . *Perseverance.*
Laurel, Mountain . *Ambition.*
Laurel-leavd. Magnolia *Dignity.*
Laurestina . . *A token.*
Lavender . . *Distrust.*
Leaves (dead) . *Melancholy.*
Lemon . . . *Zest.*
Lemon Blossoms . *Fidelity in love.*
Leschenaultia Splen-
dens . . . *You are charming.*
Lettuce . . *Cold-heartedness.*
Lichen . . . *Dejection. Solitude.*
Lilac, Field . . *Humility.*
Lilac, Purple . *First emotions of love.*
Lilac, White . *Youthful innocence.*
Lily, Day . . *Coquetry.*
Lily, Imperial . *Majesty.*
Lily, White . . *Purity. Sweetness.*

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Lily, Yellow . . *Falsehood. Gaiety.*
Lily of the Valley . *Return of happiness. Unconscious sweetness.*
Linden or Lime Trees . *Conjugal love.*
Lint . . . . *I feel my obligations.*
Live Oak . . . *Liberty.*
Liverwort . . . *Confidence.*
Liquorice, Wild . . *I declare against you.*
Lobelia . . . *Malevolence.*
Locust Tree. . . *Elegance.*
Locust Tree (green) . *Affection beyond the grave.*
London Pride . . *Frivolity.*
Lote Tree . . . *Concord.*
Lotus . . . . *Eloquence.*
Lotus Flower . . *Estranged love.*
Lotus Leaf . . . *Recantation.*
Love in a Mist . . *Perplexity.*
Love lies Bleeding . *Hopeless, not heartless.*
Lucern. . . . *Life.*
Lupin . . . . *Voraciousness.*

MADDER . . *Calumny.*
Magnolia . . *Love of nature. Magnificence.*
Magnolia, Swamp . *Perseverance.*
Mallow. . . . *Mildness.*
Mallow, Marsh . *Beneficence.*
Mallow, Syrian . *Consumed by love.*
Mallow, Venetian . *Delicate beauty.*
Malon Creeana . *Will you share my fortunes?*
Manchineal Tree. . *Falsehood.*
Mandrake . . . *Horror.*
Maple . . . . *Reserve.*
Marianthus . . *Hope for better days.*
Marygold . . . *Grief.*
Marygold, African . *Vulgar minds.*
Marygold, French . *Jealousy.*
Marygold, Prophetic . *Prediction.*
Marygold and Cypress *Despair.*
Marjoram . . . *Blushes.*
Marvel of Peru . . *Timidity.*
Meadow Lychnis. . *Wit.*
Meadow Saffron . . *My best days are past.*
Meadowsweet . . *Uselessness.*
Mercury . . . *Goodness.*
Mesembryanthemum . *Idleness.*
Mezereon . . . *Desire to please.*
Michaelmas Daisy . *After-thought.*
Mignonette . . . *Your qualities surpass your charms.*
Milfoil . . . . *War.*
Milkvetch . . . *Your presence softens my pains.*
Milkwort . . . *Hermitage.*
Mimosa (Sensitive Plt.) *Sensitiveness.*
Mint . . . . *Virtue.*
Mistletoe . . . *I surmount difficulties.*
Mitraria Coccinea . *Indolence. Dulness.*
Mock Orange . . *Counterfeit.*
Monarda Amplexicaulis *Your whims are quite unbearable.*
Monkshood . . . *A deadly foe is near.*
Monkshood (Helmet Flower) . . . *Chivalry. Knight-errantry.*
Moonwort . . . *Forgetfulness.*
Morning Glory . . *Affectation.*
Moschatel . . . *Weakness.*
Moss . . . . *Maternal love.*
Mosses. . . . *Ennui.*
Mossy Saxifrage . . *Affection.*
Motherwort . . *Concealed love.*
Mountain Ash . . *Prudence.*
Mourning Bride . . *Unfortunate attachment. I have lost all.*
Mouse-eared Chickweed . . . . *Ingenuous simplicity.*
Mouse-eared Scorpion Grass . . *Forget-me-not.*
Moving Plant . . *Agitation.*
Mudwort . . . *Happiness. Tranquillity.*
Mulberry Tree, Black . *I shall not survive you.*
Mulberry Tree, White *Wisdom.*
Mushroom . . . *Suspicion; or, I can't entirely trust you.*
Musk Plant . . *Weakness.*
Mustard Seed . . *Indifference.*
Myrobalan . . *Privation.*
Myrrh . . . *Gladness.*
Myrtle . . . *Love.*

NARCISSUS . . *Egotism.*
Nasturtium . *Patriotism.*
Nemophila . . *Success everywhere.*
Nettle, Common Stinging . . . . *You are spiteful.*
Nettle, Burning . *Slander.*
Nettle Tree . . *Conceit.*
Night-blooming Cereus *Transient beauty.*
Night Convolvulus . *Night.*
Nightshade . . *Falsehood*

OAK Leaves . . *Bravery.*
Oak Tree . *Hospitality.*
Oak, White . *Independence*
Oats . . . *The witching soul of music.*
Oleander . . *Beware.*
Olive . . . *Peace.*
Orange Blossoms . *Your purity equals your loveliness.*
Orange Flowers . *Chastity. Bridal festivities.*
Orange Tree . *Generosity.*
Orchis . . . *A belle.*
Osier . . . *Frankness*
Osmunda . . . *Dreams.*
Ox Eye . . . *Patience.*

PALM . . *Victory.*
Pansy . . *Thoughts.*
Parsley . . *Festivity.*
Pasque Flower . *You have no claims.*
Passion Flower . *Religious superstition, when the flower is reversed, or Faith if erect.*
Patience Dock . *Patience.*
Pea, Everlasting . *An appointed meeting. Lasting pleasure.*
Pea, Sweet . *Departure.*

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Peach . . . . *Your qualities, like your charms, are unequalled.*
Peach Blossom . *I am your captive.*
Pear . . . . *Affection.*
Pear-tree . . . *Comfort.*
Penstemon Azureum . *High-bred.*
Pennyroyal . . . *Flee away.*
Peony . . . . *Shame. Bashfulness.*
Peppermint . . . *Warmth of feeling.*
Periwinkle, Blue . *Early friendship.*
Periwinkle, White . *Pleasures of memory.*
Persicaria . . . *Restoration.*
Persimon . . . *Bury me amid Nature's beauties.*
Peruvian Heliotrope . *Devotion.*
Petunia . . . *Your presence soothes me.*
Pheasant's Eye . *Remembrance.*
Phlox . . . . *Unanimity.*
Pigeon Berry . . *Indifference.*
Pimpernel . . . *Change. Assignation.*
Pine . . . . *Pity.*
Pine-apple . . . *You are perfect.*
Pine, Pitch . . *Philosophy.*
Pine, Spruce . . *Hope in adversity.*
Pink . . . . *Boldness.*
Pink, Carnation . *Woman's love.*
Pink, Indian, Double . *Always lovely.*
Pink, Indian, Single . *Aversion.*
Pink, Mountain . *Aspiring.*
Pink, Red, Double . *Pure and ardent love.*
Pink, Single . . *Pure love.*
Pink, Variegated . *Refusal.*
Pink, White . . *Ingeniousness. Talent.*
Plantain . . . *White man's footsteps.*
Plane Tree . . . *Genius.*
Plum, Indian . . *Privation.*
Plum Tree . . . *Fidelity.*
Plum, Wild . . *Independence.*
Plumbago Larpenta . *Holy wishes.*
Polyanthus . . . *Pride of riches.*
Polyanthus, Crimson . *The heart's mystery.*
Polyanthus, Lilac . *Confidence.*
Pomegranate . . *Foolishness.*
Pomegranate Flower . *Mature elegance.*
Poor Robin . . . *Compensation, or an Equivalent.*
Poplar, Black . . *Courage.*
Poplar, White . . *Time.*
Poppy, Red . . *Consolation.*
Poppy, Scarlet . . *Fantastic extravagance.*
Poppy, White . . *Sleep. My bane.*
Potato . . . . *Benevolence.*
Potentilla . . . *I claim, at least, your esteem.*
Prickly Pear . . *Satire.*
Pride of China . . *Dissension.*
Primrose . . . *Early youth and sadness.*
Primrose, Evening . *Inconstancy.*
Primrose, Red . . *Unpatronized merit.*
Privet . . . . *Prohibition.*
Purple Clover . . *Provident.*
Pyrus Japonica . . *Fairies' fire.*

QUAKING GRASS *Agitation.*
Quamoclit . . *Busybody.*
Queen's Rocket . . *You are the queen of coquettes. Fashion.*
Quince . . . . *Temptation.*

RAGGED-ROBIN . *Wit.*
Ranunculus . . *You are radiant with charms.*
Ranunculus, Garden . *You are rich in attractions.*
Ranunculus, Wild . *Ingratitude.*
Raspberry . . . *Remorse.*
Ray Grass . . . *Vice.*
Red Catchfly . . *Youthful love.*
Reed . . . . *Complaisance. Music.*
Reed, Split . . . *Indiscretion.*
Rhododendron (Rose-bay) . . . *Danger. Beware.*
Rhubarb . . . *Advice.*
Rocket . . . *Rivalry.*
Rose . . . . *Love.*
Rose, Austrian . . *Thou art all that is lovely.*
Rose, Bridal . . *Happy love.*
Rose, Burgundy . . *Unconscious beauty.*
Rose, Cabbage . . *Ambassador of love.*
Rose, Campion . . *Only deserve my love.*
Rose, Carolina . . *Love is dangerous.*
Rose, China . . *Beauty always new.*
Rose, Christmas . . *Tranquillize my anxiety.*
Rose, Daily . . *Thy smile I aspire to.*
Rose, Damask . . *Brilliant complexion.*
Rose, Deep Red . . *Bashful shame.*
Rose, Dog . . . *Pleasure and pain.*
Rose, Guelder . . *Winter. Age.*
Rose, Hundred-leaved. *Pride.*
Rose, Japan . . *Beauty is your only attraction.*
Rose, Maiden-blush . *If you love me you will find it out.*
Rose, Montiflora . . *Grace.*
Rose, Mundi . . *Variety.*
Rose, Musk . . . *Capricious beauty.*
Rose, Musk, Cluster . *Charming.*
Rose, Single . . *Simplicity.*
Rose, Thornless . . *Early attachment.*
Rose, Unique . . *Call me not beautiful.*
Rose, White . . . *I am worthy of you.*
Rose, White (withered) *Transient impressions.*
Rose, Yellow . . *Decrease of love. Jealousy.*
Rose, York & Lancaster *War.*
Rose, Fll.-blwn., placed over two Buds . . *Secrecy.*
Rose, White and Red together . . . *Unity.*
Roses, Crown of . . *Reward of virtue.*
Rosebud, Red . . *Pure and lovely.*
Rosebud, White . . *Girlhood.*
Rosebud, Moss . . *Confession of love.*
Rose Leaf . . . *You may hope.*
Rosemary . . . *Remembrance.*
Rudbeckia . . . *Justice.*
Rue . . . . *Disdain.*
Rush . . . . *Docility.*
Rye Grass . . . *Changeable disposition.*

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SAFFRON . . *Beware of excess.*
Saffron Crocus . *Mirth.*
Saffron, Meadow . *My happiest days are past.*
Sage . . . *Domestic virtue.*
Sage, Garden . . *Esteem.*
Sainfoin . . . *Agitation.*
Saint John's Wort . *Animosity.*
Salvia, Blue . . *Wisdom.*
Salvia, Red . . . *Energy.*
Saxifrage, Mossy . *Affection.*
Scabious . . . *Unfortunate love.*
Scabious, Sweet . *Widowhood.*
Scarlet Lychnis . *Sunbeaming eyes.*
Schinus . . . *Religious enthusiasm.*
Scotch Fir . . . *Elevation.*
Sensitive Plant . *Sensibility.*
Senvy . . . . *Indifference.*
Shamrock . . . *Light-heartedness.*
Shepherd's Purse . *I offer you my all.*
Sipnocampylos . *Resolved to be noticed.*
Snakesfoot . . *Horror.*
Snapdragon . . *Presumption, also 'No.'*
Snowball . . . *Bound.*
Snowdrop . . . *Hope.*
Sorrel . . . . *Affection.*
Sorrel, Wild . . *Wit ill-timed.*
Sorrel, Wood . . *Joy.*
Southernwood . *Jest. Bantering.*
Spanish Jasmine . *Sensuality.*
Spearmint . . . *Warmth of sentiment.*
Speedwell . . . *Female fidelity.*
Speedwell, Germander . . . *Facility.*
Speedwell, Spiked . *Semblance.*
Spider Ophrys . *Adroitness.*
Spiderwort . . . *Esteem, not love.*
Spiked Willow Herb . *Pretension.*
Spindle Tree . . *Your charms are engraven on my heart.*
Star of Bethlehem . *Purity.*
Starwort . . . *After-thought.*
Starwort, American . *Cheerfulness in old age.*
Stephanotis . . . *Will you accompany me to the East?*
St. John's Wort . *Superstition.*
Stock . . . . *Lasting beauty.*
Stock, Ten-week . *Promptness.*
Stonecrop . . . *Tranquillity.*
Straw (broken) . *Rupture of a contract.*
Straw (whole) . . *Union.*
Strawberry Blossoms . *Foresight.*
Strawberry Tree . *Esteem, not love.*
Sultan, Lilac . . *I forgive you.*
Sultan, White . . *Sweetness.*
Sultan, Yellow . *Contempt.*
Sumach, Venice . *Splendour.*
Sunflower, Dwarf . *Adoration.*
Sunflower, Tall . . *Haughtiness. False riches.*
Swallow-wort . . *Cure for heartache.*
Sweet Basil . . . *Good wishes.*
Sweetbriar, American . *Simplicity.*
Sweetbriar, European . *I wound to heal.*
Sweetbriar, Yellow . *Decrease of love.*
Sweet Pea . . . *Delicate pleasures.*
Sweet Sultan . . *Felicity.*
Sweet William . . *Gallantry. Dexterity.*
Sycamore . . . *Curiosity.*
Syringa . . . *Memory. Fraternal sympathy.*
Syringa, Carolina . *Disappointment.*

TAMARISK . . *Crime.*
Tansy, Wild . . *I declare war against you.*
Teasel . . . . *Misanthropy.*
Tendrils of Climbing Plants . . . *Ties.*
Thistle, Common . *Austerity. Independence.*
Thistle, Fuller's . *Misanthropy.*
Thistle, Scotch . *Retaliation.*
Thorn Apple . . *Deceitful charms.*
Thorn, Branch of . *Severity.*
Thrift . . . . *Sympathy.*
Throatwort . . . *Neglected beauty.*
Thyme . . . *Activity or Courage.*
Tiger Flower . . *For once may pride befriend me.*
Traveller's Joy . *Safety.*
Tree of Life . . *Old age.*
Trefoil . . . . *Revenge.*
Tremella Nestoc . *Resistance.*
Trillium Pictum . *Modest beauty.*
Triptilion Spinosum . *Be prudent.*
Truffle . . . . *Surprise.*
Trumpet Flower . *Fame.*
Tuberose . . . *Dangerous pleasures.*
Tulip, Red . . . *Declaration of love.*
Tulip, Variegated . *Beautiful eyes.*
Tulip, Yellow . *Hopeless love.*
Turnip . . . . *Charity.*
Tussilage, Sweet-scented . . . . *Justice shall be done you.*

VALERIAN . . *An accommodating disposition.*
Valerian, Greek . *Rupture.*
Venice Sumach . *Intellectual excellence. Splendour.*
Venus's Car . . *Fly with me.*
Venus's Looking-glass . *Flattery.*
Venus's Trap . . *Deceit.*
Verbena, Pink . *Family union.*
Verbena, Scarlet . *Unite against evil, or Church unity.*
Verbena, White . *Pray for me.*
Vernal Grass . . *Poor, but happy..*
Veronica . . . *Fidelity.*
Veronica Speciosa . *Keep this for my sake.*
Vervain . . . *Enchantment.*
Vine . . . . *Intoxication.*
Violet, Blue . . *Faithfulness.*
Violet, Dame . . *Watchfulness.*
Violet, Sweet . . *Modesty.*
Violet, Yellow . *Rural happiness.*
Virginia Creeper . *I cling to you both in sunshine and shade.*
Virgin's Bower . *Filial love.*
Viscaria Oculata . *Will you dance with me?*
Volkamenia . . *May you be happy.*

WALNUT . . *Intellect. Stratagem.*
Wallflower . . *Fidelity in adversity.*

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Watcher by the Wayside . *Never despair.*
Water-Lily . . . *Purity of heart.*
Water-Melon . . *Bulkiness.*
Wax Plant . . . *Susceptibility.*
Wheat Stalk . . *Riches.*
Whin . . . . *Anger.*
White Flytrap . . *Deceit.*
White Jasmine . . *Amiableness.*
White Lily . . . *Purity and modesty.*
White Mullein . . *Good-nature.*
White Oak . . . *Independence.*
White Pink . . . *Talent.*
White Poplar . . *Time.*
White Rose (dried) . *Death preferable to loss of innocence.*
Whortleberry . . *Treason.*
Willow, Creeping . *Love forsaken.*
Willow, Water . . *Freedom.*
Willow, Weeping . *Mourning.*
Willow Herb . . *Pretension.*
Willow, French . . *Bravery and humanity.*
Winter Cherry . . *Deception.*
Wisteria . . . *Welcome, fair stranger.*
Witch Hazel . . *A spell.*
Woodbine . . . *Fraternal love.*
Wood Sorrel . . *Joy. Maternal tenderness.*
Wormwood . . . *Absence.*

XANTHIUM . . *Rudeness. Pertinacity.*
Xeranthemum . *Cheerfulness under adversity,*

YEW . . . *Sorrow.*

ZEPHYR Flower . *Expectation.*
Zinnia . . . *Thoughts of absent friends.*

Part the Second.

ABSENCE . . *Wormwood.*
Abuse not . . *Crocus.*
Acknowledgment . *Canterbury Bell.*
Activity or Courage . *Thyme.*
A deadly foe is near . *Monkshood.*
Admiration . . *Amethyst.*
Adoration . . *Dwarf Sunflower.*
Adroitness . . *Spider Ophrys.*
Adulation . . *Cacalia.*
Advice . . . *Rhubarb.*
Affection . . *Mossy Saxifrage.*
Affection . . *Pear.*
Affection . . *Sorrel.*
Affection beyond the grave . . *Green Locust.*
Affection, Maternal . *Cinquefoil.*
Affectation . . *Cockscomb Amaranth.*
Affectation . . *Morning Glory.*
Affliction . . *Black Poplar.*
After-thought . . *Michaelmas Daisy.*
After-thought . . *Starwort.*
After-thought . . *China Aster.*
Agreement . . *Straw.*
Age . . . *Guelder Rose.*
Agitation . . *Moving Plant.*
Agitation . . *Sainfoin*
Alas! for my poor heart *Deep Red Carnation.*
Always cheerful . *Coreopsis.*
Always delightful . *Cineraria.*
Always lovely . *Indian Pink (double).*
Ambassador of Love . *Cabbage Rose.*
Amiability . . *Jasmine.*
Anger . . . *White.*
Anger . . . *Furze.*
Animosity . . *St. John's Wort.*
Anticipation . . *Gooseberry.*
Anxious and trembling. *Red Columbine.*
Ardour, Zeal . . *Cuckoo Plant. Arum.*
Argument . . *Fig.*
Arts or Artifice . . *Acanthus.*
Assiduous to please . *Sprig of ivy, with tendrils.*
Assignation . . *Pimpernel.*
Attachment . . *Indian Jasmine.*
Audacity . . *Larch.*
Avarice . . *Scarlet Auricula.*
Aversion . . *Chain or Indian Pink.*

BANTERING . *Southernwood.*
Baseness . . *Dodder of Thyme.*
Bashfulness . . *Peony.*
Bashful shame . *Deep Red Rose.*
Be prudent . . *Triptilion Spinosum.*
Be warned in time . *Echites Atro-purpurea.*
Beautiful eyes . *Variegated Tulip.*
Beauty . . . *Parti-coloured Daisy.*
Beauty always new . *China Rose.*
Beauty, Capricious . *Lady's Slipper.*
Beauty, Capricious . *Musk Rose.*
Beauty, Delicate . *Flower of an hour.*
Beauty, Delicate . *Hibiscus.*
Beauty, Divine . *American Cowslip.*
Beauty, Glorious . *Glory Flower.*
Beauty, Lasting . *Stock.*
Beauty, Magnificent . *Calla Æthiopica.*
Beauty, Mental . *Clematis.*
Beauty, Modest . *Trillium Pictum.*
Beauty, Neglected . *Throatwort.*
Beauty, Pensive . *Laburnum.*
Beauty, Rustic . *French Honeysuckle.*
Beauty, Unconscious . *Burgundy Rose.*
Beauty is your only attraction . . *Japan Rose.*
Belle . . . *Orchis.*
Be mine . . *Four-leaved Clover.*
Beneficence . . *Marshmallow.*
Benevolence . . *Potato.*
Betrayed . . . *White Catchfly.*

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Beware . . . *Oleander.*
Beware . . . *Rosebay.*
Beware of a false friend *Francisca Latifolia.*
Bitterness . . . *Aloe.*
Blackness . . . *Ebony Tree.*
Bluntness . . . *Borage.*
Blushes . . . *Marjoram.*
Boaster . . . *Hydrangea.*
Boldness . . . *Pink.*
Bonds . . . . *Convolvulus.*
Bonds of affection . *Gillyflower.*
Bravery . . . *Oak Leaves.*
Bravery and humanity. *French Willow.*
Bridal favour . . *Ivy Geranium.*
Brilliant complexion . *Damask Rose.*
Bulk . . . . *Water-Melon.*
Bulk . . . . *Gourd.*
Busybody . . . *Quamoclit.*
Bury me amid Nature's beauties . . . *Persimon.*

CALL me not beautiful . . . *Rose, Unique.*
Calm repose . . . *Buckbean.*
Calumny . . . *Hellebore.*
Calumny . . . *Madder.*
Change . . . *Pimpernel.*
Changeable disposition. *Rye Grass.*
Charity . . . *Turnip.*
Charming . . . *Cluster of Musk Roses.*
Charms, Deceitful . *Thorn Apple.*
Cheerfulness. . . *Saffron Crocus.*
Cheerfulness in old age *American Starwort.*
Cheerfulness under adversity . . . *Chinese Chrysanthemum.*
Chivalry . . . *Monkshood.*
Cleanliness . . . *Hyssop.*
Cold-heartedness . *Lettuce*
Coldness . . . *Agnus Castus.*
Colour of my life . *Coral Honeysuckle.*
Come down . . . *Jacob's Ladder.*
Comfort . . . *Pear Tree.*
Comforting . . . *Scarlet Geranium.*
Compassion . . . *Allspice.*
Concealed love . . *Motherwort.*
Concert . . . *Nettle Tree.*
Concord . . . *Lote Tree.*
Confession of love . *Moss Rosebud.*
Confidence . . . *Hepatica.*
Confidence . . . *Lilac Polyanthus.*
Confidence . . . *Liverwort.*
Confidence in Heaven . *Flowering Reed.*
Conjugal love . . *Lime or Linden Tree.*
Consolation . . . *Red Poppy.*
Constancy . . . *Bluebell.*
Consumed by love . *Syrian Mallow.*
Contentment . . *Hoyabella.*
Could you bear poverty? *Browallia Jamisonii.*
Counterfeit . . . *Mock Orange.*
Courage . . . *Black Poplar.*
Crime . . . . *Tamarisk.*
Cure . . . . *Balm of Gilead.*
Cure for heartache . *Swallow-wort.*
Curiosity . . . *Sycamore.*

DANGER . . *Rhododendron. Rosebay.*
Dangerous pleasures . *Tuberose.*
Death . . . . *Cypress.*
Death preferable to loss of innocence . . *White Rose (dried).*
Deceit . . . . *Apocynum.*
Deceit . . . . *White Flytrap.*
Deceit . . . . *Dogsbane.*
Deceit . . . . *Geranium.*
Deceitful charms . *Apple, Thorn.*
Deception . . . *White Cherry Tree.*
Declaration of love . *Red Tulip.*
Decrease of love . *Yellow Rose.*
Deformed . . . *Begonia.*
Dejection . . . *Lilac.*
Delay . . . . *Eupatorium.*
Delicacy . . . *Bluebottle. Centaury.*
Delicacy . . . *Cornflower.*
Depart . . . . *Dandelion Seeds in the ball.*
Desire to please . *Mezereon.*
Despair . . . *Cypress.*
Despair not, God is everywhere . . *White Julienne.*
Despondency . . *Humble Plant.*
Devotion, or, I turn to thee . . . *Peruvian Heliotrope.*
Dexterity . . . *Sweet William.*
Difficulty . . . *Blackthorn.*
Dignity . . . *Cloves.*
Dignity . . . *Laurel-leaved Magnolia.*
Disappointment . *Syringa, Carolina.*
Disdain . . . *Yellow Carnation.*
Disdain . . . *Rue.*
Disgust . . . *Frog Ophrys.*
Dissension . . . *Pride of China.*
Distinction . . . *Cardinal Flower.*
Distrust . . . *Lavender.*
Divine beauty . . *American Cowslip.*
Docility . . . *Rush.*
Domestic industry . *Flax.*
Domestic virtue . . *Sage.*
Do not despise my poverty . . . *Shepherd's Purse.*
Do not refuse me. . *Escholzia, or Carrot Flower.*
Doubt . . . . *Apricot Blossom.*
Durability . . . *Dogwood.*
Duration . . . *Cornel Tree.*

EARLY attachment *Thornless Rose.*
Early friendship *Blue Periwinkle.*
Early youth . . . *Primrose.*
Elegance . . . *Locust Tree.*
Elegance and grace . *Yellow Jasmine.*
Elevation. . . . *Scotch Fir.*
Eloquence . . . *Lagerstræmia, Ind.*
Enchantment . . *Holly Herb.*
Enchantment . . *Vervain.*
Energy . . . *Red Salvia.*
Energy in adversity . *Camomile.*
Envy . . . . *Bramble.*
Error . . . . *Bee Orchis.*
Error . . . . *Fly Orchis.*
Esteem. . . . *Garden Sage.*
Esteem, not love . *Spiderwort.*
Esteem, not love . *Strawberry Tree.*
Estranged love . *Lotus Flower.*
Excellence . . . *Camellia Japonica.*

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Expectation . . . *Anemone.*
Expectation . . . *Zephyr Flower.*
Expected meeting . *Nutmeg Geranium.*
Extent . . . . *Gourd.*
Extinguished hopes . *Major Convolvulus.*

FACILITY . . *Germander Speedwell.*
Fairies' fire. . *Pyrus Japonica.*
Faithfulness. . *Blue Violet.*
Faithfulness. . *Heliotrope.*
Falsehood . . *Bugloss. Deadly Nightshade.*
Falsehood . . *Yellow Lily.*
Falsehood . . *Manchineal Tree.*
False riches . . *Tall Sunflower.*
Fame . . . . *Tulip.*
Fame speaks him great and good . . . *Apple Blossom.*
Family union . . *Pink Verbena.*
Fantastic extravagance *Scarlet Poppy.*
Farewell . . *Michaelmas Daisy.*
Fascination . . *Fern.*
Fascination . . *Honesty.*
Fashion . . *Queen's Rocket.*
Fecundity . . *Hollyhock.*
Felicity . . *Sweet Sultan.*
Female fidelity . *Speedwell.*
Festivity . . *Parsley.*
Fickleness . . *Abatina.*
Fickleness . . *Pink Larkspur.*
Filial love . . *Virgin's-bower.*
Fidelity . . *Veronica. Ivy.*
Fidelity . . *Plum Tree.*
Fidelity in adversity . *Wallflower.*
Fidelity in love . *Lemon Blossoms.*
Fire . . . . *Fleur-de-Luce.*
First emotions of love . *Purple Lilac.*
Flame . . . *Fleur-de-lis. Iris.*
Flattery . . *Venus's Looking-glass.*
Flee away . . *Pennyroyal.*
Fly with me. . *Venus's Car.*
Folly . . . *Columbine.*
Foppery . . *Cockscomb. Amaranth.*
Foolishness . . *Pomegranate.*
Foresight . . *Holly.*
Forgetfulness . *Moonwort.*
Forget me not . *Forget-me-not.*
For once may pride befriend me . . *Tiger Flower.*
Forsaken . . *Garden Anemone.*
Forsaken . . *Laburnum.*
Fortitude . . *Dipteracanthus Spectabilis.*
Frankness . . *Osier.*
Fraternal love . *Woodbine.*
Fraternal sympathy *Syringa.*
Freedom . . *Water Willow.*
Freshness . . *Damask Rose.*
Friendship . . *Acacia. Ivy.*
Friendship, early . *Blue Periwinkle.*
Friendship, true . *Oak-leaved Geranium.*
Friendship, unchanging *Arbor Vitæ.*
Frivolity . . *London Pride.*
Frugality . . *Chicory. Endive.*

GAIETY. . . *Butterfly Orchis.*
Gaiety . . *Yellow Lily.*
Gallantry . . *Sweet William.*
Generosity . . . *Orange Tree.*
Generous and devoted affection . . . *French Honeysuckle.*
Genius . . . *Plane Tree.*
Gentility . . . *Corn Cockle.*
Girlhood . . . *White Rosebud.*
Give me your good wishes . . . *Sweet Basil.*
Gladness . . . *Myrrh.*
Glory . . . . *Laurel.*
Glory. Immortality . *Daphne.*
Glorious beauty . *Glory Flower.*
Goodness . . *Bonus Henricus.*
Goodness . . *Mercury.*
Good education . *Cherry Tree.*
Good wishes. . *Sweet Basil.*
Good-nature. . *White Mullein.*
Gossip . . . *Cobæa.*
Grace . . . *Multiflora Rose.*
Grace and elegance *Yellow Jasmine.*
Grandeur . . *Ash Tree.*
Gratitude . . *Small White Bellflwr.*
Grief . . . *Harebell.*
Grief . . . *Marygold.*

HAPPY love . *Bridal Rose.*
Hatred . *Basil.*
Haughtiness . *Purple Larkspur.*
Haughtiness . *Tall Sunflower.*
Health . . . *Iceland Moss.*
Hermitage . . *Milkwort.*
Hidden worth . *Coriander.*
High-bred . . *Pentstemon Azureum.*
Holy wishes. . *Plumbago Larpenta.*
Honesty . . *Honesty.*
Hope . . . *Flowering Almond.*
Hope . . . *Hawthorn.*
Hope . . . *Snowdrop.*
Hope in adversity . *Spruce Pine.*
Hopeless love . *Yellow Tulip.*
Hopeless, not heartless *Love lies bleeding.*
Horror . . . *Mandrake.*
Horror . . . *Dragonswort.*
Horror . . . *Snakesfoot.*
Hospitality . . *Oak Tree.*
Humility . . *Broom.*
Humility . . *Bindweed, Small.*
Humility . . *Field Lilac.*

I AM too happy . *Cape Jasmine.*
I am your captive. *Peach Blossom.*
I am worthy of you . *White Rose.*
I change but in death . *Bay Leaf.*
I claim at least your esteem . . . . *Potentilla.*
I dare not . . . *Veronica Speciosa.*
I declare against you . *Belvidere.*
I declare against you . *Liquorice.*
I declare war against you . . . . *Wild Tansy.*
I die if neglected. . *Laurestina.*
I desire a return of affection . . . *Jonquil.*
I feel my obligations . *Lint.*
I feel your kindness . *Flax.*
I have lost all . . *Mourning Bride.*
I live for thee . . *Cedar Leaf.*

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I love . . . . *Red Chrysanthemum.*
I offer you my all . *Shepherd's Purse.*
I offer you my fortune, or, I offer you pecuniary aid . . . *Calceolaria.*
I share your sentiments *Double China Aster.*
I share your sentiments *Garden Daisy.*
I shall die to-morrow . *Gum Cistus.*
I shall not survive you. *Black Mulberry.*
I surmount difficulties . *Mistletoe.*
I watch over you . . *Mountain Ash.*
I weep for you . . *Purple Verbena.*
I will think of it . . *Single China Aster.*
I will think of it . . *Wild Daisy.*
I wound to heal . . *Eglantine. Sweetbriar.*
If you love me, you will find it out. . . . *Maiden Blush Rose.*
Idleness . . . *Mesembryanthemum.*
Ill-nature . . . *Crab Blossom.*
Ill-natured beauty . *Citron.*
Imagination . . . *Lupine.*
Immortality . . . *Amaranth, Globe.*
Impatience . . . *Yellow Balsam.*
Impatient of absence . *Corchorus.*
Impatient resolves . *Red Balsam.*
Imperfection. . . *Henbane.*
Importunity . . . *Burdock.*
Inconstancy . . . *Evening Primrose.*
Incorruptible . . *Cedar of Lebanon.*
Independence . . *Common Thistle.*
Independence . . *Wild Plum Tree.*
Independence . . *White Oak.*
Indifference . . . *Candytuft, Everflowering.*
Indifference . . *Mustard Seed.*
Indifference . . *Pigeon Berry.*
Indifference . . *Senvy.*
Indiscretion . . *Split Reed.*
Indolence . . . *Mittraria Coccinea.*
Industry . . . *Red Clover.*
Industry, Domestic . *Flax.*
Ingeniousness . . *White Pink.*
Ingenuity . . . *Pencilled Geranium.*
Ingenuous simplicity . *Mouse-earedChickweed*
Ingratitude . . . *Crowfoot.*
Innocence . . . *Daisy.*
Insincerity . . . *Foxglove.*
Insinuation . . . *Great Bindweed.*
Inspiration . . . *Angelica.*
Instability . . . *Dahlia.*
Intellect . . . *Walnut.*
Intoxication . . . *Vine.*
Irony . . . . *Sardony.*

JEALOUSY . . *French Marygold.*
Jealousy . . *Yellow Rose.*
Jest . . . . *Southernwood.*
Joy . . . . *Wood Sorrel.*
Joys to come . *Lesser Celandine.*
Justice . . . . *Rudbeckia.*
Justice shall be done to you . . . . *Coltsfoot, or Sweet-scented Tussilage.*

KEEP your promise *Petunia.*
Kindness . . *Scarlet Geranium.*
Knight-errantry . . *Helmet Flower(Monkshood).*

LAMENTATION . *Aspen Tree.*
Lasting beauty . *Stock.*
Lasting pleasures. . *Everlasting Pea.*
Let me go . . . *Butterfly Weed.*
Levity . . . . *Larkspur.*
Liberty . . . *Live Oak.*
Life . . . . *Lucern.*
Light-heartedness . *Shamrock.*
Lightness . . . *Larkspur.*
Live for me . . . *Arbor Vitæ.*
Love . . . . *Myrtle.*
Love . . . . *Rose.*
Love, forsaken . . *Creeping Willow.*
Love, returned . . *Ambrosia.*
Love is dangerous . *Carolina Rose.*
Love for all seasons . *Furze.*
Lustre . . . . *Aconite-leaved Crowfoot, or Fair Maid of France.*
Luxury . . . *Chestnut Tree.*

MAGNIFICENCE *Magnolia.*
Magnificent beauty . *Calla Æthiopica.*
Majesty . . . *Crown Imperial.*
Make haste . . . *Dianthus.*
Malevolence. . . *Lobelia.*
Marriage . . . *Ivy.*
Maternal affection . *Cinquefoil.*
Maternal love . . *Moss.*
Maternal tenderness . *Wood Sorrel.*
Matrimony . . . *American Linden.*
Matronly grace . . *Cattleya.*
Mature charms . . *Cattleya Pineli.*
May you be happy . *Volkamenia.*
Meanness . . . *Cuscuta.*
Meekness . . . *Birch.*
Melancholy . . . *Autumnal Leaves.*
Melancholy . . . *Dark Geranium.*
Melancholy . . . *Dead Leaves.*
Mental beauty . . *Clematis.*
Mental beauty . . *Kennedia.*
Message . . . *Iris.*
Mildness . . . *Mallow.*
Mirth . . . . *Saffron Crocus.*
Misanthropy. . . *Aconite (Wolfsbane).*
Misanthropy. . . *Fuller's Teazle.*
Modest beauty . . *Trillium Pictum.*
Modest genius . . *Creeping Cereus.*
Modesty . . . *Violet.*
Modesty and purity . *White Lily.*
Momentary happiness . *Virginian Spiderwort.*
Mourning . . . *Weeping Willow.*
Music . . . . *Bundles of Reed with their Panicles.*
My best days are past . *Colchicum, or Meadow Saffron.*
My regrets follow you to the grave . . *Asphodel.*

NEATNESS . . *Broom.*
Neglected beauty *Throatwort.*
Never-ceasing remembrance . . . *Everlasting.*
Never despair . . *Watcher by the Wayside.*
No . . . . *Snapdragon.*

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OLD age . . . *Tree of Life.*
Only deserve my love . . *Campion Rose.*

PAINFUL recollections . . *Flos Adonis.*
Painting . . . *Auricula.*
Painting the lily . *Daphne Odora.*
Passion . . . *White Dittany.*
Paternal error . *Cardamine.*
Patience . . . *Dock. Ox eye.*
Patriotism . . . *American Elm.*
Patriotism . . . *Nasturtium.*
Peace . . . . *Olive.*
Perfected loveliness . *Camellia Japonica, White.*
Perfidy . . . . *Common Laurel, in flower.*
Pensive beauty . *Laburnum.*
Perplexity . . *Love in a Mist.*
Persecution . . *Chequered Fritillary.*
Perseverance . *Swamp Magnolia.*
Persuasion . . *Althea Frutex.*
Persuasion . . *Syrian Mallow.*
Pertinacity . . *Clotbur.*
Pity . . . . *Pine, also Andromeda.*
Pleasure and pain . *Dog Rose.*
Pleasure, lasting . *Everlasting Pea.*
Pleasures of memory . *White Periwinkle.*
Pomp . . . . *Dahlia.*
Popular favour . *Cistus, or Rock Rose.*
Poverty . . *Evergreen Clematis.*
Power . . . *Imperial Montague.*
Power . . . *Cress.*
Pray for me . . *White Verbena.*
Precaution . . *Golden Rod.*
Prediction . . *Prophetic Marygold.*
Pretension . . *Spiked Willow Herb.*
Pride . . . *Hundred-leaved Rose.*
Pride . . . *Amaryllis.*
Privation . . *Indian Plum.*
Privation . . *Myrobalan.*
Profit . . . *Cabbage.*
Prohibition . . *Privet.*
Prolific . . . *Fig Tree.*
Promptness . . *Ten-week Stock.*
Prosperity . . *Beech Tree.*
Protection . . *Bearded Crepis.*
Prudence . . *Mountain Ash.*
Pure love . . *Single Red Pink.*
Pure and ardent love . *Double Red Pink.*
Pure and lovely . *Red Rosebud.*
Purity . . . *Star of Bethlehem.*

QUARRELSOME . *Broken Corn-straw.*
Quicksightedness *Hawkweed.*

READY-ARMED . *Gladioli.*
Reason . . *Goat's Rue.*
Recantation . . *Lotus Leaf.*
Recall . . . *Silver-lvd. Geranium.*
Reconciliation . *Filbert.*
Reconciliation . *Hazel.*
Refinement . . *Gardenia.*
Refusal . . *Striped Carnation.*
Regard . . . *Daffodil.*
Regret . . . *Purple Verbena.*
Relief . . . *Balm of Gilead.*
Relieve my anxiety . *Christmas Rose.*
Religious superstition . *Aloe.*
Religious superstition, or Faith . . *Passion Flower.*
Religious enthusiasm . *Schinus.*
Remembrance . *Rosemary.*
Remorse . . *Bramble.*
Remorse . . *Raspberry.*
Rendezvous . . *Chickweed.*
Reserve . . *Maple.*
Resistance . . *Tremella Nostoc.*
Resolved to be noticed *Siphocampylos.*
Restoration . . *Persicaria.*
Retaliation . . *Scotch Thistle.*
Return of happiness . *Lily of the Valley.*
Revenge . . *Birdsfoot Trefoil.*
Reverie . . *Flowering Fern.*
Reward of merit . *Bay Wreath.*
Reward of virtue . *Garland of Roses.*
Riches . . . *Corn.*
Riches . . . *Buttercups.*
Rigour . . . *Lantana.*
Rivalry . . *Rocket.*
Rudeness . . *Clotbur.*
Rudeness . . *Xanthium.*
Rural happiness . *Yellow Violet.*
Rustic beauty . *French Honeysuckle.*
Rustic oracle . *Dandelion.*

SADNESS . . *Dead Leaves.*
Safety . . *Traveller's Joy.*
Satire . . . *Prickly Pear.*
Sculpture . . *Hoya.*
Secret love . . *Yellow Acacia.*
Semblance . . *Spiked Speedwell.*
Sensitiveness . *Mimosa.*
Sensuality . . *Spanish Jasmine.*
Separation . . *Carolina Jasmine.*
Severity . . *Branch of Thorns.*
Shame . . . *Peony.*
Sharpness . . *Barberry Tree.*
Sickness . . *Anemone (Zephyr Flr.)*
Silent love . . *Evening Primrose.*
Silliness . . *Fool's Parsley.*
Simplicity . . *American Sweetbriar.*
Sincerity . . *Garden Chervil.*
Slighted love . *Yel. Chrysanthemum.*
Snare . . . *Catchfly. Dragon Plnt.*
Solitude . . *Heath.*
Sorrow . . . *Yew.*
Sourness of temper . *Barberry.*
Spell . . . *Circæa.*
Spleen . . . *Fumitory.*
Splendid beauty . *Amaryllis.*
Splendour . . . *Austurtium.*
Sporting . . *Fox-tail Grass.*
Steadfast piety . *Wild Geranium.*
Stoicism . . *Box Tree.*
Strength . . *Cedar. Fennel.*
Stupidity . . *Horseshoe-leaf Geranium.*
Submission . . *Grass.*
Submission . . *Harebell.*
Success everywhere . *Nemophila.*
Success crown your wishes . . *Coronella.*

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Succour . . . *Juniper.*
Such worth is rare . *Achimenes.*
Sun-beaming eyes . *Scarlet Lychnis.*
Superstition . . . *St. John's Wort.*
Surprise . . . *Truffle.*
Susceptibility . . *Wax Plant.*
Suspicion . . . *Champignon.*
Sympathy . . . *Balm.*
Sympathy . . . *Thrift.*

TALENT . . *White Pink.*
Tardiness . . *Flax-leaved Golden-locks.*
Taste . . . . *Scarlet Fuchsia.*
Tears . . . . *Helenium.*
Temperance . . . *Azalea.*
Temptation . . . *Apple.*
Thankfulness . . *Agrimony.*
The colour of my fate . *Coral Honeysuckle.*
The heart's mystery . *Crimson Polyanthus.*
The perfection of female loveliness . . . *Justicia.*
The witching soul of music . . . *Oats.*
The variety of your conversation delights me . . . . *Clarkia.*
Thee only do I love . *Arbutus.*
There is no unalloyed good . . . . *Lapagenia Rosea.*
Thoughts . . . *Pansy.*
Thoughts of absent friends . . . *Zinnia.*
Thy frown will kill me. *Currant.*
Thy smile I aspire to . *Daily Rose.*
Ties . . . . *Tendrils of Climbing Plants.*
Timidity . . . *Amaryllis.*
Timidity . . . *Marvel of Peru.*
Time . . . . *White Poplar.*
Tranquillity . . . *Mudwort.*
Tranquillity . . . *Stonecrop.*
Tranquillize my anxiety *Christmas Rose.*
Transient beauty . . *Night-blooming Cereus*
Transient impressions . *Withered White Rose.*
Transport of joy . . *Cape Jasmine.*
Treachery . . . *Bilberry.*
True love . . . *Forget-me-not.*
True friendship . . *Oak-leaved Geranium.*
Truth . . . . *Bittersweet Nightshade*
Truth . . . . *Wht. Chrysanthemum.*

UNANIMITY . *Phlox.*
Unbelief . . *Judas Tree.*
Unceasing remembrance . . . *American Cudweed.*
Unchanging friendship *Arbor Vitæ.*
Unconscious beauty . *Burgundy Rose.*
Unexpected meeting . *Lemon Geranium.*
Unfortunate attachment . . . . *Mourning Bride.*
Unfortunate love . . *Scabious.*
Union . . . . *Whole Straw.*
Unity . . . . *White and Red Rose together.*
Unite against a common foe . . . . *Scarlet Verbena.*
Unpatronized merit . *Red Primrose.*
Unrequited love . . *Daffodil.*
Uprightness . . . *Imbricata.*
Uselessness . . . *Meadowsweet.*
Utility . . . . *Grass.*

VARIETY . . *China Aster.*
Variety . . *Mundi Rose.*
Vice . . . . *Darnel (Ray Grass).*
Victory . . . . *Palm.*
Virtue . . . . *Mint.*
Virtue, domestic . . *Sage.*
Volubility . . . *Abecedary.*
Voraciousness . . *Lupine.*
Vulgar minds . . *African Marygold.*

WAR . . . *York and Lancaster Rose.*
War . . . . *Achillea Millefolia.*
Warlike trophy . *Indian Cress.*
Warmth of feeling . *Peppermint.*
Watchfulness . . *Dame Violet.*
Weakness . . . *Moschatel.*
Weakness . . . *Musk Plant.*
Welcome, fair stranger *Westeria.*
Welcome to a stranger *American Starwort.*
Widowhood . . . *Sweet Scabious.*
Will you accompany me to the East? . . *Stephanotis.*
Will you dance with me? *Viscaria Oculata.*
Win me and wear me . *Lady's Slipper.*
Winning grace . . *Cowslip.*
Winter . . . . *Guelder Rose.*
Wisdom . . . *Blue Salvia.*
Wit . . . . *Meadow Lychnis.*
Wit, ill-timed . . *Wild Sorrel.*
Witchcraft . . . *Enchanter's Nightshade.*
Worth beyond beauty . *Sweet Elysium.*
Worth sustained by judicious and tender affection . . . *Pink Convolvulus.*
Worldliness, self-seeking . . . . *Clianthus.*
Worthy of all praise . *Fennel.*

YOU are cold . . *Hortensia.*
You are my divinity . . *American Cowslip.*
You are perfect . . *Pineapple.*
You are radiant with charms . . . *Ranunculus.*
You are rich in attraction . . . . *Garden Ranunculus.*
You are the queen of coquettes . . *Queen's Rocket.*
You are charming . *Leschenaultia Splendens.*
You have no claims . *Pasque Flower.*
You have many lovers . *Chorozema Varium.*
You please all . . *Branch of Currants.*

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You are too bold . . *Dipladenia Crassinoda.*
You will be my death . *Hemlock.*
Your charms are engraven on my heart . *Spindle Tree.*
Your looks freeze me . *Ice Plant.*
Your presence softens my pain . . . *Milkvetch.*
Your purity equals your loveliness . . . *Orange-blossoms.*
Your qualities, like your charms, are unequalled *Peach.*
Your qualities surpass your charms . . *Mignonette.*
Your temper is too hasty *Grammanthes Chloraflora.*
Youthful beauty . . *Cowslip.*
Youthful innocence . *White Lilac.*
Youthful love . . *Red Catchfly.*
Your whims are unbearable . . . *Monarda Amplexicaulis.*

ZEALOUSNESS . *Elder.*
Zest . . . *Lemon.*

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